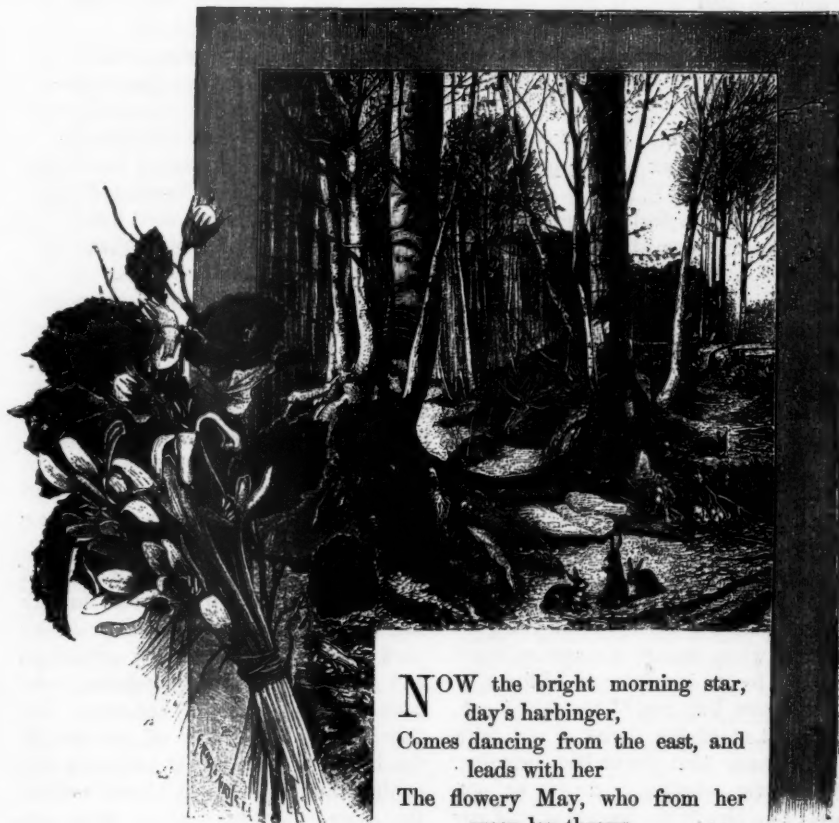


ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1887.

SONG. ON MAY MORNING.



NOW the bright morning star,
day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and
leads with her
The flowery May, who from her
green lap throws

The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.

JUSTICE, NOT JUDGMENT.

NOW that the lowering "day of judgment" is wearing out, and the ghost of Thomas Carlyle is chased and scourged with less vigor and freedom of stroke by the scorpion lash braided from his own frank confessions and the confidences of his friend Froude, we may take up afresh the story of love, mistake, and regret as told by Jeannie Welsh and himself in the letters too often garbled and wrested from qualifying connections by the prejudiced reviewer.

True enough, we find neither saint nor hero in the life domestic as revealed in this correspondence, wherein the passing mood is given free expression; but the undercurrent of mutual faith and affection runs with echo of divine melody through all the discord of the surface waves whose fume and fret alone the world has seemed to hear.

Helas! What would Carlyle's "beautiful and queen-like woman" have said if, rising from the "sleep" so often vainly sought, she had heard these sharp cracks of the critical whip over the back of him she called her "wise and noble man who holds his patent of nobility from Almighty God, and whose stature of manhood is not measured by the inch rule of Lilliputs"?

"Will you like him?" she might ask, as she asked of her friend of old, with quick answer that forestalled negation. "No matter whether you do or not, since I like him in the deepest part of my soul."

With what scorn she would have faced his critics of these after days, with what "innocent laughter" and "quizzical little lesson" she would have reviewed the whole matter of judgment before the evening fire, where, as the retrospective husband fondly pictures her, she contrived in her "arch, airy way" to sift out of the most troublous

and forlorn day the prettiest little narratives to cheer him in those "melodious humanly beautiful half-hours" that were the rainbow of his poor dripping day; reminding him that there was otherwise a sun!

Yet she would have grieved with womanly self-reproach that her own outbreaks of nervous irritation and moans of physical depression had cast such terrible reflections on the character of her "poet and philosopher," her "spirit of fire," whom with wifely love and honor she would have shielded rather than have exposed to such scathing breath.

A woman less brilliant than she, wedded to a man less grand, might have uttered the same and sadder dissatisfactions with her chosen lot, and the fact would have been noted only as an added proof of the human need of grace and forbearance under domestic bonds where strong individualities must inevitably chafe and wear upon each other, often, perhaps, for mutual good.

It is useless to dispute the evidence of Mrs. Carlyle's conjugal infelicities through the utter absorption of the man in his work, to which she continually urged him, and in which she had, no doubt, more faith than any mind of her time. Yet there seems in the story of one and in the letters of both ample testimony that neither could have been blessed without the other—that in absence there was ceaseless thought and longing for the joy of return.

May not all the pain and loss suffered by the wife in the husband's mad reach after the unattainable—always stimulated and believed in by herself—have been more than balanced in the happiness of those rare moments when each felt the eternal nature of the love which had

linked their fates, though both might groan under the mortal ills which at times made life, to their strained sense, well-nigh insupportable?

"To be separated from you one week," she says, "is frightful as a foretaste of what *might* be—but I will not think of this if I can help it; and, after all, why should I think of life without you? Is not my being interwoven with yours so close that it can have no separate existence? Yes, surely, we will live together and die together, and be together through all eternity."

And again: "I know not how your spirit has gained such a mastery over mine in spite of my pride and stubbornness. * * * Though self-willed as a mule with others, I am tractable and submissive toward you. * * * I hearken to your voice as to the dictates of a second conscience. * * * How comes it that you have this power over me? For it is not the effect of your genius and virtue merely. Sometimes, in my serious moods, I believe it is a charm with which my good angel has fortified my heart against evil."

Is not such acknowledgment strong proof of Carlyle's subtle power of good derived from his unyielding devotion to truth, to which he sacrificed his "winged Psyche" as relentlessly as he sacrificed himself?

It is not possible to turn over the letters passing between this illustrious pair during their long courtship without giving Carlyle credit for honesty and frankness, which virtues, indeed, are more or less agreeably or offensively prominent in every relation and action of his life. If Miss Welsh was deceived in any particular regarding the faults of his nature or the dreariness of his worldly prospects—which alas! were dreary enough to the end—it was surely through no failure of warning on the lover's part.

Again and again, feeling his disparity in social rank, and his doubtful chances

of making any woman happy in domestic life, he offered her freedom from all ties but those of her own election, urging upon her consideration "the barren and perplexed destiny" which in accepting "the poor, unknown, rejected Thomas Carlyle" she must take upon herself without struggling to alter what was unalterable.

And again and again, reviewing the whole situation with equal candor and sincerity, and with sharpest needle-pricks at the follies and weaknesses of the lover whose selfishness was neither concealed nor excused, we find the dubious but determined Jeannie, feeling herself "already married—married past redemption"—renewing her loyal pledges of affection each time with an intensity of purpose which argued the conscious growth of her attachment to "the only living soul that understands me," as she declares.

There was something pathetic, at the same time ludicrous, in the terrors of the two when all at last was settled, and they waited the "impending ceremony," which was to "unite two souls for worldly joy and woe."

"I see not how I am to go through with it," writes the foreboding Jane. "I turn quite sick at the thought. But it were Job's comfort to vex you with my anxieties and 'severe affection.' I will rather set before you by way of encouragement, that the purgatory will soon be past, and would speak peace when there is no peace, only that you would easily see through such affected philosophy. There is nothing for us, but, like the Anan congregation, to pray to the Lord. * * * I hope your mother is praying for me."

And Carlyle, on his part striving to allay his nervous dread by reading Kant, returns greeting with exhortations to courage and "Christian comfort," urging the consideration of Goethe's saying, that "in the element that threatened to devour him the swimmer unexpectedly finds himself upborne and able to make progress; and so with all that man undertakes—with

marriage as with other things * * * Oh! we are two ungrateful wretches or we should be happy."

And more or less "happy" in the higher acceptation of that word—the records show the wedded lovers to have been, in spite of Carlyle's "shrinkeries and miseries," and in the face of reviewers who have turned to blackest account against him the passages of ill, wrought from all connection with good, in their united lives.

After the "last speech and marrying words of that unfortunate young woman, Jane Baillie Welsh," as she styles it, she appears not to have regretted her choice more than the majority of wives whose private lives, it is true, are not held up as transparencies to the public eye, but who, none the less, in their narrow circle give as frequent evidence of dissatisfaction with husbands not possessed with the unknown quality of "genius."

Nor does the binding power of love seem to have diminished with the strife and wear of years, since every separation, however brief, brought longing and regret for the absent, expressed in words like these, with tender and musical changes:

"Goody, dear Goody! you said you would weary, and I do hope in my heart you are wearying. It will be so sweet to make it all up in kisses when I return. You will take me and hear all my bits of experiences, and your heart will beat when you find how I have longed to return to you. Darling, dearest, loveliest! The Lord bless you! I think of you every hour—every moment."

This is only one of many similar passages, while to the mother she writes: "My husband is so kind, so, in all respects, after my own heart," and the records everywhere abound with testimonials as fervent and sweet.

Not less tender and constant are the husband's messages, though he shyly recovers himself at times from any conscious lapse into sentimentality, as in this instance:

"O Jeannie! O my wife! We will never part, never through eternity itself; but I will love thee, and keep thee in my heart of hearts—that is, unless I grow a very great fool, which, indeed, this talk doth somewhat betoken."

Yet we find this talk often renewed between grindings of the upper and nether millstones of "work" when Carlyle persistently and perpetually agonized to deliver himself of the truth that was in him, with a fidelity to his accepted mission which must inevitably at times have rendered him oblivious to every earthly consideration—unless it might be a matter of hindrance—while he wrestled day and night with the dragon that blotted out the world till he should get it slain.

Not an agreeable companion this, surely; but who that believed in Carlyle could be satisfied with a less absorbing devotion to his work? Certainly, no one recognized the necessity of obedience to the law of his genius more clearly than the wife herself, and no one could have held him more closely to the wheel which he seemed destined forever to roll up hill.

That he failed in swift acknowledgment of her sympathy and help is written in his own heart's blood, with an anguish which leaves the critic's spear no office in this later day of judgment.

"Blind and deaf that we are; oh! think, if thou yet love anybody living, wait not till death sweep down the paltry little dust-cloud, and idle dissonances of the moment, and all be at last so mournfully clear and beautiful when it is *too late!*"

Deep, tender, broken with unspeakable anguish and regret, are the comments dropped by the grief-smitten husband over the life which, indeed, "*too late*" he shut himself up to review.

Nowhere in poem or romance may be found a more exquisite and pathetic love-story than this told by Thomas Carlyle, after the lamp of his life which "covered

everything with gold" had "gone out—gone out."

Biographers till the day of doom may write the life of Jane Welsh Carlyle, and fail in power to show us the beautiful character in all its luminous glory as it is revealed in these remorseful memories that thrill our hearts with some faint reflex of the love which had smoldered in hidden fire until death fanned it to a consuming flame in the husband's desolate heart.

After a man has frankly laid all the faults and weaknesses of his long life before the public with sorrowful acknowledgment of its saddest failures is it not a somewhat coarse sense of justice that drags him from the grave to taunt him with the

sins for which he has offered the atoning grace of confession and repentance?

After all, what have Carlyle's conjugal mistakes to do with the work which he has given to the world, and for which alone the world has a right to judge him?

In his power to inspire and quicken in other minds a love for the truth in its highest human revelations, he will live immortally when the grave-worms feasting on the imperfections of his mortal life are themselves resolved to dust.

"Rest once was theirs who had crossed the mortal brink:

No rest, no reverence now: dull fools undress
Death's holiest shrine, life's veriest nakedness."

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

REGRET.

IF I could only tell my darling now
The sweet, new joy that crept into my heart
Last week! If I could give her soul a part
Of my deep happiness, or ask her how
To hold it fast! If she could see me bow
In sorrowing prayer, for every slightest smart
She felt through me! When bitter tear-drops start,
Could I her tender, pitying presence know,
How full my cup would be! but now the night
Of every happiest day drops down this thought:
"Oh! could she drink with me each dear delight
And know 'twas sweet! Forget that I forgot
Her love sometimes! Sweet mother! It is late
To show my heart to you. How can I wait?"

JULIA MAY.

MAY. A Sonnet.
By Ralph Brandot.

The school girl April,
When in laughing mood,
A sweet companion was to every swain
What time they wandered
O'er the grass grown plain
And sported free within
The budding wood.

But suddenly - As if she were pursued
By some dark spirit,
She would weep with pain, she knew not why;
So the youths let her reign no longer
In their hearts.

To womanhood fair April grew
 And people called her May;
 She was not wild and fitful
 As of yore



But ever had such artless winsome ways
 A face so smiling
 And a laugh so gay
 That men bow down before her to adore
 And strive like me in song
 To tell her praise



PAUL'S WIFE.

"IT wasn't so in my mother's day. Girls then were raised to be useful; and they weren't ashamed to make an honest penny. 'A penny saved was a penny gained,' they used to say; but now a dollar is not considered worth a workingman's saving. Times have changed, but I hold to the old fashions."

heated face; "but what's the good? She's sure to say yes, which means nothing; or she holds her tongue, and either way it is enough to make a sensible man mad," and he resumed his vigorous planing.

"No doubt," I answered, dryly. "You would prefer your wife to tell fibs, or to



"I WENT TO PAUL'S HOUSE AND FOUND THEM AT DINNER."

And by way of emphasis, Paul let fly a shower of shavings from under his fast flying plane. The pine board grew thinner and thinner under his vigorous methods, until at last he stopped, heated by his exertions, and anxious to tell more of his disapprobation of present fashions.

"I've talked till I'm tired," he said, rubbing his white shirt sleeve over his

fly into a passion and scold. Men are so stupid, they do not know a good woman, though one may be at their elbow."

"I would prefer," Paul said, ignoring my last remark, "that she should go my way."

"Which is what most of us prefer. Our way is always the best way, and if followed there could be no failures in

this world; and what others think and feel makes small difference. As a matter of course, you prefer to have your own way."

Paul's ways were, I knew, difficult to follow, his theories being a hotch-potch of the quaintest, old-time ideas inherited from his mother, and the last new-fangled idealism as to work and wages, 'poverty and progress.' Of course, between these two stools, he ran the uncomfortable, as well as the proverbial, risk of sitting much lower than he aimed to do.

Yet, with all of his crotchets, Paul was an excellent carpenter, and held in high regard in our small community. In his trade he was as trustworthy as Adam Bede himself, and at times as uncomfortable. I always had a sly sympathy for Miss Lydia when I had to make a bargain with him; for Paul usually insisted upon an understanding before he undertook even a small job.

But to-day, having other thoughts and misgivings, he took silently my order for some long-needed improvements in my small laundry. So, having gotten off easily, I left the shop by the back door, crossing the yard, where I had to pick my way carefully amongst the litter of "clean dirt," namely, chips and shavings.

In the kitchen I found the wise little woman, whose sin seemed to be that she did not fly into a passion, nor meekly adopt her lord's crotchets. Ruth was there also, a pretty, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl of sixteen, her father's counterpart and my god-daughter. I never saw Paul's wife without being impressed with the idea that she was not born to the frugal, hard-working life she led, but had married into it; and this impression explained, in a measure, Paul's dissatisfaction with her liking for pretty things, which he called her "uppishness." She liked a delicate color in the dresses she made for herself and Ruth—pale blues and lilac—even a pretty pink sometimes; and dainty white aprons, and immaculate

linen collars, instead of the dull, ugly browns, and great blue and white checked aprons Paul pretended to affect, for no better reason than that his mother wore them. He might have insisted upon a "sky scraper" bonnet in place of a modest cottage, using the same argument.

In the kitchen, I found Paul's wife busy over the fire, getting dinner, whilst that unlucky bone of contention, my pretty god-daughter, was sitting—a trifle idle, no doubt—by the front window, a basket piled high with clothing to be mended on a chair before her. Small Paul, and a fair-haired tot, just swaying on her two feet, and both as full of mischief as an egg is of meat, were planning, and keen to execute more illicit acts than an old rogue would harbor; and idle Ruth was supposed to have them under her charge.

These two wide-awake, mischievous infants were a great cross to Ruth. For so many years she had been the sole child in the cottage; too much petted and pampered for her good, perhaps, and by no one more than by Paul himself. It was a little hard on her suddenly to be made the children's drudge, at least, as far as her mother would permit her to be. "She has no knack with them," her mother said, smiling. "But it will come in time. Paul is too impatient. I tell him the colt never takes to the reins quietly, though he may make even a good plow-horse after all. It's my experience that girls always find home duties hard on them at times, but when they get their own houses, or all the weight falls on their shoulders, they are willing enough to bear it."

But Paul had small faith in his wife's predictions. Ruth could do better with the children if she would only give them a little attention, and when small Paul's passionate screams reached his workshop he would stride angrily across the small yard and bear off the malcontent in his strong arms, silently setting him on the corner of the work-bench to play with the

curled shavings and drive nails into a block of soft pine.

"The child's good enough if you let him alone," asserted Paul, as if to give him what he liked best in life was to let him alone.

If Paul had tried his method of leaving the imp alone in the kitchen he might have given another verdict. But we all squint according to our natural obliquities and think no one sees straight but ourselves.

There was another mote in the household's sunshine that Paul magnified into a beam. A dollar saved was not, in his wife's estimation, a dollar gained, and a little judicious spending was what she would have liked.

"There ought to be something for the children to look back to," she said to me once. "I'd rather my children would recall their childhood pleasantly, than save them a few dollars they would squander when I'm dead."

But Paul did not think so, and to save a dime was a virtue in his eyes. What a comfort it will be to the over-tasked housewife to find in the Blessed Land there is no buying or selling—nor saving, either, for the matter of that.

"Paul," I said once to him, "you are harvesting a crop of trouble. Let the pennies go and think less of that boy of yours and more of his mother. You have sworn before God to cherish her, and you have made no promise for the child."

"But I'm his father, Miss 'Setha. You being an old—I beg pardon, a single—lady, know nothing about it. A man should put by for his children. That's St. Paul's doctrine, and you can't convict him of being partial to married folks."

He laughed a little maliciously, having got me, as he thought.

"'Pay what thou owest,' is also your namesake's doctrine," I answered, coolly. "You owe a great deal to your wife, who has given up her whole life to you, whilst you are making sacrifices for your boy,

who, when he is a man, may turn and flout you. I have no patience with this doctrine of holding women cheap."

"It seems to me they are held uncommon dear," Paul said. "The girls are kept idle or at school, when the boys are put to work. If Ruth were a boy she'd be at the works earning her honest dollar, instead of staying at home doing next to nothing. She'd go to the mill if I had my way, as a man ought to," he added, surlily.

"Commend me to your wife as a woman of sense," I answered. "If it were necessary for Ruth to go, it would be a different thing, but everybody knows you are putting away money, and scarcely a row of houses is built that you do not own one in the row. Commend me to your wife for a woman of sense, for where can my little Ruth learn better to keep a house than under her mother's supervision? It's not every girl who knows that to let the pot boil over wastes the broth and puts out the fire. If you never feel the comfort of Ruth's housekeeping, another man will, and let me tell you, with all this fine talk about women making their own living, a sensible woman saves as much as a man makes. Why, where would have been the great Vanderbilt fortune if the old man's wife had not given him her savings to begin with?"

But Paul had an industrious fit just then, and his hammer was a little deafening.

Ruth, as I said, was sitting by the window, a trifle idle, whilst her mother was actively engaged in getting dinner.

"I hate to mend old clothes, and I hate children," Ruth said, with all the frankness of her years. Besides, being my god-child, she was accustomed to talk to me.

"Nevertheless, articles must grow old, and the world must be peopled. Only the children of Israel were so lucky to have no mending to do. 'Their feet did not swell nor their raiment wax old,'" I quoted,

a little at random, feeling safe from Ruth's criticism. "But nowadays their descendants are veritable 'old clo' men.'"

Ruth selected a badly rent apron, belonging to young Paul, and began to baste a patch on it. "It is so uninteresting," she complained.

I laughed. "After all, it is only the way we look at it that makes it so. Needle and thread can only accomplish certain results. The prettiest bit of fancy work I ever saw was principally prosaic 'back-stitch.' Love, and a desire to be helpful, are as beautiful as gay colors."

Ruth laughed good-naturedly, holding up small Paul's apron garnished by a gay patch that by no means was like the faded material. "Father may admire it, this Joseph's coat! Certainly of many colors."

I never experienced such a stormy month as October proved to be that year. Usually it is considered the most charming month in the whole twelve, though I give the palm to May. Autumn days, lovely as they are, always depress me. They seem only pleasant sops to make one forget the cold and storms that will follow them, whilst May, even if she is provokingly chilly, and veers into east winds and clouds, still we know green trees and roses are near at hand, even if robins and frogs do not say so. But this October gave no false hopes; but, instead, a succession of southeasterly storms and high, destructive tides. Many of the farms on the river bank were partly submerged, "the banks," as we term our modest levees, having broken disastrously, and the tide leaving behind it pools of stagnant water to breed fevers.

One morning I awoke to the fact that Water Street at some points was impassable, except for boats or ducks. We had to receive those interested in our welfare through the kitchen, the front-door steps being submerged, and our corner impassable.

Later in the day there was a sudden mutter of ill news. Many outbuildings

on the river-farms began to show signs of collapse with the receding tide, and most of the carpenters of the town were called upon for assistance. Paul was at work in his shop when the call was made, and small Paul was king of the work-bench, his fair curls hidden away under a mass of soft pine shavings, his small pockets full to bursting with tenpenny nails acquired surreptitiously. Most unceremoniously Paul gathered up his young heir and carried him off to the kitchen. He would have howled loudly if he had not been both surprised and ashamed, and had not had a fear that to be naughty would shut him out of the delights of the workshop next day.

Unluckily, there had been that morning one of the many altercations between Paul and his wife, pretty Ruth being the keynote. The mill and its wages had smitten on Paul's wife's ears until she was sick of it; yet when Paul came in, bearing small Paul, she was willing to say something friendly. But he was in great haste, setting the child down tenderly enough, but refusing all of his wife's offers of dinner or willing assistance, struggling into his coat awkwardly in his haste. His wife stood by, astounded. Had it come to this? Was Paul for the first time in his married life to leave her without a kiss? She followed him to the door wistfully, uncertainly, hoping he would turn back. Somehow, as she stood watching, the words in the marriage-service came back to her: "Until death us do part." She could not forget them. Like an importunate burr, they stuck close; she could not beat them off, and at last they took up, as it were, a rhythm, lilting along gayly or drowsing, as it chanced to be, with her various occupations.

Dinner was over, only the children having appetite or patience to do justice to the meal. Ruth was standing at the door, a little idly, hoping some one would pass who could give her tidings of the high tide. The wind and heavy gusts of

rain prevented her sallying out for herself. Presently she saw a man running. She wondered if anything was the matter, but did not call out to him. Then three men, running abreast, passed, and she heard her mother's voice over her shoulder, but scarcely to be recognized in its shrillness, asking what was the matter. One of the men answered her, still running:

"Trotter's barn has fallen in."

"Well?" she said, sharply.

"Some men are buried under the roof. No one can tell who," he added, hopefully.

Little Paul, hearing voices, came eagerly forward with all a small child's curiosity, clutching hold of his mother's skirts to steady himself as he balanced on the threshold. She gently loosened his grasp.

"Mother!" Ruth cried, seeing her about to leave, "where are you going?"

"To your father," she said, quietly.

"But not in the rain? not without your bonnet?"

She only shook her head.

"There is no time to lose," she said, starting to run.

Ruth caught up a shawl, a fine, white fluffy thing her father had made a text for a lecture on frivolities that very morning, never guessing (wise man though he was) to what purpose it might be used before nightfall. Paul's wife drew it over her head for a slight protection as she ran down the street. The wind beat her back remorselessly, the rain swept against her; but she ran on, her feet flying to the anthem, "He did not kiss me! he did not kiss me!" Was it to snatch a kiss from perhaps a dead man's lips that she was hurrying on?

How long she ran and against what drawbacks she could never recall. At times her breath seemed to fail her, her heart beat tumultuously in her throat. But at last she stood in the great barnyard, which was a scene of disorder and consternation. The barn, with its heavy roof, had suddenly collapsed,

burying three men, it was said, under its ruin besides the cattle. Paul was said to be one of the three men, and his wife never doubted the report. Her thoughts were threefold: "Will he be alive? will he speak to me? will he kiss me?"

A man with an ax in his hand stood just before her. She went to him swiftly, sure that he could help her. She put her hand on his arm to gain for a moment his attention.

"You will let me follow you," she said. "I will not trouble you, only I must find him."

She felt him tremble under her sudden touch.

"He may be still alive. I only want to kiss him. It is not much to ask," she added, a trifle wildly.

The man turned, and she gave a little cry and fell into his arms—for it was Paul, whom she thought dead. Nevertheless, there were three men dug out of the barn—the men placed in a row, with their faces and feet turned upward to the sky. For alas! where does not death capture us, though we live recklessly as if we were immortal?

Paul took his wife into the farmhouse kitchen to warm and dry herself. He never remembered, or perhaps he did not know, what a run she had had, nor how her teeth chattered with cold. He even let her walk home with him, when the storm abated, and he had finished his dismal work in finding the dead men. He did notice that more than once she staggered, and would have fallen if he had not caught her. "What is the matter?" he asked, surprised, but not unkindly. "If you were a man, I would say you had been drinking."

That night she cooked supper, preparing a hot favorite dish for Paul. Then she complained of being tired and went to bed. But next morning she was too ill to rise; and Paul, badly frightened, sent for the doctor. Evidently she had

taken cold. What else could have been expected, when she had run fully two miles in the storm, with no other protection than a flimsy shawl, and for no other purpose, it seemed, than to secure a forgotten kiss.

Whatever Paul and inexperienced Ruth might think or hope, the sick woman had never a doubt. "It is best," she said to me; "God is ever merciful. Better for Paul to miss me, than that we should grow cold to each other. Better for him, I mean," she added, wistfully, as if she feared I might think her selfish. "Ruth will be all he needs. I have taught her his ways, and they will be more to each other when I am gone."

An hour later I came back. She was much weaker, but not suffering. The baby was asleep on the bed beside her, and she still had strength enough to pat her gently when she stirred. Small Paul was preternaturally wide awake, his pockets bursting with an accumulation of tenpenny nails, surreptitiously hoarded, and which he secretly fingered with much inward satisfaction. Those hard iron nails in some way carried comfort with them.

Ruth hung over her mother in an agony of grief, and yet with a lofty determination to forget herself for the present. There would be time enough in the dreary future. And Paul—well, I think Paul was just dazed! Something had come to him he had never looked for; and he was very sure that he did not deserve this trouble.

"Ruth!" her mother called, sharply and suddenly, stretching out uncertainly her hand, which closed feebly over the girl's warm palm; "you will be a mother to the children," she added, gently.

"It is hard to ask so much of you, and you so young; but the dear Lord Himself puts the burden on you. Make your father comfortable. He'll not be hard to please."

The last words were whispered, and Ruth felt the chill of the hand that still

held hers. It was strange that she seemed to have no last request to make of Paul. He came closer to her. Could she have forgotten him? Her eyes were closed, as he stood there looking down at her. Suddenly she opened them, looked up at him, and smiled.

"Kiss me," she said, faintly.

Paul stooped and kissed her long and tenderly. When he lifted his head her eyes were closed again, and there was a faint smile on her lips. Ruth thought he had kissed her mother's life away.

—
It was a week after the funeral that I went to Paul's house, and found them at dinner. Even in that short time Ruth had developed into the steady, anxious little housekeeper, worried that her father had no appetite for the good broth she had provided, yet feeling choked by the bread she eat when she saw the empty chair opposite her. The baby had been fretting for her mother; and Paul, endeavoring to soothe her, with slight success, was glad that she had cried herself to sleep, and would not put her down. Small Paul was emptying his bowl of broth hastily, and with great satisfaction, being oblivious to everything but his own healthy appetite. With him mother had already become a thing of the past; though there would come many times in his life when the wish for her would be intensely present.

"It seems to me"—Paul said to me—"as if I had turned all of a sudden a sharp corner. All before me is new, and when I look behind I miss her. I don't think she finds her new home as strange as I do this old house I was born in, now she is not in it. They say I'll get used to the change; but I don't think I can; and I shall always feel her kiss."

And I think there was more comfort in that love-kiss than if his wife had given him directions to last a lifetime. Did I not say Paul's wife was a wise little woman?

EMILY READ.

JENNY'S BIRTHDAY.

"It will be a rough night, Mrs. Winthrop."

The speaker was a seafaring-looking man of the more prosperous class, and he stood beside the door of a fisherman's hut, with one hand in his pocket and the other holding a large telescope by the middle, gently swaying it to and fro.

The wind blew in-shore, and such vessels as were visible were far away in the offing, beating off the dangerous coast, where the sands were numerous and shifted so often that charts were of little practical use, save to guide the ships into the little harbor of Pevrilend, which lay a mile or so to the east.

There, for some reason none were certain of, a passage was always open, narrow, it is true, but practicable by daylight to those who knew the landmarks; at night there was the revolving Beaker light to guide them, but in cloudy, misty weather it was often hidden from view.

"Do you see anything of the Flying Gull?" asked a stout, sunburnt woman, seated on a chair just within the doorway. She was knitting, and a little, fair-haired girl of seven stood by her knee.

"No," was the reply; "Winthrop is sure to stand off until the morning. I told him not to hurry if he found the weather against him."

"But it is Jenny's birthday," the woman said, "and he promised to be here before nightfall. You heard him, Mr. Bonsor."

"I hope he won't run any risk," said Mr. Bonsor, anxiously. "The Flying Gull is the finest boat I have. She makes the most profitable runs with the fish, and I trusted her to Winthrop because he's a steady man. He knows how to take advantage of wind and tide, but he will

always stand off rather than do anything reckless."

"It's Jenny's birthday," the woman said again.

"You think that is sure to bring him home?"

"I think so, sir. Nothing has ever kept him away before, and Hiram's aboard with him. *He'll* want to keep his sister's birthday, if only for an hour or so."

"A man ought to think of his boat first," said Mr. Bonsor, irritably, "especially if it isn't his own. Do you know how much I paid for the Flying Gull?"

"Whatever it may be, you've insured her for it," the woman answered, quietly; "and that's more than I could do for my husband and boy."

"Oh! yes, it could have been done," the owner said.

"I wouldn't do it," replied the woman, quickly. "I dare say you will think me foolish, but I never liked to think of making profit by my Dan's death. If God sees fit to take him from me, I'll try to bear it and do the best I can for the children. But I've a faith that, storm or no storm, he will come back safe to-night."

"You people with faith don't trust so much to common sense as you ought," said Mr. Bonsor, again sweeping the horizon with his glass. "There goes the sun—and look at that cloud yonder; it's blowing a squall ten miles out; the sea is white with foam."

The woman sighed, and Mr. Bonsor, again expressing a hope that Winthrop would hold off till the morning, sauntered off in the direction of Pevrilend.

Near Winthrop's home there were several other fishermen's cottages, and there was an absent one from the majority of them on board the craft that was being

looked for. The Flying Gull was a large yawl, and her business was to go up the North Sea and collect the fish from the fleet of smaller boats engaged in fishing there. She brought the cargo into Pevrilend, from whence it was dispatched by the single-line rail to a market town, and from thence to London.

A number of women and aged men collected round Mrs. Winthrop's door after Mr. Bonsor was gone to discuss the probability of the Flying Gull's return. Mrs. Winthrop was as candid with them as she had been with the boat's owner.

"It's Jenny's birthday, and if he is near enough to run in, he will."

Some of the old men shook their heads. It was tempting Providence, they said, but no reproach worthy of the name was uttered. The women said it was natural for him to try to get in, seeing he was so fond of Jenny.

The child had gone from the group and stood nearer the fast-rising sea, looking seaward in the direction she had often been shown to look for the Flying Gull when it was expected home. She had been weeping for her father, whom she had been looking for throughout the day.

The child had no fear of the sea. She was too young to understand the perils of the deep, as they had never been brought home to her by any great personal loss. Once when she was so young as only to remember it dimly, there had been mourning in the homes around her. Husbands, lovers, and sons had gone out to encounter a great storm never to return, but neither her father nor her brother was among them.

She loved the calms best, for then she could stroll upon the shore, but the furious storm had a charm for her. Seated by the window of her home, she would watch the angry sea rush in, the foam and sand fly before the wind, and the clouds chase each other overhead, with a child's wonderment and delight. But terror of the sea was unknown to her.

Dan Winthrop always spoke to her of the sea in its better moods. He had never been the man to magnify the perils of his life, and he loved his darling Jenny too well to inspire her with any fear on his behalf. Thus it happened that she was not anxious on his account, but, like a spoiled child, inclined to be angry because he had not come as he had promised.

"Jenny," cried her mother, "come here."

The child came back with a little frown upon her forehead.

"I am angry with father, and Hiram, too," she said. "When *they* have a birthday I will go out and not come home at all."

"Hush, Jenny," said her mother, with superstitious fear; "don't talk in that way. Suppose your father and Hiram—"

She stopped suddenly, and picking up the child, kissed her on both cheeks.

"We must not be angry with father," she said; "he will come if he can."

Mr. Bonsor, who had gone on some distance, now came hurrying back, hot and angry.

"I've sighted the Flying Gull," he said; "she's heading straight in. Your husband must be mad. I'll have a single man command her in the future."

"Don't be hard on him, sir," said Mrs. Winthrop. "You would not if you had any children of your own."

This was rather a sore point with the owner of the Flying Gull. He had been married fourteen years, and no child had come to bless his home. He was, as the people of Pevrilend went, a rich man, and being without relatives, he had often bitterly reflected that his money would go to strangers.

But, like many childless men, he put his heart on his wealth, and gave it all the earthly love he had. Speaking testily, he answered—

"You can look after your children, Mrs. Winthrop, and I'll look after my boats."

Your husband is my servant, and he ought to consider my interest."

"He does so," replied the woman, proudly; "and if he loses the Flying Gull he'll not come ashore to hear you reproach him."

There was a catching in her throat as she thought of the possibility of the Flying Gull, with all on board, going down, and a low wail burst from the lips of the women around her.

Darkness was falling fast, night was coming on, and the sea and wind were rising. In the southwest misty clouds were gathering fast, the horizon was obscured, and a few drops of rain already heralded the storm.

Some of the women talked of going down to the port of Pevrilend, but Mrs. Winthrop was not one of them. She would have liked to go, but there was Jenny to think of. The child was delicate, and the rough weather was against her.

Out at sea the Flying Gull came rushing in before the storm. Already the full force of it had fallen upon her, and the wind rushed screaming through the cordage.

The sails did not flap, but stood out stiff like those of a model of a ship. At the helm were the Winthrops, father and son.

"Steady, Hiram," cried the old man; "keep the line of the jetty straight afore you."

By bawling his loudest he could just make himself heard. The boy understood him, and gave all the aid he could with the wheel.

Snap, crash! The topsail of the foremast had given way. The canvas flew out like a huge flag before the wind, and the ropes snapped and cracked like giant whips.

The eyes of all on deck were anxiously turned aloft. They knew what was coming, and the men stood clear of the bows. Another crash, and the topsail came tumb-

ling down upon the lug sail. The yawl stopped like a race-horse suddenly checked, and then went on pitching heavily.

"Clear away the wreck," cried Winthrop.

The men understood his signs rather than his words, and two men climbed up the foremast, hatchet in hand. Half a dozen strokes and the wreckage was free.

They saw it carried away by the wind like a puff of smoke, and it was lost sight of in the darkness before it fell into the sea. The yawl, relieved, went on more steadily.

But heavy seas rolled up behind her, and huge waves broke over the stern, rushed across the deck, and melted away over the bow of the vessel. Hiram was washed away from the wheel, but he was stopped by the aftermast, clung to it, and as the water subsided, ran back to his post. His father lashed him to the wheel, fastened the end of the rope to his own arm, and signed to the men to make themselves secure. Immediately afterward the darkness of night was upon them.

The sea and wind roared as if chaos had come again. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and a drenching rain poured down. Only at fitful intervals could the lights in Pevrilend harbor be seen.

Father and son stood to their posts, and when the lights were visible they put the head of the yawl straight toward them. When they were hidden by the storm, they steered as straight as they could guess.

Fortunately, the driver, or aft sail, stood firm. While that was up the yawl was pretty safe. It had a double reef in it, but the power of the wind was tremendous, and drove the Flying Gull through the raging sea like a frightened horse.

And she still shipped seas, but all went well while the hatches were battened down. Whenever the lightning flashed, Winthrop looked to see that they were safe, and breathed a prayer of thankfulness each time he saw they were secure.

But after one huge wave had swept the deck, carrying away everything loose, a long, quivering flame of lightning lit up the scene. Winthrop, though awe-stricken by the terrible display of electric power, still kept the thought of the hatches in his mind.

He looked toward them. The forehatch was gone, and the water pouring into it.

A groan escaped him. The Flying Gull was now at the mercy of the sea. If they shipped a half dozen more heavy waves she would most assuredly fill and go down head foremost.

Already he was sensible of the burden of water she had taken in. A sailor can tell, like a horseman, by the *stride* of the thing he rides upon, how he is going. The yawl was not so elastic in her movements. She rose to the waves slowly and fell heavily.

"God have mercy on my wife and Jenny," burst from the seaman's lips.

He thought of his son, too, but not so much of him as of those at home. With those at sea it would be a brief struggle, and then rest; with those ashore the wearing sorrow of days and months, and numberless tears.

On the birthday of his darling daughter, too. It seemed hard, but he could not say it was unjust and cruel. The simple piety of the man saved him the sin of doubting the wisdom and love of the Almighty.

Another sea over the stern.

It swept the full length of the deck with a rush and a roar that drowned for a few moments the turmoil of the storm. The foremast bent to the wind, snapped in two, and with the sail and cordage fell upon the deck.

"Good-bye, dear wife—good-bye, Jenny," said Winthrop; and putting an arm around his boy's neck, he drew him to his heart and kissed him.

With the other hand he still held fast to the wheel.

Ashore were many anxious hearts—and in some of them hope was dead.

The storm was more violent than had been anticipated. Those who were in a position to judge, declared that they had not seen such a one for thirty years.

Nobody could go upon the old jetty that marked the entrance to the harbor, for the sea swept over it. The beacon light at the end looked like a torch in the sea.

Mr. Bonsor gave up his vessel for lost, and crouching under the lee of the shore end of the jetty, in company with a little gathering of men and women, he reviled Winthrop for attempting to come in.

When fully roused, he was often the victim of ungovernable rage. Reason, thought of others—everything went down before his anger. Convinced that the yawl was lost, he resolved to go and see Mrs. Winthrop, to say to her what he would gladly have said to her husband.

By fighting his way from place to place, and pausing here and there to rest, he reached the cluster of huts at last. In every window a light was burning, like the feeble hope that was in the breasts of the distracted inmates.

One light seemed brighter than the rest. He could only guess that it was burning in the window of Winthrop's hut, and groping his way to the door, he opened it.

The wind drove him in with a fierce current of sand and foam. The light in the window flickered violently, but, as if by some miracle, did not go out.

In the corner of the room sat Jenny, with a white, frightened face. That night she was rudely awakened to the terrors of the deep. Her mother was kneeling beside her as Mr. Bonsor entered. She rose and helped him to force back the door.

"Well," she said, "you bring me news?"

"Yes," he replied, hoarsely, "the Flying Gull is lost."

"How do you know?" she asked, calmly. "Did you see it go down?"

"It must be lost," he answered, vaguely.

"And I say it is not," she said. "I

have prayed, and my prayer has been answered here." She laid her hand upon her breast, and a bright smile made her rough face almost beautiful. "My husband will bring back your boat; he will be here to-night, and Jenny's birthday will be kept."

"It can't be," he said.

"It will be," she returned.

The ashes of a fire were glowing upon the hearth. He went and sat upon a stool beside it, with his head between his hands. The woman pulled out the table and began to lay the cloth. He looked up presently.

"What are you doing?" he asked, harshly.

"Getting supper for Winthrop and Hiram," she replied; "they will want it when they come home."

"Your faith must be strong," he sneered.

"It is," she answered, quietly.

He shrugged his shoulders, and she went on with her preparations. A feast for people of her class was prepared.

It was a poor meal to those who are accustomed to luxuries—a piece of cold bacon, some cheese, butter, bread, and a huge plain cake. When the table was ready, Jenny rose up and clapped her hands.

"Oh! how pleased father and Hiram will be!" she said.

Mr. Bonsor turned a look of half pity, half anger upon her. He could not understand the blind faith of the mother, and the joy of the child was a mockery.

Hark! what is that?

A cry without, that rose above the storm, a trampling of feet, and the door was thrust open. Drenched to the very skin, Winthrop and Hiram entered the hut. Other men were seen to hurry past the open door, each seeking their homes.

Although her faith had been great, the joy of the meeting was almost too much for Mrs. Winthrop. Though expected,

and their return believed in, husband and son were almost like dear ones risen from the dead.

Not much was said. They embraced and kissed, and Jenny was lifted up to her father's quivering lips. When the first greetings were over, Mr. Bonsor came forward.

"The Flying Gull?" he said.

"Safe, master," replied Winthrop; "damaged a good deal, but in harbor. It was the fall of the foremast that saved her. The fore-hatch had been washed away, and seas were pouring in when the mast and sail fell in a heap and stopped it up. Ah! master, the hand of God was in it!"

The owner of the yawl looked from husband to wife with a white face, and moved toward the door.

"Stop and ha' a bite with us," cried Winthrop; "it's Jenny's birthday."

"Not to-night," he replied; "I've got a trouble on me, and I want to be alone."

And before they could stop him, he had sped away into the darkness of night to find some lone spot where he could pray that the faith of these humble people might be his.

The wet garments of the seaman and his son were soon changed for dry ones. Wood was cast upon the fire, and an extra candle was lighted up. It was quite an illumination.

"I don't know that it isn't worth going through a storm for this," said Winthrop; "but for all that, I never want to see the like again. The mercy of God guided us to safety. I had no thought of where the harbor was, when suddenly I saw the light right over my head. It was touch and go with the jetty, and we were safe. Wife, Jenny, another kiss; Hiram, a shake of the hand. If you had been drowned to-night, the country would have lost as good a seaman as ever trod a deck."

OWEN LANDOR.

PILBURY'S HERO.

"**W**AITIN' for the train, mo'm? South bound, hey? So 'm I, an' it's not due for four long hours.

"Neat waitin'-room, this, for a country place like Pilbury, an' I'm free ter say we shouldn't hev had it, if 'Lonzo hadn't hev taken a deal of trouble on hisself ter persuade the comp'ny ter build it for the comfort of the wimmen passengers.

"But mebbe you're a stranger in these parts, an' hev never heerd of 'Lonzo," queried the busy, fussy little market woman, actively engaged in looking after empty butter firkins, milk cans, fruit and egg baskets.

"Wa'l, I'm not surprised that you hev'n't, as I reely don't suppose 'Lonzo's fame has been trumpeted from Dan to Beersheeby. Yet we Pilburyites don't forgit our hero, an' when Decoration Day comes round, I allus lay on the spot where his grave ort ter be a wreath of daffy down dillies an' flowery almonds.

"Jest wait until I find my knittin' work. I can't let the precious minutes go ter waste. You see, mo'm, city wimmen don't realize the value of time, while we country folks hev to clip around lively if we keep things straight an' movin'. I 'mostly knit Hiel's woolen socks arter I've sold out my marketables, an' am waitin' here for the train goin' our way.

"When we fust bought land here, 'twas a tough struggle with us ter pay for it an' raise a livin'. Between you an' me, I hev ter do the managin' and calculatin'. Hiel is as good as gold, but sort o' slow goin' en' easy like when it comes ter doin' business.

"I allus git the very topmost prices for my produce, which I'm keeful ter hev extry fresh an' good.

"That's one great secret of success in any branch of business, never offerin' to

buyers stale or poor goods. But this 'isn't tellin' you 'bout 'Lonzo.

"In the winter of 1871, which was a severe one, I fust met 'Lonzo Penn, then a leetle, bright-faced boy of eleven, an' the very minute I laid eyes on him I knew there was somethin' uncommon in him.

"This station wasn't the tidy, comfortable place 'tis now. The road was new, an' the comp'ny thought an' old shed, with a set of telegraph instruments clickin' away in the corner, accommodations good enough for the Pilburyites.

"I allus dreaded market days in winter, an' nothin' but knowin' that I could git one cent on the dozen an' two on the pound more'n Hiel could hev induced me ter kerry the heavy baskets filled with eggs an' butter ter Pilbury on bitter cold days, an' then set freezin' an' shiverin' for four mortal hours in the miserable waitin'-room.

"One cold December day, 'twas blowin' an' sleetin' turribly, but I made out ter go my rounds, sell out, an' git ter the telegraph office, fairly cryin', I was so cold.

"Come right in, mo'm,' said a leetle feller, who was flyin' 'round like a parched pea, pastin' newspapers over the wide cracks in the board walls, an' lookin' arter the clicker, seein' that it didn't run away with itself.

"Hev a seat nigh the stove, mo'm?' said he, pushin' ter me an empty nail keg, an' then stirrin' the fire.

"I'm 'Lonzo, Mr. Penn's son, an' am tendin' the office for him. Pappy is poorly an' can't leave his bed,' says he, his honest blue eyes lookin' straight inter mine, an' jest sparklin' with pride.

"'Twas cunnin' ter see how important the little feller felt, an' the pains he was takin' to do things slick an' proper.

"Can you reely tend ter the telegraph, sonny?" I inquired, not dreamin' he could send or git a message.

"Oh! yes, mo'm; I kin send better an' receive most as good as pappy. I've be'n l'arnin' o' nights, an' now I'm puttin' my l'arnin' ter practical use, an' that's the best way to l'arn anythin'. Don't you see, mo'm, if I was a rich boy, an' could afferd ter attend an institute or college, I should l'arn the theory, an' then I'd hev to l'arn to apply my knowledge; as 'tis, I kin be masterin' both theory an' practice, besides helpin' pappy."

"As I sat listenin', while he talked, I was wonderin' how sech a shiftless, poke-easy soul like Bingham Penn came ter hev sech a bright son. 'Lonzo wasn't much like his father in looks or action.

"In a few weeks, I'm ter hev in my own name, the entire charge of this office, an' my call is ter be P-n, standing for my name, Penn."

"The land!" says I, thinkin' him a small pattern for a ticket agent and telegraph operator.

"Yes," says he, 'pappy's so poorly now, that mammy says we must take special keer of him, if we want ter keep him with us long,' an' then we both laughed out, it seemed so cur'ous for sech a mite ter be talkin' o' takin' keer of a six-footer like Bing Penn. Arter that, passengers came crowdin' in, an' 'Lonzo was kept busy sellin' tickets, answerin' questions, an' sendin' messages.

"Says I ter Hiel, arter I'd reached home—

"'Lonzo Penn is bound ter climb up in the world.'

"At that he snapped out—

"Oh! yes, Clemanthy, you see in every tow-headed, freckled-faced boy the makin' of a hero or wise man. I've seed that mischievous youngster an' caught him chasin' the yaller colt, an' pesterin' old Bose the very last time I was in Pilbury."

"Hiel didn't forgit my prophecy, an' took special pains ter twit me of it, as time flew by an' 'Lonzo worked on in the Pilbury office, not risin' any higher or gittin' more'n twenty-five dollars monthly.

"I'd be'n told of'en that he was an extry good operator, swift an' sure, never makin' mistakes.

"A nephew of Hiel's, who understan's sech business, came visitin' us from York city, an' arter talkin' with 'Lonzo, said 'twas a burnin' shame ter bury sech talent in sleepy old Pilbury, that in some places he could command one hundred and twenty-five or fifty dollars every month, besides standin' a show for promotion to some honored position in commercial or railroad business.

"I want ter know," said Hiel, half doubtin' Herbert's words.

"Why," says he, 'that's more'n I kin dig out of the ground in a year's time. One hundred an' twenty-five dollars for one month's work, an' him content ter saunter 'round Pilbury gittin' twenty-five. Now, Clemanthy, you'll acknowledge that I was partly right, any way, in surmisin' 'Lonzo'd never come ter anythin' much. Whar's your hero?'

"Hiel's tauntin' laugh nettled me. I couldn't take up fer 'Lonzo, 'thout 'twas ter say he'd made the old tottery waitin'-room reel sunshiny lookin', smartened it up with picters an' growin' plants, even hevin' in the south window, in a gilded cage, one of the peartest, sassiest mockin' birds I ever heered trillin' an' warblin'.

"Lonzo was now a square-built, tall boy of seventeen past.

"I've allus held ter it that young folks ort ter try ter make somethin' of themselves, an' it fretted me ter see 'Lonzo pot-terin' around feedin' the bird an' tendin' the flowers an' the leetle amount of business which was done in Pilbury, in the P-n office.

"He was a civil boy, allus in his place, settin' beside his mother in the meetin' house when the minister came 'round

oncet a month. 'Lonzo's voice rang out nice an' clear in old Ortenville an' Uxbridge, an' he was allus full of fun an' work at our log-rollin's an' parin' bees.

"Bing Penn seemed ter hev given up ter laziness. 'Lonzo was the rale head of the house. But that didn't satisfy me, so I concluded ter hev a talk with him the very fust chance, which wasn't long in offerin'.

"One afternoon we two sat lookin' at the plan 'Lonzo had drawn up for the new office an' waitin'-room.

"'We'll surely get it,' said he, 'though the comp'ny put me off time an' agin. They don't want ter build a better house, as Pilbury isn't counted an important station. I s'pose you've herd my wages are to be reduced?'

"'Yes,' says I, 'an' I'm surprised that you are content to stay here. Nephew Herbert told me that you hev the ability to do better things.'

"'Lonzo never answered one word, but I was bent on drawin' him out, an' kept on with—

"'Sonny, money gittin' isn't everythin' in this world, but it's nature's own law, an' right for the young ter try their wings. How was it with the man who buried his talent?'

"Arter I'd said that I was sorry, as he seemed so hurt, his lip quivered, an' a tear drop fell on the freight-bill he was makin' out.

"When he had finished his work he answered, slow like—

"'Aunt Clemanthy, you mean well, an' don't know that you've probed a sore spot in my heart. I hev had desirable positions offered me, an' 'twas hard—so hard—ter decline them. P'rhaps you don't know that my father's mind is wanderin' now, an' he is incapable of takin' care of hisself. Mother an' the children would hev a sorry time if I should leave home. It's a poor support that we hev at best. You might say: "Leave here, earn more money, an' send it home."

"'Mother needs me with her, an' when I think of leavin', her sad face chains me here.

"'Aunt Clemanthy, I want ter love an' honor my father an' mother, that I may never hev ter look upon their dead faces thinkin'—I hev not ben a good son. I'm teachin' brother Lou ter do things my way, an' then I shall be free to go.'

"Just then a group of men, noisy, an' swearin', came in, not mindin' me, ontill 'Lonzo pinte me out, sayin'—

"'Gentlemen must treat ladies respectfully, or leave this room,' which settled them, but put a stop ter our talkin' together.

"I had the satisfaction of tellin' Hiel 'I warn't so much mistaken in 'Lonzo, arter all.'

"Several months flew by. The new office was built, an' 'Lonzo spent a deal of work an' time makin' the ladies waitin'-room handy an' beautiful.

"One mornin' he was usin' his scroll saw, makin' a handsome bracket of white holly and walnut, an' tellin' me the comp'ny held out strong agin buildin' a private room for the wimmen, an' he wouldn't give in ontill they agreed ter do it.

"'I know 't isn't pleasant for ladies ter inhale tobacco smoke, an' listen ter rough talk from men who forgit ter be gentlemen,' said 'Lonzo, scoopin' out an ivy leaf with his wood-carvin' tools.

"'I'm goin' away soon, an' I'll give you this glove box ter remember me by,' an' he handed me the daintiest box, made from holly and ebony woods, beautifully carved an' sawed in scroll patterns. 'Twas a reg'lar beauty.

"'Goin' away, sonny,' was all the answer I could make him, between feelin' surprised an' lonesome, even before he'd gone.

"'I'm reely goin' to leave Pilbury. Last week I did a leetle favor for the comp'ny, an' they made a good deal of it, an' hev offered me a place with ninety-five

dollars monthly ter begin with, an' Lou is ter be paid forty dollars hereafter. Won't father an' mother be comfortable?

"Mebbe one o' these days I'll come home a master of transportation, or chief dispatcher. If I deserve promotion, I shall get it, the comp'ny 'll recognize me if I merit it. 'Tisn't luck that makes or mars a feller."

"Lonzo was called away, and one of the Pilbury wimmen told me about the leetle favor he spoke so modestly about:

"On the sixteenth of July, a crowd of thousands visited the band tournament, held twenty miles from Pilbury. 'Lonzo stayed in his office until five in the afternoon, then rid up in the express ter see the crowd an' hear the music. 'Twas dry, hot, an' dusty at that time, an' he calculated ter be back at his post by eight o'clock, never dreamin' that a waterspout would flood the track at Langdon's Ford, an' wash away the bridge before sunset, an' nobody know of it until the north-bound train was in the dark an' rushin' waters, an' the engineer, a keerful man, be'n runnin' twenty years, lost sight of Langdon's Ford is a treacherous, marshy spot, between Pilbury an' Rocky P'int. A set of wires were rigged up communicatin' with the main line, an' sev'ral operators tried to work 'em, but their narves were so upshot by the gin'ral excitement an' groanin's of the wounded, they jest quit tryin', then somebody ran for 'Lonzo, who was yet at the P'int, an' that boy, cool an' stiddy, worked out'n the woods two days an' nights, until all was straight an' safe, never once losin' his head."

"I'm ashamed of my fust thought arter hearin' this, but I had ter glory a leetle in the news I'd hev for Hiel, then mebbe he'd forgit ter be forever askin' 'bout my hero."

"I never saw 'Lonzo again, as the next week Lou told me—

"He'd gone South, where the operators were sorely needed.' He had gone away

cheerfully, sayin', 'twasn't likely the yellow fever'd tech him.'

"'Lonzo wasn't a puny boy, an' had not weakened either body or mind by dram drinkin' or cigarette smokin'.

"'Wasn't his goin' there unexpected?' I inquired of Lou Penn, who said:

"'Twas, but he thought the poor souls needed help, and he meant ter not turn a deaf ear ter their cries.'

"'Twas in the summer of 1878, when the plague was doin' its worst. I was that miserable over 'Lonzo's goin' an' anxious ter hear from the South that I subscribed for a daily paper, not mindin' one mite when Hiel grumbled at the expense; I jest 'minded him that 'my work paid for it.'

"For eight weeks I read daily the sorrowful news, gittin' thin an' peakin', grievin' over 'Lonzo's danger an' sympathizin' with the scourged people.

"'You're makin' a goose of yourself, Clemanthy. The boy's doin' well enough. He'll look out for number one, an' fight shy of yellow jack, I'll warrant,' growled Hiel, who thought I'd better be a-doin' up the fruit instid of makin' so many trips ter Pilbury jest ter git the news.

"One September day the air hung dead like; I felt smothered an' oppressed, an' hadn't the energy ter pick up the loads of sugar pears goin' ter waste under the trees, so I told Hiel I was goin' ter Pilbury, an' I went, hevin' no errand, 'ceptin' ter ask Lou Penn if 'Lonzo had written a late letter home.

"The office was closed, an' hurryin' ter the door I went inside, findin' Lou settin' by the instruments, cryin' an' shakin', holdin' in his left hand an open letter an' tryin' with the right ter send a message.

"Handin' me the letter, I read in 'Lonzo's clean-cut handwritin':

"M——, September 22d, 1878.

"DEAR HOME FOLKS:—In a very few days I shall be with you in Pilbury.

It rests me now ter think of the solid comfort I shall take while eatin' mother's cream biscuits an' drinkin' tea trimmed with the yellow cream Diadem yields after a day's feastin' in a field of tender sweet clover.

"Don't think I'm starvin', as there's a great plenty of good things set before me, but it tastes of the fever, or so it seems ter me.

"I mean ter stay with you two weeks; 'twill take me that long ter gather a fresh stock of good sperrits, an' I want ter be in good workin' condition when I go ter my new place.

"For brother Lou's benefit I will say now, lest I forget in the future,—if he wishes ter rise, or make a success in railroad, telegraph, or, in fact, any business, he must, with a stern hand, down nervousness and cultivate self-control. A cool, steady head an' hand is positively necessary if one wants ter excel; but I wander from my subject, as good Parson Ryder used ter say.

"I was ordered from Memphis to this small place, an' hev found a kind friend in Dr. Rochelle, who looks arter my physical condition.

"We hev be'n cut off from everythin' an' it makes me feel lonesome, when all trains glide by without haltin', jest tumblin' off the mail bags.

"Don't fret about me. I never felt better in my life, though I'm homesick'—an' then somebody had written—

"Dead and buried, 'Lonzo Penn, telegraph operator.'

"Never mindin' the tears which were drippin' down my cheeks, I went straight to Mr. Penn's, not carin' one rice grain that I'd never met Mis' Penn.

"Lonzo was gone, and she was his mother, an' I loved her boy; that was introduction sufficient for me, so, goin' inter the room where the poor soul sat tearless an' despairin', I jest caught her up cryin' over her.

"A wee toddlin' gal pulled at her

dress, peepin' inter Mis' Penn's face, askin' if—

"Buzzer was comin' home for a drink,' an' then went over ter Mr. Penn, who sat cryin' like David—

"My son, oh! my son,' though his mournin' wasn't like that of David's, as 'Lonzo had allus be'n a joy and comfort.

"Peek-a-boo, poppy, I see you,' said the baby, peekin' through her fingers at him. 'Twas a trick 'Lonzo had taught her. At that, Mis' Penn screamed right out in her distress.

"'Twas arter dusk when I left the Penns, makin' it late when I got home, an' Hiel was in a bad humor, not relishin' the task of milkin' ten cows without my help. I let him scold, not makin' any excuses, merely tellin' him the news from 'Lonzo.

"In a few days Lou Penn had a letter from 'Lonzo's friend, Dr. Rochelle, who wrote to him that 'Lonzo had never spared hisself from the first hour he spent in the town. When he wasn't in the office, he was helpin' nuss the sick, not carin' whether the sufferers were rich or poor.

"Dr. Rochelle began ter think 'Lonzo'd escape the plague, an' told him so, an' as the backbone of the epidemic seemed broken, an' trains once more stopped for passengers, he expected ter start for Pilbury in three days.

"That night, after Dr. Rochelle had left him, an' old colored woman, who had long be'n a disgrace an' terror ter the village, was taken bad, an' no one would go inter the vile den the outcast called home.

"When 'Lonzo heerd old Mag's cries, he carried medicine, ice, an' champagne, an' worked all night with the poor creetur.

"To'rds mornin' she said ter 'Lonzo: 'Can't marster ax de Lord ter pardon ole Mag's outbreakin' sins? Tankee, marster, for comin' ter de pore nigger in dis hour. Ole Mag knows now ebery han' wasn't raised agin her.'

"Dr. Rochelle happened along at day-break, an' dragged him out inter the air, knowin' no man could live many hours in that pizen atmosphere.

"He asked 'Lonzo ter tell him when he felt the least bit chilly or leetle aches settlin' in his bones; but he wasn't mindful of his own feelin's, or fearin' an attack o' the plague.

"On the mornin' he intended startin' for Pilbury, Dr. Rochelle went inter the office an' saw 'Lonzo lyin' on the table, his cold, stiff hand on the key, an' the clickin' goin' on lively, though the ears were deaf to the callin', an' the hand would never answer to another call.

"Jest before him lay the unfinished letter so full of good cheer for the home folks.

"P'rhaps, mo'm, you'll tell me this is an

old story, an' many hev done greater things.

"Likely, mo'm; I'm sure 'Lonzo never set up ter be anything extraordinary, the very best thing about him, accordin' ter my way of thinkin' is, he wasn't all the time plannin' how to exalt 'Lonzo Penn.

"Yes, mo'm, 'Lonzo was a reel boy, an' Lou Penn, though counted a capable, faithful boy, isn't 'Lonzo, by a great deal.

"Yes, mo'm; he had Christian burial. Dr. Rochelle 'tended ter that, an' before many days there'll be a han'sum stun markin' his restin' place.

"We Pilbury wimmen hain't forgot 'Lonzo; but it takes money ter buy a monument, an' we've be'n a long time airnin' an' savin' it."

ELLA GUERNSEY.

LIKE TO SOME STORM-BELATED BIRD.

LIKE to some storm-belated bird that lingers
Far from its mates upon a winter's night,
Beating its tender wings in sad affright,
So stands she now, with soft, unclasping fingers,
And wistful eyes, that, in their strained sight,
Peer far beyond the darkness of the night.

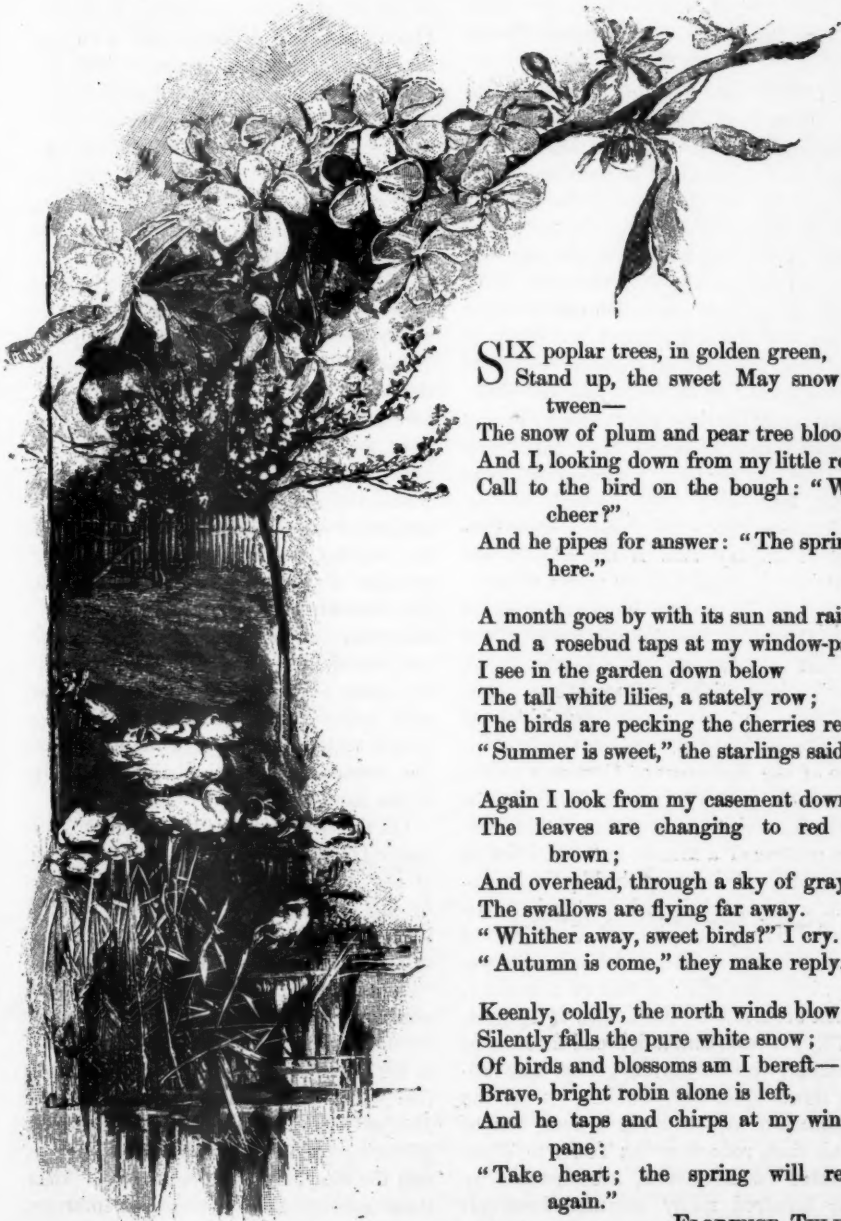
O wistful eyes! that in your tender sadness,
So long have known the ministry of tears!
O gracious mouth! that to the heart endears
A mournful smile above all youthful gladness!
O weary heart! that never leaps with fears
Nor hopes for joy through all the coming years.

Would I might lift, one moment, thy dull burden,
And, with my heart's deep sympathy, atone
For all the sorrows thou hast ever known;
Would I might give thee some celestial guerdon
Some gift of love from God's eternal throne,
To fill the dark hours when thou art alone.

Upon the verge of Heaven my soul would strain,
To ease thee, sad heart, of thine earthly pain.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

BIRD NOTES.



SIX poplar trees, in golden green,
Stand up, the sweet May snow be-
tween—

The snow of plum and pear tree bloom—
And I, looking down from my little room,
Call to the bird on the bough: "What
cheer?"

And he pipes for answer: "The spring is
here."

A month goes by with its sun and rain,
And a rosebud taps at my window-pane;
I see in the garden down below
The tall white lilies, a stately row;
The birds are pecking the cherries red:
"Summer is sweet," the starlings said.

Again I look from my casement down;
The leaves are changing to red and
brown;

And overhead, through a sky of gray,
The swallows are flying far away.
"Whither away, sweet birds?" I cry.
"Autumn is come," they make reply.

Keenly, coldly, the north winds blow;
Silently falls the pure white snow;
Of birds and blossoms am I bereft—
Brave, bright robin alone is left,
And he taps and chirps at my window-
pane:

"Take heart; the spring will return
again."

FLORENCE TYLER.

GREAT FETES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

"O those blessed days of old, with their chivalry
and state!"

THERE were enough of glitter and show in the Middle Ages to compensate for all the lack of true elegance and refinement there might be wanting. Lavish splendor was the order of the day. It was visible in everything—in the grand castles, with their massive walls, lofty turrets, and rich carvings; in the dress of the lordly ladies and gentlemen who thought velvet stiff with embroidery and cloth of gold none too good for common wear, and most apparent of all in the *fêtes* and entertainments of the time, where a magnificence prevailed that bordered upon garishness. At the coronations, tournaments, banquets, fairs, and other festivals of the period, one would have seen a gorgeousness of display that is not approached anywhere in royal Europe or out of it.

Nothing in modern times can compare with the show and magnificence of the ancient coronations of sovereigns. A year's preparations were sometimes made, and days and even weeks were given up to license, display, and entertainment. One of the Emperors of Germany in the thirteenth century was eighteen months gathering things in readiness, the ceremonies continued a month, and not a few of the nobles were impoverished by the expenditures they made in order not to be outvalued. The coronation of the Czar of Russia or of the Queen of England nowadays is a tame affair to that of Edward I, which occurred in the month of August, 1273. Edward, that tall, broad-shouldered crusader, with his curling golden hair falling down upon his shoulders, one of the handsomest men and the bravest knight of his time, rode from the Tower to Westminster on horseback, accompanied by four hundred nobly mounted lords all dressed in velvet and gold and jewels.

His queen, fair Eleanor, she who had sucked the Saracen's poison from her lord's wounded arm, followed behind in an open litter borne by four horses and canopied by silken banners in the hands of four great nobles. Hangings of gayly colored cloths and banners decorated the streets, and roses were flung by the armsful in the path of the royal procession.

Westminster, the old hall of William Rufus, was one vast gleam of flashing jewels, scarfs, plumes and gorgeous robes. Great cooking sheds, where all the population were fed that chose, had been erected, and smoked and steamed in the palace-yard for fifteen days, for it was a ceremony alike interesting to the people as well as the nobles. Drove of oxen, sheep, and swine were paddocked near by, just as on a market day in modern times, and the number slaughtered were incalculable. The fountains and conduits were made to run with Gascon wine instead of water, and the rich merchants of Cheapside and the great barons of the realm showered gold and silver in the streets for the poor people to pick up. One of the features of the coronation was wholly characteristic of the age.

On the second day of the banquet Alexander III, King of Scotland, who was one of the great barons of England, rode up to the entrance of Westminster with a train of two hundred knights. Springing to the ground, they allowed their horses, "all saddled and bridled gloriously," to dash away wherever they chose, to be caught by the crowd. Whoever caught one kept it for his own. As soon as the cavalcade had vanished in this astonishing way, the Earl of Cornwall closed the gap by another glittering retinue of one hundred knights, and the same scene was re-enacted. After these came the Earls of Surrey, Pembroke, and Gloucester, each with a dazzling train,

when three hundred more horses were let loose. So that six hundred horses were speedily careering through the streets and over the fields, and much merriment ensued, as the excited multitude scattered after the brutes in mad pursuit.

At the coronation of Charles VI, and his Queen, Isabella of Bavaria, at Paris, in 1389, the most magnificent entertainments were given and a month was spent in festivity. A triumphal arch was erected at the entrance of the city, all the streets through which the royal cortege passed were hung with embroidery and flowers; at each crossing the Passion and Crucifixion were enacted, and the fountains threw forth milk and wine. As they passed over the Pont au Change, a rope dancer in the guise of an angel descended from between the towers of Notre Dame, placed a crown of diamonds on the Queen's head, and reascended. She was seated in a car covered with white samite, and drawn by horses, and her dress was of purple velvet covered with golden stars. Masks, banquets, and tournaments succeeded each other during the month, and the amount expended was enormous, said to be about seven million of dollars.

Vanished are the days when

"In rough magnificence arrayed,
When ancient chivalry displayed
The pomp of her heroic games,
And crested chiefs and tissue'd dames
Assembled at the clarion's call,
In some proud castle's high-arched wall."

But the stately magnificence of a tournament comes back to us in *Ivanhoe*. Nowhere else do we find so good a picture of this proudest fête of chivalry. The description by Sir Walter Scott, of the passage at arms at Ashby de la Zouche will bring back to us all the splendid concomitants of that day of strife and glory. The scene in the lists as Prince John rode in with his knights and nobles; the broad, green-carpeted plain; the stately pavilions; the pawing, spirited chargers; the galleries covered with scarlet cloth; the

lofty canopy emblazoned with royal arms; the rich tapestries, the glitter of jewels, and sumptuous cloths; the crowd of beautiful women, the Saxon Rowena and Jewish Rebecca, blonde and brunette, in the midst—all rises before us with the force of reality. And when the combat begins, when the melee thickens, and horses and knights go down, when the victors guide their steeds to the covered gallery to receive, amid the plaudits of the assembled thousands, the prizes from the hands of the Queen of the Tournament, we can feel our nerves tingle and our pulses beat with excitement. If we are affected thus by reading a cold description of such a scene, what must have been the feelings of those who witnessed it?

Through all the feudal ages there was no spectacle that appealed so strongly to the senses and to the imagination as a tournament. All the magnificence and opulence of chivalry surrounds one of these court pageants, and the occurrence of one made it the fête of the neighborhood and of the year. They were generally held at the invitation of some prince upon the birth or nuptials of royal persons, during royal progresses, or at high court festivals, and heralds were sent into the neighboring kingdoms to invite the knights to be present. These frequently came from distant countries, attended by splendid retinues, and on the appointed day the galleries encircling the lists or level inclosed space in which the knights contended were gay with banners and costly draperies and crowded with spectators, conspicuous among whom were the ladies, whose approving smiles were the rewards most esteemed by the victors.

To have witnessed some of these tournaments was the sight of a lifetime. Imagine the Black Prince or the good knight Bayard, or those gallant cavaliers who contended at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, laying lance in rest, mounted on their good steeds chevronned and arrayed for battle—the very thought causes the blood

to thrill. It must have been a magnificent spectacle when the heralds, having proclaimed the laws of the tournament, at the sound of the trumpet the whole body of knights, each with an attendant squire, entered the lists in a glittering cavalcade, distinguished only by their emblazoned shields or by the favors of their mistresses suspended from their crests. Then, as the exercises of the tournament opened and the heralds gave the word, "Laissez-aller," to see the opposing combatants ride at each other in full career, striving to direct their lances fairly upon the shields and helmets of their adversaries, that was equal to any of the sights of a Roman holiday when that imperial State was at its zenith. These combats and passages-of-arms were not always bloodless, and the death of Henry II of France, from a wound received at a tournament in 1559, occasioned its abolition in all parts of Europe, although for nearly a century later it continued to be occasionally revived at court festivals.

From the earliest period of the city's history the *fêtes* of Venice have been events of the greatest popular importance and interest. Italy is peculiarly a country of gayety and festivity; the people love show and magnificence, and the Venetians, above all other Italians, delight in spectacles and festivals. A Venetian festival is a synonym of all that is magnificent and romantic. Love and sentiment govern the Italians, and so these Venetian holidays were connected as much with the idea of gallantry as with that of patriotism or glory. One of the most important festivals of the city celebrated a wedding day, and dated from the early part of the tenth century. It was the custom at that time in Venice that every year there were married twelve maidens distinguished for beauty and virtue, who were dowered by the State, and they were married on the 31st day of January, St. Mark's Day, in the Church of San Pietro di Costello. Dressed in long robes of

white, their loosened hair interwoven with threads of gold, the twelve brides were conveyed to the church in a rich barge followed by a cortege of gayly decorated gondolas, with music and singing, the Doge and Signory accompanying the procession. Each maiden bore in her hand a small box containing her dowry, and met her appointed husband in the church, when mass was celebrated, and they were married to the bridegrooms by the officiating Bishop. This was the beginning of a *fête* which continued a whole week, every day bringing about a new festivity.

In the latter part of the tenth century an incident happened during the observance of this *fête* which artists and poets have loved to dwell upon, and which possibly invested the festival with an interest foreign to its character. The pirates of Trieste, who were near Venice and were the mortal foes of the Venetians, determined to do them an injury. They accordingly armed a galley and a brigantine, and came to Venice by night and remained hidden until the morning. During the progress of the marriage ceremony the pirates burst open the doors of the church, attacked the bridal party, and seizing the twelve fair maidens in their wedding robes and with their jewels, carried them on board their galley and sailed away. The news of the outrage soon spread through the city, and all the ships in port, with the Doge and the Signory on board, sailed in pursuit of the ravagers. The Venetian boats overtook them at the mouth of the lagoon and put them to great slaughter and recovered the brides unharmed. So the Doge returning to Venice, ordained that in memory of it, on our Lady's Day, and also on the vigil of it, the Doge should go to vespers in the church of Santa Maria Formosa. And the Doge also gave for alms a piece of copper money that was used at the time, called a Bagatino.

But the proudest of all the Venetian *fêtes* during the Middle Ages was the Wedding of the Sea, the festival by which

the Doges celebrated the dominion of Venice over the Adriatic. It was toward the close of the tenth century, under the Dogeship of Pietro Urseola II, that this *fête* was first observed, but it was not until the year 1177 that Pope Alexander III blessed the famous espousals and confirmed the Republic in the possession of the sea forever. Year after year, on Ascension Day—the proudest holiday in the Venetian calendar—the Doge and his court went out in the famous Bucintoro or State Galley, and dropping a golden ring in the bosom of his betrothed, the princely bridegroom espoused her with the brief but significant greeting: “We wed thee, O Sea! with this ring, in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty.”

Let us imagine one of these pageants of the old time. The Bucintoro, blazing with gold and enriched with costly ornaments, lies in front of the ducal palazzo in the Grand canal. It is a great galley, two hundred feet long, with two decks. The first of these is occupied by an hundred and sixty rowers, the handsomest and strongest of the marines, who sit four men to each oar; forty other sailors complete the crew. The upper deck is divided lengthwise by a partition, pierced with arched doorways, ornamented with gilded figures and covered with a roof supported by caryatides—the whole surmounted by a canopy of crimson velvet embroidered with gold. Under this are ninety seats, and at the stern a still richer chamber for the Doge's throne, over which drooped the banner of St. Mark. The prow is double-beaked, and the sides of the vessel are enriched with figures of Justice, Peace, Sea, Land, and other allegorical ornaments.

Bells are ringing from the belfries of every church and cathedral; it is noon, and from hearing mass in the chapel of the Collegio, the Doge is seen descending the Giant's Stairs, and, issuing from the Parta della Carta, passes the booths of the mercers and glass venders erected upon the Piazzetta for the fair beginning

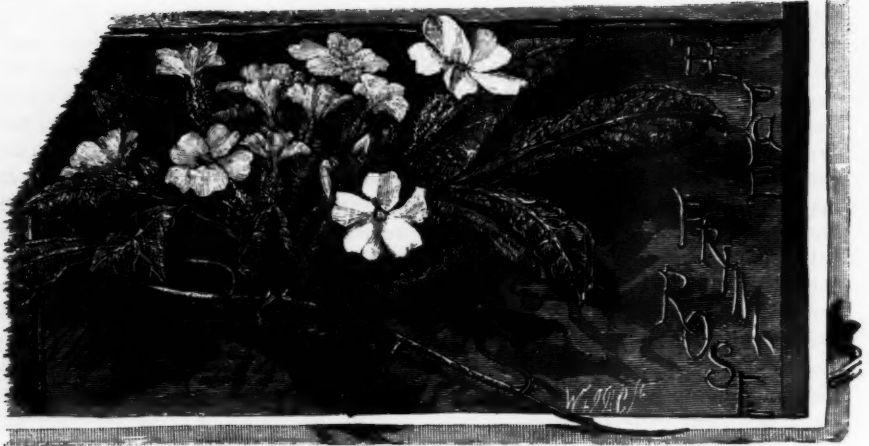
that evening. Before him march eight standard-bearers with the flags of the Republic—red, purple, blue, and white—given by Alexander III to Doge Ziani. Six boys with silver trumpets follow, and behind come the retinue of the ambassadors in sumptuous liveries, the fifty *Comandadori* in their blue robes and red caps; musicians, priests, and the guards of the Doge. The Doge himself, clad in a long mantle of ermine, cassock of blue, and vest and hose of gauze of gold and silk, with the golden bonnet on his head, walks under an umbrella borne by a squire, while his drawn sword is borne by a brother patrician. Beside him is a throng of grand personages, the three chiefs of the Forty, the three chiefs of the Council of Ten, the Captain of the city, the three Censors, and the sixty of the Senate, all in robes of crimson silk.

The Bucintoro is crowded with the throng, and each one takes his place, the Doge and his attendants on and near the throne on the poop of the galley. The Admiral of the Arsenal acts as pilot, and amid the clamor of bells, the roar of cannon, and screams of music, the Bucintoro moves from its moorings and glides majestically down the lagoon, followed by countless craft of every form and size. The fleet passes the port of Lido, and issuing out upon the open sea, the Bucintoro halted and, while the artillery thundered at the fort, the Doge took the bridal ring blessed by the Patriarch, who now emptied a cup of holy water into the sea, and, stepping to a little gallery behind his throne, dropped the gem into the waves, pronouncing the words: “*Des ponsa-muste, mare, in signum veri perpetuie domini.*” A solemn mass at the Church of San Nicoletto and a banquet of the dignitaries concludes the *fête*.

“Those days are gone, but Nature does not die
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity—
The revel of the earth—the masque of Italy.”

H. MARIA GEORGE.

THE PALE PRIMROSE.



IT is the early morning, and the air
 Quivers as though an angel, passing
 there,
 Fanned with his unseen wings the garden
 bed,
 And light and perfume from his pinions
 shed.
 Grouped in the border, pale, and faintly
 sweet,
 The dear primroses spring as though his
 feet,
 Pressing the earth, had left a heavenly
 sign—
 Tokens and hints of loveliness divine—
 Or colonists from happier lands afar,
 Dropped to the earth from some diviner
 star.

Humbly I bend upon the greening sod
 To welcome thus the latest gift from God,
 That was not yesterday and is to-day ;
 My soul illumined, that was dull ere while,
 As one who basks beneath an angel's
 smile.

Scattering beauty on his onward way,
 I seem to see the Spirit of the Flowers
 Lightly adorning this old world of ours,
 Touching the brown mold gently here and
 there,
 That wakes to love beneath his tender
 care,
 Smiles in bright colors, breathes a sweet
 perfume,
 And welcomes summer in a burst of
 bloom.

The lilacs nod against the ruined wall ;
 The pear-tree's snowy petals lightly
 fall,
 And make a dainty carpet for my feet.
 O heart ! was ever morning half so sweet ?
 All the fresh primroses are steeped in
 bliss.
 The sunlight thrills them like a tender
 kiss,
 And the old garden seems a sacred place
 Where I have gazed upon an angel's face.

DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

THE CLOVERFIELD "CLIPPING BEE."

By L. S. L.

Author of "Sparrow Brook 'Mum' Sociable," "Miss Primington's Violet Luncheon," etc.

MARIAN DALE was sitting by the piano turning over the leaves of her sketch-book and humming softly to herself, when the door burst open, and a crowd of girls rushed into the room with the announcement that they had brought their fancy work and were going to spend the afternoon. Soon a busy crowd of feminine humanity was settled in artistic confusion in Marian Dale's pretty parlor.

"Girls!" exclaimed Maud Torbert, "I have an idea."

"Catch it! catch it!" cries Maggie May, playfully spreading out her dainty lace-trimmed apron as a receptacle. "Don't let it escape, Maud. Here! Why don't you throw it in? for I'm sure it's too precious to be lost!"

"There!" laughs Maud, tossing her a piece of sweet young clover that is fresh from its home in the fields, and that falls on its delicate white bed pantingly exhaling its fragrant perfume.

"Thanks, my dear; if your thought itself is half as lovely as this delicious little bit of spring-life, we will embrace it and its giver a thousand-fold, and take them both gladly to our hearts."

What is a prettier sight than a bevy of girls embowered, enfolded, surrounded in the charming tints and textures of fancy work? What our grandmothers missed in being deprived of the lovely plushes, tinsels, and flosses of modern invention! Even the impossible roses that Lucy Meadows is endeavoring, with all the grace of her pretty white fingers, to throw over the corner of the *gendarme* blue scarf she has on her lap, look bright and gay, and seem to be glad of their existence; and the milking-stool—what milk-maid would not scorn to own it?—that Marian Dale is decorating with rainbow-shaded bows of delicate ribbon, blushes

all over its scarlet plush face with pride and delight at being brought from its barn-yard home and converted into an elaborate parlor ornament.

Every little bit of dainty femininity that is turned and twisted by their nimble fingers gives new charms and beauty to the fair faces bending over it; and what though we do have gorgeously attired rolling-pins, gayly painted wooden shovels, and satin-embroidered match-safes, it is an age of progress and improvement, and may be but a step further on toward the perfect Arcadia of our dreams.

"But, Maud, your idea!" exclaims Myrtle Sinclair, as she shades in some yellow daisy hearts on a blue crumb-cloth. "What has become of it?"

"It is here," tantalizingly answers Maud, pointing to her forehead, "waiting to be thrown, like a box of dynamite, among you. But, first, you must listen to part of a letter written from a friend of mine in Philadelphia:

"MY DEAR MAUD:—I cannot better begin my answer to your most cherished epistle than by telling you of one of the jolliest evenings I have spent in a long time.

"Our 'little church' round the corner has had another of its novel entertainments in the shape of a 'Clipping Bee.' Now I can see your two eyes open like saucers, and your mouth ready with an exclamation point! Wait! I was as ignorant as you are at first; but I was soon enlightened, for every ticket contained the printed obligation for every participator to bring along a 'clipping,' that is, a motto, maxim, or quotation of any kind, not to exceed ten lines.

"This does not sound very difficult or funny, does it? But, my dear, it was; for we were compelled to read them aloud in turn, and some were so witty and

rhymy that the laughter and fun they caused were exhilarating in the extreme, and almost became uproarious; indeed, a small boy in the corner forgot his dignity entirely, and laughed so loud that one of

coffee cake, that have to be ordered, by the by, if you should want any. We young folks were further delighted by being introduced to a very charming lady from another church, who was seated in



"MARIAN DALE WAS SITTING BY THE PIANO TURNING OVER THE LEAVES OF HER SKETCH-BOOK."

the buttons on his waistcoat burst and hit Deacon Straight right in the eye. It is needless to say this only made matters worse.

"The refreshments were very modest, and consisted only of frozen custard, hot chocolate, and *goose necks*, a new kind of

the library alcove, and who, for a very small sum, unfolded the leading points in our characters and dispositions by looking at our hands—in other words, we became, for the time being, devotees to the new craze, palmistry."

Maud stops from sheer want of breath, and looks at her audience, inquiringly.

Every needle has lost its vocation, every hand has become idle, but every eye is alive, active, and intent on the reader. As she stops there is a little buzz of interrogations; but she puts her fingers laughingly in her ears, shakes her head wisely, and says:

"The bubble has burst! the idea has taken root! Now, what are you going to do with the dynamite?"

"Do, my dear," cries Marian Dale, rapping her thimble sharply on one of the gilded legs of her milking-stool—"do? Why, have one here, of course, only I propose an amendment. Instead of having palmistry to act as nuts for our dessert, why not have a *Kaffee Klatch*, as they had at Meadow Banks last week? Very few of the Cloverfield folks were there, and it will be entirely new to the rest of us. Maud, you helped to pour out on that evening, and can give us all the hints we want."

"Yes; and it was perfectly lovely, and your suggestion is a charming sister idea to mine. The arrangements are thoroughly simple, and all we have to do is to procure the *goose necks* and cups and saucers."

"May we invite people from 'Sparrow Brook' to join us this time, Maud?" hazards Jennie Fielding, bending her face very intently over the dogs' heads she is embroidering on the toe of a masculine slipper.

"Oh! certainly, my dear," ignoring the speaking looks thrown at her from many bright eyes; "we could not do without our friends at Sparrow Brook at present, especially as they seem to take such an interest in all our little doings, and aid us so materially. Now, girls, let us arrange about the tickets. Don't you think we ought to charge twenty-five cents? You see, we have to buy the cups and saucers, for at a *Kaffee Klatch* everybody is entitled to one; and what do you say to our

VOL. LV.—35.

giving the proceeds this time to the Young Men's Working Club? The boys have been so very kind with their help every time we have asked them, and I'm sure they will appreciate it."

"By all means!" echoed the attentive listeners, thoroughly interested and absorbed, and as Maud continues unfolding her plan of arrangements, their heads keep getting closer and closer together, and their eyes and ears become so intent on the speaker that, in their earnestness, they are entirely unconscious that a small boy, grinning from ear to ear, and his whole countenance expressive of the most intense delight, has cautiously opened the door, and, with something squirming and wriggling in his hand, is noiselessly advancing on tip-toe toward the group. With a yell of demoniac delight, he reaches over and lets a live mouse fall in the midst of the absorbed flock, then, retreating with all his might, takes to his heels.

So does the mouse, and had it indeed been dynamite, the confusion and terror could not have been greater.

Scream after scream of agonized fright rings through the house, as each victim mounts on a chair, and, holding her skirts tightly around her ankles, trembles with fear and apprehension.

Thimbles roll under tables and sofas, spools of silk gallop off to keep them company, while plushes, roses, daisies, and slippers become one common mass, undistinguishable.

It is only Charlie Sparks, appearing at the door, dragging the young offender, Timothy Dale, a brother of the fair hostess, by the ear, that recalls the girls to their senses and skirts.

But Charlie, at the sight of so many females on stilts, laughs outright and forgets to scold the young culprit, who, profiting by his opportunity, slips easily from his grasp, and stands with wild demonstrations of delight enjoying the results of his labors.

"O Charlie! The mouse! where did

it go? Find it and kill it, won't you? I'm sure it's somewhere about me!" exclaims Maggie May, looking all over the impossible places for a mouse to be.

"Find it!" answers Charlie, looking from one to the other in roguish glee. "Ask me to find the North Pole, or to discover the power of perpetual motion, won't you?"

"You imp!" says Marian Dale, shaking her finger at the instigator of all this havoc; "not a bit of Aunt Martha's lovely strawberry jam will you get for your supper!"

"Neither will you," replies this audacious youth, "for mother went out and forgot the key of the pantry, so me and Joshua Narrows helped ourselves! Golly, but it was good!"

"What!" ejaculates his sister, completely forgetting her terror of the mouse in this new chapter of casualties, and making a rush through the door for him; all too late, for, eel-like, he has slipped from her sight.

"Girls," she exclaims, returning a moment after, her face obviously transformed with its look of astonishment and woe. "It's all too true, too dreadfully real! Our lovely jam, delicious tea buns, chocolate cake, and gelatine are all demolished, completely swallowed up, by those two disgusting, greedy, rapacious boys! There is nothing left but the cold fowl and celery!"

"Never mind, there's a dear!" says Jennie Fielding, diverted from her fears, accepting Charlie's aid in dismounting, and going over to her unfortunate friend—"never mind! Send to our house for some more jam and cake. I know Charlie will go for it, won't you?" with a pleading look.

"Only too happy, I'm sure," he answers, readily, "and what's more, I'm myself the bearer of good tidings, for Aunt Sue commissioned me to beg your acceptance of a delicious *white mountain* cake. It is in the next room on the table."

"We don't care a fig for the supper,

Marian," says Maud, joining them, "so don't worry about it!"

"No indeed, that we don't," chimes in Maggie May, as, once more on terra firma, she is searching round the room for her lost thimble; "and only think of the consolation you'll have in hearing Timothy groan all night, and of the exquisite joy you'll feel in administering to him a *good big dose* of paregoric!"

By this time the mouse is almost entirely forgotten in the anxiety about supper, and as Charlie is easily persuaded to stay and console them for their lost repast, he is taken into the secret of the "Clipping Bee," and given his share of duties for the coming entertainment, which is definitely settled to take place in two weeks' time.

As a general thing, the clerk of the weather smiles favorably on all the festive occasions at Cloverfield, but the morning of the "Clipping Bee" dawns on one of those steady, ceaseless, quiet downfalls, that all farmers declare are so "good for the crops."

Nor does it slacken in the least all day, or even at night, but comes down unremittingly—"as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath." Every one hunts up their gossamers and overshoes, and old "Paul Prys" that have lain away in solitary confinement in dark closet corners for ages are brought to life and light and shaken out and dusted off to be ready if occasion demands, for there is not a living member of their set in Cloverfield that would miss the coming festivities at Ebenezer Sunday-school to-night.

At seven o'clock Miss Mellowleaf draws aside the cretonne curtains at her window and looks despairingly down on the road, with its little puddles, where the rain cup and saucers are dancing away their lives, and then up at the heavens, where blackness reigns supreme and "not a star of all the myriad hosts" is visible.

"Deary me! deary me!" she sighs; "what a pity! And I with my new, invisible green all ready to put on! I do want to wear it to-night so badly, for there are to be many strangers there from Meadow Banks, and Jane Straightley is sure to put on her new mulberry-brown. I wonder whether, if I cover myself up well in a water-proof, it will spoil much? I believe I will risk it, anyhow, if only to show Jane that other folks *can* dress as well as she. Joanna!" she calls down-stairs to her own maid-of-all-work, "come here and help me wrap up well, so that this dreadful rain will not spot my new dress!"

"Lucy!" cries Maggie May, meeting her friend at the church-door and shaking the rain from her umbrella, "are we the first here?"

"I hope so, I'm sure, for I didn't dare take down my crimps before arriving. Isn't this dreadful? and do you suppose people will come through this awful deluge?"

"Dear only knows!" sighs Maggie, as they reach the dressing-room, divesting herself of overshoes and gossamer and smoothing out the delicate crepe lisse ruffles at her wrist. "Do pull up my neck ruche, Lucy, there's a dear! I know it is all wilted and crushed by this abominable rubber thing, and as for my dress, there is a great big spot on it, right in front!"

"Never mind," soothingly replies Lucy, "your fancy apron will hide all that, and it will be quite dry before you go home. There, there," giving her sundry little pats, "you look *scrumptious*; and now for my crimps!"

"Crimps!" cries a voice at the door, coming in with a crowd of other girls; "don't talk, but gaze on mine!—straight as sticks, and I look so ugly in straight bangs!" and Marian Dale dries her dripping locks before the glass with her pocket-handkerchief.

"Goodness me! the deluge was nothing to it!" comes from another voice, as Maud

Torbert makes her appearance. "But it don't seem to keep people at home, for down-stairs the front seats are all taken already, and they have been obliged to send out for more umbrella stands. Looks encouraging, don't it, girls? Come, hurry, some of you fussy ones! We ought to be seeing to the table!"

"Oh! it's all well enough for you, Maud, for your hair curls naturally," cries Marian Dale, trying to see herself over Nellie Barr's shoulder; "but the poor souls born with straight locks are to be terribly pitied and given more time!"

"Maud," calls Will Barr up the stairs, "are you never coming? I'll put the frozen custard to heat on the fire if you don't soon make your appearance."

"Will, don't you dare!" exclaims Maud, her feet already on the first step and almost falling headlong, so great is her haste.

"I thought that would bring you," he smiles exultantly, as she stands safely at his side; "and now, fix this thing on my head properly, that the other fellows can take lessons. I think this is a jolly idea, to deck us out in bakers' aprons and caps and make us wait on table!"

"You big, silly goose, you mustn't put that on until after the 'clippings' are read and it is time for supper!"

"Oh! ah!" says Will, "so much the better; and I may be my proper self until supper-time. Charlie Sparks"—as that sprightly youth shows himself—"place your paraphernalia of labor here close to mine, for Maud informs me that the transformation scene does not take place until nine o'clock. Before that time we are to be—gentlemen; after that—bakers!"

"Everything ready, and we're only waiting for you chatterboxes to take your seats!" exclaims Sam Marshall, poking his head through the doorway.

There is a mysterious rustle of papers among the audience as they make their appearance in the crowded Sunday-school room, and Deacon Narrow has just risen

and is wiping his spectacles before commencing. As he adjusts them to his nose with a loud clearing of his throat, he throws his head well back and opens the "Clipping Bee" with those grand old words, so loved by Abraham Lincoln:

"Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Like a swift-floating meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave."

It touches the hearts of all with its awe-inspiring tone, but several witty-ones follow, and the laugh becomes free again, especially when Sam Marshall rises, and, critically surveying his audience, says, impressively and with great earnestness:

"Life, young man, is only
A slippery piece of ice;
No girl there—it's lonely!
One girl there—it's nice!"

After the mirth at his expense has somewhat subsided, Deacon Merrifield quotes, with a meaning smile, from *Martin Chuzzlewit*:

"O Sairey! Sairey! little do we know
what lays afore us."

Then a small boy's turn comes, who, holding his right arm straight, and very close to his side, and laying his left hand on his heart, says, with a school-boy's emphasis on the last word of each line:

"If there's ice in October as'll hould a duck,
All the rest of the winter 'll turn to muck."

At this, his hearers are again in danger of becoming demoralized; but Miss Primington quietly resumes the reading, with her accustomed gentleness and precision:

"In the tempest of life, when the wave and the
gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should
fail—
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution
depart—
'Look aloft,' and be firm and be fearless of
heart."

Miss Mellowleaf, who sits next her, feels a little nervous as the time comes for her

to rise, and coughs a little doubtfully; but a pinch from her friend, Jane Straightley, on her other side, brings her to her senses, as she begins those charming lines of Phœbe Cary's:

"Life may to you bring every good
Which from a Father's hand can fall,
But if true lips have said to me,
'I love you,' I have known it all."

Miss Straightley, from Meadow Banks, gives her friend a queer little questioning look as she sits down, and, rustling her silken skirts in a noisy frou frou, with a loud and important *ahem!* continues the quotations:

"It is much better to go on and fret,
than to stop and fret."

Others, members and strangers, rise and take their cues, until it comes the turn of the Cloverfield girls, and there is a little flutter of excitement and expectation as Maud Torbert opens the ranks with:

"Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust!"

Then Will Barr follows, not daring to look at Maud meanwhile:

"A poet loved a star,
And to it whispered nightly,
Being so fair, why art thou, love, so far,
Or why so coldly shine, who shin'st so
brightly?"

Maud's eyes glow and glisten like twin stars as he takes his seat, and Marian Dale, giving her mischievous brother a knowing look, pointedly addresses him as she says:

"Every one is as God made him, and
oftentimes a great deal worse."

But the callous youth does not seem to heed at all, and pays a great deal of attention to Charlie Sparks' sentiment, which follows:

"Her father he has locked the door,
Her mother keeps the key;
But neither bolt nor bar shall keep
My own true love from me."

This again convulses the audience, while Maggie May saucily answers him:

"The little maid replied,
Some say a little sighed,
And what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the love that you're so rich in,
Make a fire in the kitchen,
Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit,
spit?"

Milly Bringhurst is a little more poetical in her sentiment, and says, sadly:

"For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."

While Robert Sinclair, replying in the same romantic strain, reads:

"They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!"

for which he is rewarded by a very tender look from Myrtle, as Lucy Meadows, with a sweet, new, rosy light in her cheeks, speaks these meaning lines from John Boyle O'Reilly:

"The words of the lips are double or single,
True or false, as we say or sing,
But the words of the eyes that mix or mingle,
Are always saying the same old thing."

Hosts of others follow, with a very appropriate Dickens quotation from Mrs. Narrows, that

"A gentle fall of rain is not objectionable," until Walter Bringhurst, who is the last, if not least, electrifies his hearers with the announcement that

"The older the tree, the tougher the bark,
The prettier the girl, the harder to spark!"

This puts every one in the merriest of humors, and Miss Mellowleaf gives one arm to Miss Straightley, and the other to Miss Primington, saying to the former:

"Now, Jane, we will show you how we do things in Cloverfield, and let you taste some of our delicious chocolate! You don't know what you missed by not being present at Miss Primington's violet luncheon; that was an occasion never to be forgotten," giving that lady's arm a loving squeeze, that makes her color with pleasure.

"I don't suppose the chocolate you

make here is any better than what we drink in Meadow Banks," replies Miss Straightley, concisely, smoothing out the wrinkles in her mulberry-brown, and trying to see how the back of Miss Mellowleaf's skirt hangs. "What are those giddy things over there in the corner whispering about, do you imagine? It is astonishing to me how frivolous and foolish young girls can be, nowadays! Very different in our day, wasn't it, Elizabeth Ann?"

"Oh! we can't be young but once," sighs sweet, old Miss Primington, while Miss Mellowleaf, hoping to change the tide of conversation, exclaims:

"Isn't the table lovely? And look, here come the boys, all dressed in caps and aprons, to serve us! I declare, the smell of the chocolate is delicious, and gives one such an appetite!"

"Humph!" says Miss Straightley, sniffing with her elevated nostrils, "smells like any other chocolate, to my notion! Here, young man!" to Will Barr, who is approaching with a tray laden with well-filled cups, "we'll relieve you, if you're willing?"

"With pleasure," smilingly answers Will, depositing his burden of rich, brown, creamy chocolate. "More sugar, Miss Straightley?" he asks, sweetly, as he reaches her the sugar tongs.

"No, thank you! Always been taught never to use much sugar, never accustomed myself to more than two lumps at a time! But now, young man, since you're bent on being obliging, tell me who that giddy, simpering girl in dark blue, over there in the corner, talking to the young man with the teeth, is? She ought to have better manners than to laugh and giggle so frivolously with any of the opposite sex!"

"That," answers Will, a merry twinkle in his eye, and a willful smile struggling for existence around his mouth, "that—that's my sister."

"Eh!" says Miss Straightley, with a

keen, quick look at him. "Young man, hand me another of those—what do you call them, Elizabeth Ann?"

"Goose-necks, my dear," meekly replies Miss Mellowleaf, while Will dashes off, glad of any pretext for a laugh.

"Ar'n't they tasty, Jane? Oh! our young folks know what's good; trust them for finding out all the new dainties! But do you know, Jane, we are each entitled to a cup and saucer, to take home with us? I think it's a charming notion, don't you, Miss Primington?"

"Yes," acquiesces that lady, "a charming one, indeed; but look, Miss Mellowleaf, I see the rest are crowding round Deacon Narrows, who is distributing them. Hadn't we better go forward?"

"Oh! my! Certainly! Come, Jane, it would be too bad to miss getting one!"

"Here you are, ladies and gentlemen!" cries Deacon Narrows, as he hands out the cups and saucers from a huge pile at his right. "This is what the young folks call a 'Kaffee Klatch,' but I think they would have come nearer the mark had they said China Auction. However, it all amounts to the same thing, I suppose, and as long as we can be merry over it, it don't much matter. 'Still there's more to follow,'" he continues, as he sees himself again surrounded with anxious faces. "One at a time! Don't be in a hurry! There's one for each of you, and welcome,

and I sincerely hope that nobody here will ever drink his chocolate out of these beautiful china cups without thinking of this same 'Clipping Bee,' and remembering some of our many quotations this evening."

"Drink out of them!" exclaims Sam Marshall, who is assisting the Deacon in his distribution, and holding up one of the dainty cups for inspection; "I hope there is not a single member of the 'Young Men's Working Club' who would put this charming souvenir to such daily uses of adversity! No; this china is not made from common clay, but, thanks to the young ladies of our thoughtful 'Mission Band,' has been fired and burned in the furnaces of charity and affection. As for mine, it shall forthwith stand in a very conspicuous place among the household treasures, always as a remembrance of the many thanks we owe our fair friends for this evening's most substantial aid in our behalf."

"Joyful news!" cried Charlie Sparks, as he and Maggie May head a party of young folks, going home. "The rain has ceased, the moon shineth! Look, Maggie, 'how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!'"

"Goodness, Charlie," she exclaims, as she takes his arm, "the 'Clipping Bee' is already beginning to have an effect on you, for you are really becoming poetical!"

WELCOMING THE MAY.

LIST! the birds are sweetly trilling
 Greetings to the May.
 Blushing, smiling, beautiful,
 She comes to grace our day;
 And April kisses her fair cheek,
 And swiftly turns away.

L. R. BAKER.

JEAN MONTEITH*

BY M. G. McCLELLAND.

Author of "Oblivion" and "Princess."

CHAPTER XIV.

THEY went homeward slowly through the pouring rain, Ravenel leading the gray, for the path was blocked with fallen branches and in some places with prostrate trees, over which the horse was forced to jump or scramble. When they reached the open road he lifted Jean to the saddle and walked on beside her, with his hand on the gray's rein.

The silence between them was unbroken, for nature deeply stirred finds speech inadequate. Once when the gray stumbled, Ravenel glanced up and bade her tighten her rein; she did so, and smiled a wan smile, like moonlight on snow. It chilled him, although he could not have explained why.

At the house he would not come in, declining almost roughly, and only waiting long enough for Jean to get him a hat and rubber coat that had been her father's. As he stood on the porch the eerie, sobbing sound floated down to him from the upper rooms: it made him shiver. Then Jean came and brought him the things, and gave him both trembling hands a moment, and then drew back and closed the door.

In his own room he changed his dripping garments, and lighted a fire, and drank a great goblet of brandy and water, seeking by extraneous means to divert the current of his thought and get himself sane once more. His mind refused to grapple with the problem which he knew he must solve, and busied itself with physical conditions. His hands were cold; he stretched them toward the blaze; but the fire, newly lighted, burned with moderation and reserve, giving out heat

charily. Ravenel kicked the brands together irritably, and reaching over poured out another glass of brandy, which he left untasted on the table. The soaked boots he had taken off stood beside the hearth in a pool of dirty-looking water. Ravenel's eye fell on them and he arose and threw them into a closet.

Then he went into the outer room for a cigar, he told himself; but he did not take one from the box. Instead, he lifted the blue-plush frame from among the books and papers on his table and opened the tiny doors. A face, fair as an artist's ideal, with sapphire eyes and lips arched as the bow of love, smiled out at him. It was the face of Maud Tinsley.

Ravenel gazed at it earnestly, striving to understand the change within himself. The face was as beautiful—more beautiful, in fact, than he remembered it; in a far-off way its old fascination was reflected upon him like sunshine cast from a mirror. He looked at it strangely, as at a thing familiar and yet changed. Emotions, complex, vivid, intermingled, made chaos of his mind; remorse, shame, tenderness, pity, and wild longing for freedom rioted through his being. Like a restive steed in galling harness, he champed and tore at his bit. An impulse rose to curse his own folly—his precipitation; then the thought came that this woman loved him, trusted him, believed, and with reason, that he loved her, and he took the ignoble impulse by the throat and forced it under foot.

Ravenel glanced about with troubled eyes, the picture still in his hand. To his abnormally excited perception Jean's presence seemed to fill the room. Here,

just where he was standing, *she* had stood that day when he had come in and found her ministering to the wounded man. Here she had helped him, worked with him, bravely, intelligently, and patiently. Her pale face, with its wonderful eyes, rose and thrust itself between him and the pictured face in his hand. He trembled and his breath came in short, hard gasps, broken and hurried, like that of a man undergoing violent physical exertion.

What was it she had said that day? Her face had blanched as the saw in his hand had grated on the bone of the mangled limb, but her hand had been steady, and when he would have stopped, would have spared her, she had lifted brave eyes to his, and said: "I can stand it. Go on; I will not fail you."

Had she *ever* failed man, or woman, or child who trusted her? This woman who held loyalty so high, who counted pain to herself as dross beside the gold of unbroken faith! And he! Slowly a flush of shame rose to his brow; slowly a feeling as though his involuntary treachery had lowered manhood, germinated and sent down bitter roots into his heart. He closed the picture gently and put it from him, and dropping into a chair, leaned his head forward on his folded arms.

He had held himself high, proud of his stainless honor, proud of grand resolve, of untried, and therefore certain, constancy. His standard had been noble, and no thought of a possibility of falling below it had crossed him until now. It was hard to adapt himself to the new conditions, to find himself fallible like others. Dishonor seemed to have touched him close, and he could not, for the time, readjust his environment with this bitter sense of humiliation added.

He had no mercy on himself. He had dealt his self-esteem a blinding blow, and, in the recoil, he was hard as adamant, meting out judgment down to the vinegar and hyssop, and never realizing—

physician though he was—that he was in no condition to judge fairly; that the overstrained physical state, interacting with the overstrained mental state, produced a reflex of emotion which precluded any rational outlook at the situation.

The rain had ceased; the clouds, broken and tumbled into masses, were drawing away to the northwest, leaving a pure, deep canopy of blue. Rain-drops hung on the eaves of the houses and on the trees and bushes, and the sun came out and made them sparkle like jewels, and a little frolicsome breeze—deserter from the storm-winds' ranks—playfully shook them down into the lap of the tender, sweet-breathed earth.

CHAPTER XV.

THE neighbors viewed the intimacy between Jean and Dr. Ravenel with an interest only possible in rural communities, and the affair divided public attention with the oncoming fall elections. Jean and the county candidates usurped the popular mind and plied, like buckets in a well, one up, one down, and so on *ad infinitum*. Where two or three were gathered together, either at the corner grocery or on the porch of the Black Bear, almost any odds would have been safe that the subject of their discourse was Abimelech Claasby, the man who was running for Sheriff, or Jean Monteith.

"Ef ther Passon's daughter don't come back soon an' look arter her own, she won't have nothin' ter look arter," remarked old Jack Johns, reflectively. "Young Ravenel hev been out ter ther Doctor's place fo' times this week, an' thet sorter snaps o' bizness. I've kep er tally o' ther times, so thar'd be no room fur lyin'. Fo' notches air upon my stick, er notch fur every visit. Ther ole 'ooman 'lowed I'd better time the time he stayed, but thet looked ter me onhan'some. 'Ooman folk air pertickler 'bout sich *gnats* o' things, but ther main fac's o' ther case

air what er man will look to. Thar's ther stick I notched 'em 'pon, an' ef you-uns think I'm lyin', why, whirl right in an' count 'em."

He extended a hickory stick, with a crook at the end, for inspection, and tilted his chair back on its hind-legs, so that his shoulders might rest against the house-side. The stick passed from hand to hand, and the notches were counted and felt by every horny thumb in the group. The tally was felt by all to be damning evidence, and Maud's chances were regarded as past praying for.

"Naix week may show er dif'ence," drawled Aaron Spot from his place at the bar-room window. Not that he really thought so, but that he disliked Jack's verdict to be considered as final.

"How come so?" It was Danvers who put the question.

"Bekase ther Passon's fam'ly's comin' home day arter ter-morrow. Betsy, thar cook, war down here arter home-made soap this mornin', an' telled ther news while ther ole 'ooman was a-cuttin' it. Ther Passon's daughter kin hold her own, I reckon. She's pretty enouf ter fool er man's haid clean off'n his shoulders."

"Pretty aint all," observed a lantern-jawed man, gloomily; "looks aint no mor'n Jack-my-lanterns. Ther brightest flashes is over ther deepest swamp-hole, an' ther fool thet's blinded by ther shine plumps in up ter his arm-pits afore he knows it. Looks, 'thout somethin' big behin' 'em, aint wuth er second-hand cuss."

This remark was received without comment. The lantern-jawed man spoke from fullness of experience, and his words had weight. One or two young men looked as though they might dissent, but refrained for fear of painful argument. Danvers asked his nearest neighbor for a "chaw," and old Jack, who happened to be flush, ordered drinks for the crowd and slapped down the money for them with the importance of a man with whom the posses-

sion of money is a rarity. When the liquor had been disposed of the subject was renewed.

"Miss Maud hev got another string ter her bow, anyhow. She aint 'bleeged ter bother long er ther Doctor fur lack o' game. It hev been 'lowed ter me ez how ther oil-mill man likes ther swing o' ther Passon's front gate mightily," observed Aaron Spot.

"Ther oil-man hev got er sight o' truck—stocks an' bonds an' money. He's er likely man ter look at, too, an' free-handed ez er candidate when ther polls open. Martyn aint er fellow ter be sneezed at—an' ther truck air boun' ter make er dif'ence." Such was Jack's opinion.

"Not ef she loves ther Doctor," eagerly interposed a very young man with very light hair; "ef er gal is sweet on er man, truck *can't* make no dif'ence ter her."

A loud guffaw greeted this ebullition of sentiment. The young fellow grew hot and red, and felt "pins and needles" all through his system; he looked defiant, too, and resolved to maintain his position.

"You-uns kin he-haw like er lot o' sorry mules ef you-uns air er mind to," he said, hotly, "but, all ther same, ef Miss Maud keers er gun-wad fur ther Doctor she'll holt on ter him in spite o' fifty oil-mill fellows—an' in spite o' Miss Jean, too."

Danvers turned around in his chair and regarded the speaker threateningly.

"Drap it!" he said, "drap it right here an' now, an' don't you-un take it up no mo' or I'll choke ther life out'n yer. You-uns air 'sinervatin' ez how Miss Jean air takin' onfair advantage. 'Taint in her. She's er chip o' ther old block, an' thar aint er man in ther deestric but know'd ther Doctor—heart pure, straight in ther grain, nary knot nor twist erbout him: Thet's ther way ther Monteiths grow, an' ther man thet 'lows dif'ent is er liar—an' er low-down liar, too. Ef young Ravenel air man enouf ter get Miss Jean,

an' from er thing er two I've noticed I sorter holds him fur er *man*, I reckon he'll hev gumption enouf ter know he'll hev cause ter thank God, settin' an' stand-in', fur ther balance o' his life."

"That's er true word, every lick," chimed in a tall, one-armed man who had joined the group unnoticed. "Thar's cleaner grit an' more gold to it in that young woman than you'd meet in er year's prospectin'. She's er solid nugget, thet's what she is, an' whoever gits her will have er fortune. It takes ther right sort ter do er thing like *she* done fur me—standin' by me an' wipin' off ther grease an' sweat with her own hank'cher, an' never er thought o' herself or her dress, thet was swishin' agin them dirty overalls o' mine, to hinder from helping me—nothin' in her sweet, clean mind 'ceptin' ther knowledge o' my pain an' ther thought that we both war humans. *Her* sort come frum ther Marster's hand, 'thout no go-betweens to mess an' spile 'em. God bless her!"

This seemed to round off the subject for the time, and it was allowed to drop. Soon the group dispersed, and Danvers lounged away homeward, turning over something in his mind of which he would not speak, even to his wife. It was something he had witnessed during the storm two days before—a sheltered nook under the lea of a great gray rock; a horse, trembling and cowering with fright; a man, standing erect and firm, sheltering a woman against his breast.

He had drawn back with instinctive delicacy, for the look on Ravenel's face had told the story, and had kept near, but hidden, till the storm had abated, and he could return home with a clear conscience, knowing that Jean was safe. He had not mentioned it to any one, had hardly let himself think of it even, for he was a true-hearted man to whom such things were sacred.

It seemed a pity that they should not be so to others—to Miss Parma Wright,

for instance. The affair commended itself to that lady as most opportune, and she rolled it over in her mind, and dwelt on it with unction. Under the spectrum of jealous dislike, Jean's conduct gave colors that were lurid. In Miss Parma's eyes it admitted of no palliation or excuse, was treacherous, indecorous, well-nigh indecent. With subtle arts and deliberate intention, Jean had drawn another woman's lover from his allegiance in that other woman's absence; without a duenna, she was receiving almost daily visits from men; at a time when any well-conducted young woman, with a soul and body to save, would have been praying in the middle of a feather-bed, *this* young woman was getting herself caught in a thunder-storm alone with a man, and returning home with him on the edge of dark, disheveled and drenched and hatless.

It had been Ravenel, not Jean, who had been hatless, and the time had been five o'clock in the afternoon, which is a long way off the edge of dark in summer. The negro who had told the story had mentioned both these circumstances; but Miss Parma liked Rembrandt effects.

She kept unusually quiet, saying little, and watching much, not wanting gossip to circulate with sufficient violence to put Jean, or, what would be more likely, Ravenel on guard. Jean was, of course, quite hopeless; but, if unduly warned, Ravenel might draw back before matters got so tangled as to put the unraveling of them beyond the power of any man save Ravenel himself.

That was the great point: to let things get to such a pass that Clive Winthrop should have his eyes opened at once and forever. To secure this, Miss Parma went the length of holding her tongue, and even of saying charitable things, without any sting in the tail of them, about Jean Monteith. Jean should be allowed rope enough to hang herself; on that Miss Parma was determined.

Poor little Jean!

But while Miss Parma could bridle her own tongue, she could not force the bit between Miss Elsworth's teeth, dearly as she would have liked to. So it came to pass that the Rev. Arthur Tinsley, away for a holiday in the Carolina mountains, received one morning a letter bearing the Melrose post-mark. This the good man read, and, without showing it to his wife, destroyed, and the next day started homeward with his family.

CHAPTER XVI.

MAUD was restless and ill at ease; the shadow of coming unhappiness touched her. She was not clever, but the emotional instinct of all women, even of the dullest, is sensitive to fluctuations of the emotional atmosphere. When a woman is in love this sensitiveness increases until her feelings are like aspen leaves, responsive to aerial currents imperceptible to grosser matter.

Maud loved Theodore Ravenel as much as it was in her nature to love any one, and according to her lights she was loyal to him. During her absence she had flirted a great deal, delighted with the admiration and homage her beauty attracted, and enjoying herself after the manner of girls. She had encouraged men, perhaps, led on by youth and spirits, and had played the old game in the old way; but under it all had lain the thought of Ravenel, like that of hidden treasure. The ground in which it rested might be a trifle sterile; but of that the owner was unconscious, realizing only that the treasure was there and was *hers*. Perhaps the latter fact constituted the treasure's chiefest value, for Maud had an innate appreciation of the adage, "what is mine, *is* mine."

Be that as it may, she was true to Ravenel according to her nature. When men talked love to her vaguely, she smiled; but when the vagueness vanished, the smile vanished with it. She had discarded the millionaire when he spoke to her with

promptness and decision, thereby bringing down her mother's censure diversified with lamentations. It is needless to remark that the censure and the lamentations both passed literally into one ear and out of the other with an indulged young woman like Maud Tinsley. She was sorry that "mamma should be disappointed," and said so, prettily, sealing the light regret with a kiss as light, and there, as far as Maud was concerned, the matter ended.

Nevertheless, she thought exceedingly well of herself and of the nobility of her conduct, and was very sure that the devotion of a lifetime on Ravenel's part would barely suffice to meet the interest he owed on her investment of constancy.

During the week which had elapsed since her return home, Maud had become conscious of a change in Ravenel. He was more attentive to her than he had been formerly, more solicitous to please her; but his attentions had no soul, and he was only externally responsive to the pleasure which he strove to evoke. At first Maud did not notice, being filled with herself and her own adventures, and quite willing to monopolize the conversation. Ravenel listened with painstaking attention, wondering wearily why it should all sound so trivial and commonplace. She was more beautiful than ever, he acknowledged, and she had been improved by her flight into the outside world, her horizon had been enlarged, and her thought enriched. But she was not Jean, and it was for Jean that his very soul yearned.

He kept a tight rein over himself, and avoided Jean, even all mention of her name, and set honor and truth and manhood before him, and chalked out a path for himself and swore to follow it to the end, though his heart should wither in his breast. He had asked Maud to be his wife, had told her that he loved her, and the task he sternly set himself was not only to fulfill his word by making her his wife,

but to compel his heart to atone for its involuntary disloyalty.

It seemed a hopeless task, but the man was young, his grasp on that which to him appeared the right was of iron, and the blood of the old French Huguenot, who had braved death and accepted banishment as the price of loyalty to a faith, was hot in his veins.

The strain told on his nerves and made him moody and fitful in spite of his best endeavor, and gradually Maud awakened to the change and worried him about it, seeking to know its cause, and upbraiding him for its existence. It was hard on her that there should be a change, for she loved Ravenel, and if her love were not a diamond of the first water, it was the noblest jewel she possessed, and she had made sacrifices for its sake. And it was doubly hard on him, for she was not big enough to refrain from alluding to the sacrifices and letting him see that she held a mortgage on his gratitude.

Poor Ravenel, his honor and manhood applauded her conduct, admitting with shame that she had stood firm where he had fallen; but his sick heart revolted against the knowledge of this additional claim, and, in some moods, was fain to curse constancy and die.

It was not long before the talk of the village came to Maud's ears. The impression everywhere was that Ravenel was "courting" Jean Monteith. It was the village word and used *ad libitum* to cover ground which might be a man's simple pleasure in a woman's society, or the path to the steps to the altar. How the general impression made itself felt Maud could not tell—it was in the air; who told her, or whether any one told her, she did not know; it seemed that every look and tone and glance proclaimed the fact; that even the stones of the village streets forced in upon her consciousness the opinion of the village that Ravenel was "courting" Jean Monteith.

At first Maud did not believe it. Know-

ing her own attractiveness, and thinking lightly of Jean's, the thing appeared impossible. *She* was a woman of flesh and blood, a rarely beautiful woman too, her mirror told her, while Jean, in her eyes, was a scientific abstraction. How could a man love Jean? Jean did not care for the things that other women cared for—the joy of life's small happenings, the excitement of new garments, the pleasure of dabbling in social rills, the bliss of neighbor's affairs, the glory of flirtation—all these were beyond her realm of thought. Jean lived in a world of her own, a world of space; a world of mountains, forests, torrents, giant cliffs, and deep, mysterious gorges; a world of limitless distances, of sudden storm and vivid sunlight; a world filled with the grandeur of silence, the immensity and truth and majesty of nature. What could a man do with his daily life amid an environment like that?

Not that Maud thought of Jean or pictured the future in metaphor. Her imagination was a wingless ant that run hither and thither on the ground with dried grasshopper legs of commonplace fact on its head. What she thought was that Jean, being an abstraction, would not keep the parlor neat or put embroidered scarves on the tables and chairs or peacock's feathers on the walls; that she would not remember what dishes a man liked best or to brush his coat for him, or even to have the napkins changed each day.

Maud knew—if she had thought about it—that the old-fashioned parlor at the Monteiths' had a restful air, and always smelled of flowers, that the table was well appointed, and that the Doctor's tired feet had seemed to find his slippers as if by magic; but it had never occurred to her to associate these things with Jean.

Jean loved study and science and research—the big things that men loved; therefore men could not love *her*. To Maud this seemed rational and natural. She believed in the attraction of oppo-

sites, but knew nothing of the more powerful elective affinity of likeness in difference. Being material, she could not rise above the material plane; she was acutely conscious of her own beauty and that Jean—barring her eyes—was not even pretty. A man must love best that which is most worthy of love, and to Maud's feeling the palm rested with physical perfection.

Still the thought of Jean, roused by the village influence, would not leave her, and under it her sluggish imagination quickened and memories of nursery tales of elves and sprites came back and mingled with other, stronger tales of necromancy, the black art, the Lorilei, and were-wolf, and Hebrew legends of possession; and out of the medley grew a conviction that the people who had employed fire as a preventive and corrective of witchcraft were not without justification, and the feeling that if Jean were guilty of the thing laid at her door it must have been by occult means, and that fagot and flame should be her portion.

Had she been a wise and sympathetic woman, she would have felt that Ravenel was in trouble, and would have helped him to be true by tenderness and consideration. As it was, she was only a jealous and angry one, and made of her own truth a whip wherewith to lash him. Not that she made an open boast; she only kept it in the foreground and suggested contrasts. She had not even the sense to let Jean alone, but made her constantly the topic of insinuation and remark, showing him how Jean was given over to unfeminine pursuits and devoid of heart and feeling; showing him, indirectly also, how far in her—Maud's—estimation Jean was below herself in the things pertaining to true womanhood. *She* cared nothing for extraneous matter, but knew all about love and the sacrifices that love required.

Then she would rest her head on Ravenel's shoulder and plait her fingers into his and turn her fair face to him. Were

they not engaged, and was he not in some sort her possession? And Ravenel would inwardly writhe and feel that her love was a hair-cloth garment that stung and galled his flesh, and that he was doomed to wear it all his life. Then, because she was fair and it was her right, he would touch her lips with his and wish to God that he loved her as she thought he did, and almost blasphemed because he did not.

Once Maud went too far. She had been talking of Clive Winthrope, who had just returned, and of what the village people were saying about his attachment to Jean Monteith. It would be a very suitable match, Maud thought, quite sensible and proper. Winthrope was no longer young, and would not be exacting in the matter of sentiment. He would take care of Jean and help her with her science, and look after the house himself when she forgot, and not expect too much in the way of love. Jean was incapable of loving any one; there was no love in her; she was not like other women; Miss Parma and the other ladies said so.

Then Ravenel lost all self-control, and pushed her away from him almost roughly. He cursed Miss Parma and the rest with vigor and comprehensiveness, and said, quite low, but with flashing eyes, that to measure Jean Monteith's nature by that of other women would be as impossible as to gauge light by the flare of a light-wood torch; that she "*was sui generis*, a wonder among women, and that all attempt to define her was as much beyond the ordinary intelligence as the infinite is beyond the finite." Much more in the same extravagant strain he said, until, chancing to catch sight of Maud's face, he paused in the middle of a sentence, conscious in every fibre of his being that she did not understand one-half that he was saying, and that she thought that he was behaving in an ungentlemanly manner.

He caught his breath hard and squared

his shoulders. Then, feeling that he set another rivet in his chains, but compelled by very manhood, because the woman loved him and he owed her faith, he bore down on the curb with all his force, and *made* himself apologize for his loss of self-control.

Maud was deeply offended, and, as she thought, with cause. Ravenel had set another woman on high when she herself should have been his ideal. Ravenel had sworn at her friends, and indirectly at her, and, last and deepest offense, he had deliberately pushed her from him. Maud's heart swelled and the tears came into her eyes, and she felt that she hated Jean because of these things. It was all Jean's fault from beginning to end—Jean's, who was born to be a trouble to everybody. Maud set her teeth, and wished with all her strength that evil might befall Jean for the thing she had done.

After awhile she forgave Ravenel, feeling that by so doing she earned a place amid the immortals, and feeling also that the coals of fire she heaped upon his head ought to scorch him.

CHAPTER XVII.

As days went on there grew in Maud's mind a morbid desire to see her rival, to look into her eyes, and listen to her voice. In a vague way she felt that Jean must be changed, must bear the Cain-mark of her iniquity on her brow.

In church she glanced curiously across at the place Jean sometimes occupied; but she was not there. Her attendance at church had always been irregular; indeed, it was a stationary grievance in the minds of the minister's womenkind against Jean—her neglect, or, at best, intermittent performance of that which they conceived to be her religious duty.

"She cares nothing for observances," fretted Mrs. Tinsley, "and that's one reason why people talk about her. She hardly ever comes to church, and she

ought to. Not to do so is disrespectful to her Maker."

"I don't quite see the premise," observed the minister. "To my thinking, disrespect to one's Maker involves disobedience to His law, and there is no law ordaining that people shall go to church if they have no mind to. The two or three must be gathered together in spirit, as well as in body, for the Lord to be in the midst of them. If what Jean hears in church don't bring her nearer to God and make her comprehension of Divine Law clearer, she does right to stay away."

Mrs. Tinsley moved impatiently. Her husband's large-mindedness was a rock of stumbling to her. She liked a well-defined theological plantation with a solid church wall, a gate, and proper gate-keeper, and she thought it for the good of the world that people should be made to come inside and stay there. Tracts of country bounded by the horizon brought home a sense of vastness and individual responsibility, and a feeling that something might be expected of her in the way of working out her own salvation.

"You talk as if going to church were a matter of taste, not duty," she observed, austere. "I should think the anointed messenger of God would have a higher regard for his mission."

"If the anointed messenger of God delivers his message in such a manner that nobody wants to listen to him, the fault is his. Or he may try his best and still fail. What seems to me the bread of life may be saw-dust in Jean's mouth, and that without any fault of hers or mine. The case resolves itself to this, if Jean gets more good at home with her books, or wandering in the forest, than she gets by listening to me, then Nature, or books have God's message for her, and not I. And in sticking to them in preference to me she does God service."

"Yet Christ came to establish His Father's church among men, and requires that they shall meet together for worship

and spiritual communion. I think you talk very strangely, Arthur—for a minister."

"My dear, I was God's *man* long before I became His minister, and I know that His ways are not as our ways. That's the mistake you make, Margaret; you will set limits to the limitless. Your God is simply yourself, sublimated and invested with infinite authority. You would hound people to church—for what, —not to *feel* God's love in every fibre, but to hear me tell them how they ought to feel it. There's nothing divine in that sort of thing; it isn't even *big*, humanly speaking. And for the church!—who is to say which is 'God's church'? Divine Love isn't a lamp burning on any special altar, in any particular sanctuary; it's the sun of the universe."

"If you feel that way, I wonder you should preach in a church at all," remarked Mrs. Tinsley, coldly.

After twenty years of married life her husband was still an enigma to her. Many of his thoughts were beyond her range, and his modes of expression set her teeth on edge, and prejudiced her against the verity behind them. With her, the appearance counted for more than the thing, and while she knew her husband to be a good and noble man, she would have found him more satisfactory could she have measured him with her own foot-rule and ticketed him in inches.

The minister smiled, and put out his hand and patted hers.

"I preach, my dear, because of the complexity of human nature, and in a church because of its prejudice. Interdependence makes it necessary for the few to think, and the many to take thought ready-made, even about God. Vessels had better be filled with man-made wine, provided the vintage be pure, than left empty, or filled with rubbish, so we ministers supply a want, and fit in with the Divine economy. For churches—my message might sound, to me, more noble

delivered in the temple not made with hands, that of God's own light and air and infinite horizon; but the majority of people would be thinking all the time of the insufficiency of my voice to fill the space, or of the sunlight in their eyes, or of the discomfort of their positions on the ground."

There was silence for awhile, and then Mrs. Tinsley resumed the subject.

"Let the verities alone, Arthur, and look at the surface of the matter. Jean may do God service by staying away from church, or she may not. Opinions on that point are likely to be various. But she is doing *man* no service at all, and herself an injury. To most people, church-going is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, and if there's no sign people are going to say there's no grace. That isn't the worst either. Jean's disregard of that which others regard most sets public opinion against her, and when she does unusual things she gets harder judgment. It may not be right or just, but it is *so*, and it is natural."

"Is anybody judging Jean?"

The reflex of the trouble in Mrs. Tinsley's face was perceptible in her husband's voice when he put the question.

"Yes; they're always judging her. I don't know exactly what she has been doing, but there's a feeling in the air when Jean's name is mentioned that makes me know that something is wrong. Parma Wright was here this morning and so elaborately charitable to Jean that I'm sure the poor child has been more than commonly imprudent. I've been so busy getting the house into habitable condition again that I've thought of little else. But I'll get to the bottom of it before I'm many hours older. I'd have questioned Parma, except that I saw that she was burning to tell, and I didn't want her version. Impatient as Jean makes me with her hard-headedness, I'm fond of the child, and I don't choose Parma

Wright to talk to me about her. Parma couldn't be just to save her life."

"I've been among the people a good deal," said Mr. Tinsley, "and I've heard nothing unusual."

"And never would, though you went among them five times as often," responded his wife. "People show as little of the seamy side to you as possible, Arthur. I don't know what it is, but there is something in your sphere that forces meanness to hang back. People don't say spiteful or malicious things about each other unprovoked before you."

The minister turned the pages of his book with inattentive fingers.

"I'm glad Winthrop's home again," he said, presently.

"So am I," observed the lady, "and my joy will be increased when I hear you pronounce the blessing over him and Jean Monteith."

"Does she love him?"

"Arthur! how can you—at your age?" Her voice was one of reproach, mingled with expostulation. "It's her duty to love him. Clive Winthrop is a good match, and a suitable match, and it will stop all this gossip about her."

Mr. Tinsley rose and laid aside his book.

"Where are you going?" questioned his wife.

"To see Jean. All this talk has troubled me about the child. I feel as if she needed some one to stand by her."

As he left the room, she called after him:

"Arthur, don't talk to Jean about Clive Winthrop! She's impracticable enough, goodness knows, already, without your grafting her with romance. For Heaven's sake don't intermeddle. A marriage with Clive would be the best thing in the world for Jean, and I know that it is what her father always wished for her."

Mr. Tinsley turned, with the knob in his hand.

"There's no danger of my making or marring, Margaret," he answered, gravely. "I never had an active hand in any marriage except my own, and, please God, I never will have. The responsibility is too great."

In the hall he met his daughter, Maud, equipped for a walk. When she learned his destination she slipped her hand within his arm and announced her intention of accompanying him.

"I want to see Jean too," she said. "I was just going there."

It was a languid afternoon, damp and humid; there had been rain in the early part of the day, and the earth, like a warm, soaked sponge, rendered an account of moisture received in diaphanous wreaths of vapor which rose perceptibly for a few inches and then were caught in the web of atmospheric currents and dissipated.

The unpaved street was deserted save for two small dogs quarreling over a bone, and a mocking-bird on a fence barking and growling in imitation and doing his malignant best to excite the combatants still more. The minister caught up the bone with the end of his stick, and flirited it to a distance. Maud laughed at the crestfallen look of the two little curs when they discovered their bereavement, and the bird put his head on one side and trilled out an echo of her mirth.

"How human they are," observed the minister, amusedly; "that bird enjoyed the unexpectedness of the *denouement* with the zest of a gamin. I caught his eye as that bone flew over the fence, and I'm positive that he winked. He certainly laughed when you did."

Maud opened wide her eyes at him. "That's only because it's their nature to reproduce sound, father," she responded, in a text-book tone. "Birds and animals can't think; they have no imagination or reasoning power."

"How do you know that?" Mr. Tinsley demanded, with a whimsical smile. "The elect, those honored with the confidence

of the 'creeters,' think very differently. You should talk to old Jack Johns about these matters. He maintains that a dog can run over a line of argument and arrive at a definite result while a man is looking for his hat to start. That bird took in the humor of the situation just now much better than you did; his actions showed it. And look at the understanding and sympathy of horses! Don't you suppose now that that horse knows that Ravenel is tired and a bit depressed?"

Ravenel was crossing the street some distance in front of them. His hat was pulled down over his eyes, and he leaned slightly forward in the saddle, with relaxed muscles and the aspect of a man physically overdone. His hand rested on the horse's neck and the rein hung loose; the animal had fallen into a walk and his head drooped. Ravenel did not see them and passed on down the cross-street leading to his stable.

Maud frowned.

"The horse is tired, too," she said. "He has been ridden hard and, perhaps, far. Theodore never thinks about his horse when he is interested in a case. He is almost as crazy about science and all that as Jean Monteith."

They turned in at the Monteiths' gate as she spoke. Her father made no response, and they proceeded up the walk in silence. Mammy met them at the door.

"Miss Jean's out in de garden, or de lot somewhars," she said; "she'll be in pres'ny an' pow'ful glad to see yer. Walk in de parlor an' I'll send somebody arter her. De house gits so lonesome dat she's 'bleeged to git away f'um it sometimes."

She would have ushered them into the parlor, but the minister, who shrank from the formality of guest-rooms, made his way at once to the study, where he could find a book and "a feeling of humanity," as he expressed it.

Maud would not come in at all, and stopped Mammy when she would have gone in search of a messenger. There

was no need of that, she said, she would wander around and look for Jean herself.

She stood a moment on the porch after Mammy had gone up-stairs again. The sun was setting, and rested, a globe of red-hot splendor, in the tops of the pine trees over on Danvers' Mountain. The density of the atmosphere made it possible to look at it with unflinching eyes. In the low places the vapor had condensed into mist which rested in opaque bars, like drapery of finest lawn, against the darkness of the hillsides.

Down the stairway and out through the open door came that strange, unnatural sound, as of an animal in distress. Maud never remembered to have heard it so distinctly before. She shivered, and an expression of disgust and repugnance lay like a shadow on her beautiful face.

She turned slowly and went down the pathway toward the lot where the Doctor's horse was kept to look for Jean.

What she wanted with Jean she did not know, nor what she should say when she had found her. Her mind was dull and slow; but in her consciousness was the feeling that Jean must be made to understand that Ravenel belonged to *her*. She wanted to sign-board her property, as it were, and warn off trespassers.

Jean was down by the little spring under the poplar tree. Her back was against the trunk of the tree and her hat lay on the ground at her feet; her hair had fallen down and rested in a mane on her shoulders. The big gray horse stood beside her; she put up her hand to his head and drew it down to her and kissed him and combed his forelock with her fingers. She looked unusually small and childish and insignificant, Maud thought, in contrast with the animal's great bulk.

Maud lifted her exquisite throat and advanced with assured tread. Nature had set her at advantage.

Jean welcomed her guest and proposed returning to the house, at once, but Maud declined. She would only stop and chat

a moment, and then she must go home; her mother would be expecting her and there were some songs to practice over. She seated herself on a stone close by and smoothed her soft, pretty dress with her hand, and put out one dainty foot and turned it a little, so that Jean might observe the perfect fit of her boot.

She chatted on pleasantly about her trip and the things she had seen and the pleasure she had had, and her listener showed a becoming amount of interest and asked questions in the right places. Filled with herself, Maud talked with fluency, and with the sound of her own voice her self-satisfaction increased, and the idea that a man in his senses could fail to prefer her to the pale, quiet little creature opposite appeared reduced to an absurdity.

Still, it was well that Jean should know. Jean was not used to lovers, and even to have a man talk science with her might be fatal to her peace. Jean must not be allowed to exalt herself under a misapprehension. To let her do so would be unchristian. Maud felt a glow permeate her being, as though righteousness and peace had kissed each other.

Then she said: "I find it dull at home, of course, or would it if it were not for Theodore—Dr. Ravenel, you know"—with an explanatory inflection in her voice. "He fills up the gaps, I tell him; and, to do him justice, he is more devoted than ever. I suppose that he fears that I may be lonesome, or regret things. Being engaged to a man usually spoils him as a lover, he gets so sure of one; but it hasn't spoiled Theodore. He is more solicitous to please me than ever, and I'm sure that his only desire in life is for my happiness. If I did not think so I should never have consented to marry him."

Maud's tone was matter of fact, as was her nature; there should be no possibility of mistake. She glanced at Jean from under her lashes, expecting, she knew not what, some change of color or expression; but Jean had her hair gathered up in her

hands and was recoiling it. Her head was bent forward and her face was in shadow; her hands were steady.

"She has no more feeling than a rock," Maud thought, resentfully. "Any other girl would have cried, or asked questions, or *something*. She don't care for a thing in the world except books, and there isn't a spark of womanhood in her."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"JEAN! JEAN!"

Jean lifted her head and listened.

The dusk had gathered in close and heavy; the mist had thickened, the warm night air still acting as an absorbent. Her dress was damp and clung to her, and her limbs were cramped from having been held in one position. The horse had gone to a distant part of the lot; she could hear him snort and move, and the breaking of the grass as he cropped it was like the tearing of new cloth in her ears. When he ceased for an instant the silence became a palpable pain, in unison with which her excited senses thrilled and quivered.

"Jean! Jean!"

The voice seemed in the air, in the mist, an echo out of the infinite. In her abnormally tense condition Jean could not define it, or her own emotions, could not realize that the whisper was only an echo within her own soul. She took the sound to be extraneous, and her thought, moving along the line of least resistance, returned to Maud. Then she remembered that hours—or had it been years?—before she had touched Maud's hand with hers, and had watched her walk away homeward; there had been a gleam of sunlight on Maud's pathway, she remembered, and behind her the poplar tree had cast a long, dark shadow.

The strange, mysterious whisper haunted her, rung in her ears, beat on her brain, with insistent repetition of her name. She rose slowly and went toward the house.

On the porch her Mammy met her,

troubled and anxious, and drew her in and toward the stairway.

"Did you call me, Mammy?—Just before I came in?—More than once?"

Her foot was on the lower step, and she half turned to look over her shoulder. Her nature had been stirred, but her habit of mind forced her to seek a natural explanation of phenomena. She could have sworn that the voice had not been that of her nurse, yet she half hoped for, half resented, the possibility that it might have been.

"No'm, I didn't. I've been huntin' fur you, though, Miss Jean—huntin' all over de house. When I couldn't find you I was startin' out arter Ben to send to de village arter you. I was 'fear'd you'd gone home wid Miss Maud. I've been wantin' you, Miss Jean—wantin' you bad. De chile—she's mighty low; she's been taken wuss'n I ever seed her. I'se 'fear'd de end aint fur off. It don't look to me like she *kin* git over dis bout. 'Taint in natur' fur human to hold out no longer. She's 'bleeged ter go."

Jean gave a low, quick cry.

"When did the attack come on?" she questioned. "She seemed as usual before I went out. How long has it lasted? What have you done?"

She almost raced up the stairs as she put the hurried questions. The old woman had much ado to keep up with her, as she answered:

"I done everything—same ez common. But it don't do no good. She wouldn't eat no vittles, an' she kept on makin' dat moanin' fuss, like she allus does when de attack is risin'. I didn't call you, kase you had comp'ny an' was wore out, anyhow, an' I didn't think 'twas gwine be no wuss'n common. I never got skeer'd 'twell I foun' I couldn't do nothin' wid her, an' dat de physic warn't no more'n water to her."

They were in the outside room; the inner door was open, the curtain pulled aside, and the piteous moaning sound was

indistinct and fitful. Jean went straight through to the bed, which stood in a recess, and bent over it. Her face was white and her hands trembled as she slipped them under the bed-clothes. In a moment she raised her head.

"Send for Dr. Ravenel at once," she said; "some one must share the responsibility."

As Mammy left the room, she called: "Mammy, I want Clive Winthrope. Tell Ben to bring him quickly. I need him."

Then she busied herself doing the things which she knew to be useless.

The two men met at the yard gate, for each had obeyed the summons as speedily as possible. The messenger, in his haste, had been worse than incoherent, and as they shook hands Winthrope questioned, anxiously:

"What is the matter? Who is ill? is it Jean?"

And Ravenel answered:

"I don't know. I think not. God forbid that it should be," and added, after an instant: "The negro said something about an idiot; but I did not stay to question him closely."

Winthrope drew in his breath and gave it forth again in a long sigh of relief. As they entered the house he said, "Come this way," and led the way up-stairs.

The passage and the room they entered first were dark, so that, by contrast, the inner room looked brilliant. It photographed itself on Ravenel's brain, and suggested a similar room he had once seen in a French institution for dumb idiots. There was in it everything that could attract and please the sense of sight, everything that could minister to material comfort. To find such a room in a quiet country house was a surprise, almost a shock, to him. He glanced at Winthrope, but the expression of the latter's face was simply grave and anxious. He was evidently familiar with the room.

Jean was beside the bed, and she gave place to Ravenel at once, glancing up at

him with a wistful expression in her eyes, although she knew so well what the verdict must be. As he bent over the bed and laid his hand upon the covering she made a movement as though she would have stopped him, and a low moan escaped her. Winthrope took her hands in his and drew her away.

At first Ravenel could only see a mass of golden hair, soft and beautiful as a child's, that covered the pillow and rested on the sheet; he moved it away and bent lower, and turned the bed-clothes down, and a great throb of pity pulsed through him and brought to his face the true physician's look—the look of tender, yearning comprehension. The creature was small, not larger than a child of eight, and so terribly unlike humanity in form and feature that the human pleading of its dumb, dying eyes was rendered doubly pitiful.

Ravenel made the slight examination necessary as speedily as he could, and straightened the sheet and moved the beautiful hair so as to form a shelter with it. His eyes met Winthrope's as he did so, and by a gesture and quick change of expression he conveyed the information that the end was close at hand, and that Jean should be shielded from knowledge of it.

He stood quietly, his finger on the pulse, his head bent to listen to the breathing. Something pressed against him, and he glanced down. It was the old colored woman on her knees, with her face hidden in the golden hair; her trembling, dark hand lay on the pillow beside the misshapen head and touched and stroked it. She was praying, and he caught a sentence or two, broken and disjointed by her sobs.

"Lord, don't jedge her none! take her to Yer bosom, like er po' little bird whar's drapped out'n de nes' an' got trod on an' crippled. Lord, You know how 'twas wid 'em all—de Doctor war wor'd plumb out an' forgot to take notice, an' Miss Sadie war too far gone to keer. 'Twan't

de baby's fault, Lord—'twas put on her befo' she come here; take her right up frum whar she is and make her straight an' sensible an' human, like t'other folks. Jesus, I took her right into dese arms when she come, an' I've hilt her in 'em ever sence, an' I can't 'gree to let her go, 'ceptin' I kin put her right in your'n. She can't do nothin' fur—" The sobs came thick and fast and choked her. A hand pushed Ravenel aside, and Jean knelt down beside her nurse and drew the dying creature into her arms.

Ravenel drew back beside Clive Winthrope. He had not spoken to Jean, but every fibre of him had been conscious of her presence from the first. His heart ached for her, for the strangeness, the forlornness of her position; no woman near her, save her colored nurse; only himself and Winthrope, two men, and that terrible thing under the bed-clothes. Compassion for her rose and drowned all thought of self; her loneliness formed a wall to shield her from thoughts of selfish love. He only yearned to help her some way, to comfort her some way.

After a moment Mammy rose and took the child from Jean's arms, and laid her down upon the pillow. Winthrope slipped his hand through Ravenel's arm, and drew him into the outer room, and let the curtain fall over the door.

Then the men consulted together earnestly, Ravenel suggesting, even insisting, that some lady—Mrs. Tinsley or Miss Elsworth—should be sent for. Jean ought not to be alone, he said; and pressed the point. Winthrope shook his head, and put the suggestion aside.

"There are things that must be attended to first," he said, "that's why Jean sent for me. The Doctor knew that this must come, and he left me full instructions. He was morbidly sensitive about this thing, morbidly afraid of curiosity or talk. Jean is simply a reproduction of her father; both must be humored in the matter. Everything must be done by us,

even to the screwing down of the coffin lid, *before* the people are notified. It is a strange thing to do, but it must be done. I have given my word, and your concurrence will make it right with the world."

On the way down-stairs the professional instinct made Ravenel put the question:

"What was the cause of it?" then he added, quickly, "don't tell if you think *they* would rather you should not," using the plural involuntarily.

Winthrope paused, then replied, slowly: "There is no reason why you should not know. A great many more people *do* know than Monteith ever realized. He blamed himself so bitterly—so unreasonably, I think—that was beyond all judgment in the matter, and could only *feel*, and that morbidly, about it. Mrs. Monteith was affected with some nervous disorder, and had contracted the opium habit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It had taken hold of her before Monteith realized it, and he couldn't break it up. He watched her night and day before Jean was born, and so averted any worse consequences than making Jean his double. This child came the last year of the war, when Monteith had charge of the hospitals, and could only be at home occasionally. His wife got a terrible fright one day while she was under the influence of the drug. She was a woman of powerful imagination and strong emotional nature, even when in a normal condition. My wife was very fond of her."

Before leaving the house to make the arrangements required of him, Ravenel stepped aside into the library and took from the Doctor's shelves the work of an eminent French specialist. He was familiar with the book, and turned at once to a particular section. When he left the room his face was grave and thoughtful.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

IT was early in October of the year 18— that I took passage from Bremen on the good steamer *Germania* for New York.

I had finished my medical course the year before in Vienna, had served one year in the hospitals in Berlin, and now, with great satisfaction at the thought of my well-earned diploma in my pocket and the quiet and rest awaiting me at home, I went on board.

It lacked some hours of sailing time, and being entirely alone I occupied myself by taking a favorable position on the main deck and watching the passengers hurrying on board, while the usual number of sorrowful friends and relatives stood patiently on the dock waiting to see the last of the vessel.

A very large proportion of the passengers seemed to be emigrants, and they came in such numbers that I began to feel that some entire province of the German Empire had expatriated its whole population and sent them to America. I think I must have had an unusual fondness for studying character through faces, unusual at least for so young a man, for I presently became quite absorbed in watching this crowd of worn and weather-beaten men and women, who were turning their backs upon friends and "Fatherland" to seek bread for themselves and their little ones in the New World beyond the sea.

I could see and hear many of the parting scenes and words, and man though I was, and steeled as a physician so soon becomes to any exhibition of feeling, I confess to a suspicious dimness of the eyes as

I saw some of those farewells. Sons said good-bye to white-haired fathers and mothers, wives to husbands, brothers to sisters, and lovers parted forever, happy only in their merciful unconsciousness that it was forever. Hard, toil-worn hands were convulsively wrung, and tears rained from dark, furrowed cheeks, as with white, set faces the emigrants turned silently away from the sorrowful groups upon the wharf.

"Yes," I thought, "the great heart of humanity is the same everywhere. Those poor steerage passengers suffer just as keenly this wrench from all that is dear to them as does yonder grand and titled lady who has just alighted weeping from her liveried carriage, and is being almost carried on board by her obsequious attendants; only with this difference, she will have time to brood over all she has lost and to nurse her grief, while the peasant mother below must hush and comfort her wailing children, and boil the kettle, and fry the meat, and bake the black bread for the family, with only time now and then for a hasty prayer for those she has left forever, or, maybe, a moment's vision in memory of the beloved cabin on the edge of the forest—the little white church in the valley, and the graves of her dead."

I was specially struck with what I saw of one family group—the last to come on board the steamer. They lingered so long that the sailors shouted at them angrily to hurry on.

There were only three of them—a dark, stolid-looking German, evidently an ordinary peasant, and his wife, and one child, a girl of perhaps six or seven years of age.

Just as they were within a step of the plank, the woman turned back, and, wringing her hands wildly, lifted them above her head, as if in passionate appeal, and then, with a white, drawn face, she turned from the shore and was hurried or rather dragged up the plank by her husband; the little, yellow-haired child meanwhile looking wonderingly about her, and clinging to the woman's hand, evidently not

taking in the scene at all. They vanished into the steerage, and from my thoughts as well, for the moment of sailing had come. There is always a certain solemnity about the putting out to sea of one of these great ocean steamers. The sense of the inevitable that steals over you as you lean over the railing and see the watery space between the dock and the ship slowly widening—the gradual fading out of the faces on the shore—the thought of the wide stretch of water that you are to traverse—the awful possibilities of the days that are coming—the strange sense of solitude that even in a crowd of passengers seems to envelop you like a mantle—all these make the moment of actual sailing rather a serious thing.

The gang-plank had been hauled in while I thus moralized, the last detaining rope swung creaking from around the post, and the good ship *Germania* slowly and majestically steamed out of the harbor of Bremen. Before sunset we were regularly out at sea, and the last dim outline of the "Fatherland" had faded away.

18— was a cholera year, and as I mingled with the passengers on deck I found that a good deal of nervous apprehension existed among some of the more timid among them; but our cheerful Captain comforted them by the assurance that he had a clean bill of health from the emigration agents; that none of the passengers were from the infected districts; that we had a most experienced surgeon on board—and various other equally encouraging facts calculated to allay their fears.

Not many days elapsed before I had made the acquaintance of the aforementioned surgeon, and we soon became fast friends, and, indeed, I came to feel that I must have known him for half a lifetime, such was the perfect sympathy of opinions and congeniality of interests that I found in him. I have knocked about since that time with a great many men, and seen in them much to admire and even love, but

Dr. Alan Lee was the finest specimen of a man that I have ever seen yet.

An American by birth, he had traveled so much, and had led such a life of adventure, that his conversation had all the interest of a romance, and yet his nature was as simple and sweet as a child's.

A part of his early life had been spent in India. He had served with distinction through the Franco-Prussian War, and now was taking a long holiday, as he termed it, in crossing and recrossing the Atlantic as surgeon of the *Germania*.

We used to sit on the deck together and smoke our cigars far into the night when the passengers were asleep in their berths, and the only sounds to disturb us were the measured tread of the officer on duty, the monotonous plash of the waves, and the mighty pulsations of the huge heart of steam below us. True, I was but a boy beside him, but he seemed to have forgotten the disparity in our years, and talked to me so freely and fully that I felt my whole nature drawn to this man as it had never been to any older friend.

"Dr. Tom," said he—for from the first he had treated me much as he might have done a younger brother—"do you ever have presentiments, forebodings, or whatever you may chance to call them?"

"No," said I, "don't think I ever have, if I know myself."

"Well," said the Doctor, leisurely blowing the ashes from his cigar as he spoke, and fixing his clear gray eyes upon a star that was slowly dropping itself out of sight, "I never have had one before, but I tell you candidly, that I felt from the minute when I put my foot on this deck that I had shipped for my last voyage."

"I can't account for it," he went on after a silence of several minutes. "I am in perfect health, there is not a case of sickness on board the ship, and we have had an exceptionally fine run so far; and yet I cannot even imagine myself as setting foot on land again."

"When I saw the last of Germany five

days ago, I felt that I had looked my last upon its shores—or any *other*, for that matter.

"What do you make of that Dr. Tom?" and he turned upon me briskly and smiled as he spoke.

"Have you got any nostrum for a mind diseased? How would you treat my case professionally?"

"Clearly a case of hypo," I replied, as lightly as I could, for I found myself strongly impressed by his words, in spite of reason and common sense.

Then our talk drifted into strange channels, but ever and anon we were back on the same old track before we realized it, talking of dreams and "warnings," and "second-sight" and omens, and the whole brood of kindred horrors, till finally we both relapsed into silence.

Presently he spoke again: "Did you ever witness a burial at sea?"

"No," I said; "I had not, and hoped that I might never see one."

"It is not so bad, after all," said the Doctor. "I should not mind the thought of that at all, though, if a man could choose out everything for himself, I should prefer to sleep beside my mother in a certain graveyard in New England; but"—and he bared his brow and looked up at the star-lit heavens as he spoke: "'Them that sleep in Christ will He bring with Him,' and what matters it, after all? 'The sea shall give up its dead,' Dr. Tom."

"Dr. Lee," said I, "you may be, and no doubt are, a great deal wiser than I, but let me tell you, sir, you are all wrong in giving way to this depression, caused, as I have no doubt, by some physical disturbance. There is no such thing as a *presentiment*. Shake off this feeling, my friend. You are, no doubt, a dyspeptic—your liver is out of order, you plainly need treatment, and if I hear any more of this, I shall undertake your case myself."

He seemed not to have heard my last

words at all, for he had risen and was now pacing slowly back and forth upon the deck. Presently he spoke again:

"Do you happen to remember poor Cowper's *Castaway*?"

No; I confessed to never having read it. Then, as we walked to and fro together, for I had risen and linked my arm in his, he repeated, in his deep, sympathetic voice, the whole of that remarkable poem—

"Obscurest night involve the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared," etc.

Only once did his voice falter—when he came to those lines—

"He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again."

He stopped and drew a long, deep breath, then went calmly on to the end.

"Cheerful poem, that, Doctor?" said he, pulling himself together again, and looking in my face with one of his rare smiles.

—
This talk was on Sunday night. On the following Wednesday morning the Captain sent for me to come to him in his private cabin. "Young man," said he, "we are in a dire strait. The cholera has broken out in the steerage, and we need help. You are a physician, I learn from Dr. Lee, and we need *you*. He has more than *six* men ought to do, and I have sent for you to ask you if you will come to our aid in this emergency."

My consent was instantly given, and an hour later I found myself in the midst of scenes well calculated to steady a lighter nature than mine.

It was genuine cholera—no mistake about that—and as the emigrants were much crowded, it made it all the more fatal. Dr. Lee was everywhere. As calm as fate, with a steady, cool hand that never shook, and an eye that never quailed, he went about his duties. I never saw such firmness as his, and with it all he was as gentle as a woman. What

a soothing touch he had for the sufferers! What words of Christian cheer and comfort he whispered as he passed from berth to berth, where too often the blue lips could speak no word and the gray mists of death were already glazing the eyes. For six dreadful days we battled with the pestilence in the steerage of the *Germania*. How horrible was the contrast forced upon us! For from the deck above we could hear now and then gay bursts of laughter, music, and even dancing, for the Captain was playing his part well, and carefully concealing from the cabin passengers the deadly peril. We fought death in its most dreadful form, and death was the victor, too, for the poor wretches died by scores, and at night under the pitying stars we silently committed them to the deep.

What scenes we went through! I forbear the harrowing detail.

Just when my own strength began to wane the most dreadful day of all came to me.

I met Dr. Lee just as he was turning away from a berth where he had that minute closed the eyes of a stalwart peasant.

As I was hurrying past him he caught my hand and wrung it convulsively.

"My dear boy, I am sorry to leave it all on you, but my work is done now; I have taken the disease myself."

As he spoke he reeled and would have fallen had I not caught him in my own arms. It was a most violent attack, and I saw from the first that his struggle would be short and sharp. He was delirious through it all, but never failed to recognize me during the hasty visits which I snatched for him. Once he drew me close down to him so that my cheek touched his own, and whispered: "Dr. Tom, 'there shall be no more sea' where I am going." * * * *

Well! What need to say more? He died, and we committed all that was mortal of him to the ocean, and I saw the black

surges swallow up forever the truest and noblest man that I ever had seen, and went back to the ghastly struggle below the deck. A few more dreadful days followed, and then the disease seemed to abate in violence and became more manageable, and I was beginning to hope that the worst was over, when I was summoned hastily to a new patient.

Hurrying to the place indicated, I found the man whom I instantly recalled as the one who had attracted my attention during the embarkation. I saw at a glance that his fate was sealed, and although I worked over him the whole night, I knew it was to no purpose. The wife watched beside his bed, as calm and unmoved as if she had been turned to stone. In the gray dawn of the morning the change came.

"Lisbeth," he called, in a loud, agonized tone, and turned upon the woman a look of wild questioning and entreaty, as it seemed to me. She replied, in a firm and unmoved voice:

"Yes, Peter; it has come. God's swift judgment has followed us. I knew it would come, and I shall go soon, too."

When all was over she quietly closed the old man's eyes, and then turned to comfort the weeping child, who clung to her in speechless terror.

The following day the woman sickened, and in a few hours death was upon her, too. I tried hard to save her, for my sympathies were greatly stirred on behalf of the little girl, who would soon be perfectly friendless and alone in that great ship.

Just before the woman died she motioned me to come nearer to her. I leaned over her, and she looked in my eyes with such a wild agony of appeal as I have never seen in any human eyes before or since.

"Doctor, will you care for the child? O God! forgive us, she is not"—the pale lips struggled for one more word, but in vain. I raised her upon my arm, and tried to administer a stimulant, but it was

no use, as I saw in one moment more, for she had gone, with the sentence unfinished upon her lips, into the presence of her Judge.

The grief of the child was dreadful to see. Crying wildly, "Mamma Lisbeth, come back! come back! Oh! do not leave me alone!" she flung herself across the body of the mother, and refused to stir from the place. I had to take her in my arms and carry her to a kind-hearted woman, whose own child had but just gone from her arms to its ocean burial, and then I went back to my own hard duties.

Providentially, the disease seemed to abate in violence from that time, and no new cases appeared.

Four days later we were lying at quarantine in New York harbor, and I, wearied utterly in mind and body, was pondering deeply the problem of what was to be done with this child, whom fate had thrown upon my hands. The little creature, with a wan face and tearless eyes, but with a pathetic appeal in their blue depths that touched me keenly, had scarcely quitted my side since her father and mother were carried out of her sight, and now while I sat puzzling over the question of what should be done with her, she came softly near, and stole a little, thin hand into mine, and looked in my face so wistfully that I drew her close to me, and pushing back the yellow hair that almost concealed the small, wan face, I smiled reassuringly in her eyes.

That was enough; she brightened at once, and seemed perfectly contented so long as she could be near me.

She was not a beautiful child, but had a perfectly German face, with hair of that peculiar shade of yellow that holds a promise of being golden some day—large blue eyes, and perfectly colorless skin, and seemed to be of exceedingly delicate organization. The parents, I had observed, were both squarely built, solid people—just the ordinary type of peasants

that one sees anywhere on the Continent, but the little girl was as utterly unlike them as though she had been born on another planet. I understood and spoke German well enough to notice that the child's speech, while slightly tinged with some provincial pronunciation and accent, was singularly pure and correct. Here was a knotty question for a student of heredity—how this pale, fragile child could be the daughter of two sturdy German peasants.

I questioned the child herself, but could get no light at all. She seemed to be so dazed and stunned by what had just transpired, that everything else had been quite wiped out of her mind, and she would only weep piteously, and beg me to bring back "Mamma Lisbeth" to her, so that I soon resigned all hope of learning anything of her antecedents from the little girl herself.

Not one of the other emigrants had ever seen the family before, so that I was left absolutely without a single clue to guide me in the perplexity.

In the meantime the pressing question was, what was to be done with the child now? I could see still the yearning agony in the face of the dying mother, and hear, even in my sleep, the pleading whisper, "will you care for Lisa?"

I settled the question for the present by making up my mind to carry the child to my maiden sister, who lived alone in the old homestead on the Hudson, within a couple of hours' ride of New York city, and to take her wise counsels as to the future. I might have known before I went what would be the result, for a kinder, more loving nature than my sister Mary's never dwelt in mortal woman. There was no decision to make. "Tom," said she, "we will just keep her for our own, and we will love her and train her and make her forget all her sorrows," and the kind woman folded the desolate little waif to her motherly heart, and kept her word to the fullest extent.

Shy and reserved at first, the small stranger soon warmed perceptibly in this new atmosphere, and blossomed into the brightest and sunniest of children. A new light came into the blue eye—a warm rose-color bloomed in her cheek—the neglected yellow hair grew golden in tint, and in a year from our landing in New York it would have been difficult to recognize the emigrant's desolate child in the dainty little maiden who flitted so gayly through the old rooms, and whose sunny presence had brought a new era of hope and cheer into the rather stiff and sombre household.

As to my sister, she fairly worshiped the child, and Lisa loved her devotedly, but any one could see that I was still the principal one in all her thoughts—the one loved most tenderly and gratefully. She would fly to meet me after any absence, and take my hand in her own little soft clasp and kiss it shyly, then look up in my face with such absolute faith, such a world of devotion and unquestioning trust, that I would never fail to feel a twinge of shame that I had ever hesitated for a moment as to keeping her and sheltering her forever.

"Tom," said my sister, one evening, after Lisa had retired, "there is certainly a history about this child; in my opinion she is no more the child of those German peasants than I am. Depend upon it, she belongs to those who would give their all to have her back again. Do you mind," she went on, after a pause, "how every day the child grows more and more lovely—how almost every hour something brilliant and graceful and fitting seems to develop? Mark my words, Tom, this is no common child! She is a genuine patriot in every look and gesture."

Yes, I too had seen and marked all this, and spent many hours in puzzled thought over the matter, but there seemed no possible way of unraveling the mystery. All there was to build upon was the sim-

ple entry on the Germania's passenger list, of "Peter Helwig, Lisbeth Helwig, his wife, and one child, called Lisa Helwig." I had sent advertisements to several German newspapers, and had through the American Consul at Berlin instituted the most diligent search for persons of that name, but without result; so I gradually settled down into a feeling of security about the girl—a sense of absolute possession and unquestioned ownership that was very delightful.

Several happy years went by. I followed my profession in the city, returning every evening to our old home.

A perfect rest, an entire content, had come into my life somehow. I never stopped to question about it or tried to analyze its source, but it was growing very pleasant to see the bright little face flush as it caught the first glimpse of me on my return, and to hear the glad young voice cry out, "He is coming, auntie; Dr. Tom is coming!" She had always called me by that name—the one she had first caught from Dr. Lee during those dreadful days on shipboard.

One morning Lisa, with my sister, drove with me to the station.

She was brighter and bonnier than usual, and a jealous pang smote me as I noted the admiring glances cast upon her while we awaited the train. Beautiful the young girl certainly was, and it was not alone the simple charm of childhood.

I realized that morning for the first time that Lisa was no longer a child to me, but fast getting to be infinitely dearer and more precious than any child could ever be.

"Good-bye, Dr. Tom, come home early," cried Lisa, gayly, as my train steamed slowly away from the platform where she stood.

I can see her still just as she looked then. The morning sun made perfectly dazzling the yellow hair that clustered about the white forehead, her eyes so full

of innocent joy, and the little, white hand waving its farewell to me—and that was the last I saw of her for long years.

When I returned that evening my sister was waiting for me at the station alone and with an anxious look upon her usually serene face.

"Where is Lisa?" were the first words that greeted me.

I could feel myself grow white to my lips, and a sudden pang smote to my very heart.

"Lisa? what do you mean? Is she not here?" I cried.

"O Tom! Tom! did you not send for the child? Oh! something dreadful has happened; Lisa is *gone*!" wailed my poor old sister.

"Tell me the meaning of all this," I sternly demanded, "and quickly, too, before you madden me. Where is Lisa? I left her with you this morning, and I know nothing more of her."

Then my sister broke into wild sobs and bitter self-reproaches, and it was all that I could do to soothe her into sufficient calmness to tell me all there was to tell.

It seemed that early in the afternoon she had driven away to visit a sick friend in the neighborhood, leaving Lisa, as usual, with the faithful old housekeeper and the well-trained servants.

Shortly after she left a carriage had been driven to the door, and a man bringing a note was ushered into the hall. The note was for Lisa, and she read it, then ran to the housekeeper's room, saying:

"Dr. Tom has sent for me, Susan; here is a note from him, telling me to come to the station to meet him."

The woman, thinking, of course, that all was right if I had sent for the young girl, hastily brought her hat and wraps, and saw her enter the carriage and be driven away.

On returning home a little later, my sister had been much perplexed; but on

being assured by old Susan that "Miss Lisa had gone with Dr. Tom," she quieted her fears as best she could and awaited the arrival of the evening train. Then the blow fell when she found that I had stayed in the city all day, as usual, and had never sent for the child at all.

Days and weeks and months of dreadful anxiety followed.

I sought her everywhere. I advertised; I employed the most skilled detectives in New York; I roamed up and down the neighboring country, and ransacked acres of streets in the city.

I wore myself down with the long search, and all without result. A closed carriage had been noticed by several persons driving rapidly down the main road that afternoon, but every effort to trace it

to any destination was perfectly fruitless.

A whole year I spent in searching for the lost girl without obtaining the slightest clue. She had vanished as utterly as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up.

My sister was broken in health and spirits by all this long strain of anxiety and grief, and the silence and gloom that fell once more upon the old house being more than we could bear, we determined to close it for a time, and leaving her with congenial friends in New York, I returned to Germany in the vain hope that I could shake off the deep depression that seemed to have settled like a dense cloud over me since the mysterious disappearance of Lisa.

MRS. LEFTWICH.

[END OF PART FIRST.]

A TALE OF WILLETS' PEAK.

WILLETS' PEAK was a high mountain covered for the most part by thick woods, somewhat charred and blackened, however, by the frequent mountain fires, and on one side bare from two-thirds of the way up to the very summit. The seamed and dark surface of the rock, as barren in summer as winter, had a weird, volcanic look about it, and for many years there had been tales of strange rumbling noises and curious tremors in the mountain range of which Willets' Peak was the highest point.

Quite high up was built a low house, darkened by projecting eaves which gave it a similar expression to that imparted to the face by overhanging eyebrows, and caused it to deserve the description, "late and lonesome," given it by a negro boy, who was afraid to drive his cows that way after sunset. There was another peculiarity, due to the exigencies of the site on which it was built. It was not set straight, but diagonally, upon the granite ledge of

the mountain side. This peculiarity of its construction had gained some notoriety in a trial for assault that took place in the County Court. Bill Rider, one of its joint proprietors, and Sim Ford, the blacksmith, had had a fight here, and one of the witnesses, describing the locality where the encounter had taken place, had said:

"The house, yo' Honor, was set *snatch-wise*."

"What does the man mean?" asked the Judge.

"Your Honor, he is an ignorant man," answered the local lawyer in an undertone; "he means it was set *cat-a-wampus*."

The owners of this remarkable house were two brothers, Spot and Bill Rider. Spot was good-looking and an utter scamp, innocent of any ideas at all except those conveyed to him by his bodily senses. Bill Rider was hardly good-looking, but he was loved as much as Spot was despised. As to moral nature, he was a psychological

problem of a kind with which we are familiar enough with in our experience and that of our neighbors, but abnormally developed in this primitive, untaught mountaineer. Bill Rider was two distinct natures; he was as good-tempered and willing as the day was long while he was sober, but once drunk he became morose and quarrelsome and capable of any rough or brutal crime. The neighbors calculated on this change as surely as they did on the changes of sun and moon, and very lonesome did the tavern porch at Willettsville become when Bill Rider was "on a tear." He had beaten one man within an ace of his life, but recovering his sober senses the next day, he so carefully nursed him, greatly to the terror of the patient at first, and so liberally supplied the wants of the household, telling such good stories with such a contagious laugh, that the whole family were in tears when he was summoned to stand his trial. The Judge usually sentenced him in an affectionate tone, and paid his fine many a time, to be repaid by Bill in venison and fish later. Nobody had any grudge against him, unless it was his brother.

For Bill had two feelings which, as long as he retained any consciousness at all, underwent no change whether he were drunk or whether he were sober. One of these was his dislike to Spot. Although they lived in the same cabin, they ate together rarely and under protest, each cooking his own meals, and interchanged few words.

Bill had once consulted the Methodist preacher about Spot's chances of salvation.

The preacher expressed himself very positively as to the certainty that both Spot and Bill would be eternally lost if they did not change their present mode of life.

Bill listened very attentively, and on reaching home propounded a part of the preacher's opinion to Spot as he sat smoking over the log-fire. The truth to say,

Bill even heightened the thrilling descriptions of the torments of the lost, and ended by assuring Spot that the preacher thought very badly of his individual case indeed.

Spot scoffed derisively at these warnings.

"Well, ye can't say I haint dealt by ye fa'arly, anyways," observed Bill, with an air of judicial impartiality, in which, however, some dissatisfaction might be discerned. "I gin ye yo' chice, ye know. Ye allers was a lazy kind o' fellow, fond o' loafin' roun' like, an' I didn't know but ye might prefer bein' a church-member. Howsomever," bringing his split-bottomed chair, which had been tilted on two legs, down with emphasis, and stretching himself as he rose to go to bed, "ef ye change yo' mind, it'll only be fa'ar ter mention the fac'."

Spot kicked back a chunk that had rolled down on the rough and uneven stones of the wide hearth, but vouchsafed no reply.

Bill put sufficient reliance upon the opinion of the preacher as an expert, so to speak, in spiritual matters, to begin going to church. He even put a quarter of a dollar into the hat when it was handed around, and was heard confidentially to offer the preacher to do any fighting or swearing for him he might think suitable for any fellows that were troublesome. "Yo' haint had much practice, I daresay, and it would be kind o' a handy job to me," stretching out his muscular right arm.

The preacher rather dryly declined such services, but from the time that the story was told, it was noticed that the roughest customers thought it might be as well to let Bill Rider's man alone.

For fear, however, that Spot might eventually change his mind, and they might be consigned at last to an eternity together, Bill did not absolutely join the church.

"Fur Spot allers was a sneak," he said, confidentially, to one of his companions. "It wouldn't surprise me a bit ef he wur to git converted on the last deal."

Sim Ford, long since a stout friend of Bill's, shook his head solemnly and agreed 'twas "more'n likely."

The other feeling, which was as strong as his hatred of Spot, was his love for Pheelie.

It was no matter that he did not know even Pheelies' whole name or her past history. He knew that her auburn hair had a glint of gold in it, and her dark, rich eyes a heart of hidden fire in their depths, that the curves of her young form were fair and her movements full of life, and he loved her without questioning or doubt, except for one thing—Spot knew Pheelie before he did. There was an acquaintance before Pheelie came to live with an old woman she called "Granny," in an even smaller cabin than theirs, higher up the mountain. There had been dealings—business dealings—with Spot Bill Rider knew, but he did not know anything else.

Nor did he choose to find out anything about Pheelie except from herself.

There was plenty of talk about her. Some women said she "was no better than she should be," though Pheelie had as yet kept every man at a distance, and the roughest one had some reason to dread a close contact with her when her temper was aroused, for her tongue was not restrained by any conventionalities, or regard to "manners," and her hand was as quick as her tongue.

Young Aaron Dunn, the sto'keeper at Willettsville, who kept a promiscuous assortment of groceries, gaudy calicoes, cheap jewelry, and tinware, to dazzle the eyes of his customers, one day hinted that he knew some curious things about Pheelie if he chose to tell them.

He had not noticed that Bill Rider had lounged in at the open door.

"It's a likely thing that she's tak'n yo' in her confidence," sneered Bill, and a boisterous laugh went around the crowd; for it was well known that Aaron had begun by "sittin' up to Pheelie consider-

able," to use the common description of such attentions, and had gotten more than one stinging rebuff.

"She's a young girl without any brother or father living to protect her, and the man that's so anxious to bring in a word agin her may just look ter settle that job with me!" and Bill brought down his fist with an emphasis that made the glasses ring on the shelves above the counter.

Aaron rather sullenly, but in haste, remarked that he hadn't said no harm of her.

"Ef ye had a meant ter say good of her, ye might a' begun with that fust, instead of insinuat'in' an' insinuat'in', like yo' knowed anything."

The intense scorn of his reply completely silenced his opponent. But the victory was not altogether on his side, although it appeared so. Aaron's hints rankled in Bill's mind, and bore fruit in a tremendous spree, in which Bill stayed drunk for four or five days, and smashed up things in Willettsville generally.

He sobered off at last, and finding himself when he woke up during the night after a drunken sleep that had begun early in the afternoon, in the possession of his senses again, he concluded to walk home. The cool night air brought clearness back to his somewhat benumbed faculties and dazed perceptions, and he had not been two hours alone on the dark mountain, with the great sky rising like an immeasurable dome above him, before he forgot all the stupid, dull hours of drunkenness and brawling.

A soft, still wind blew a light bough, full of blossoms, across his face, and the dew and fragrance came like the freshness of water to him.

Across in the east the sky began to glow, and a light, rising, swelling, was beginning to tell of the sunrising.

"It's a deal more solemn here than in church," thought Bill, and he involuntarily took off his hat, while the bright

silence seemed to mean something he could not understand.

He had his hat still off as he came down the mountain path, for the morning air blew pleasantly upon his bared head, when he saw Pheelie standing by a spring a little below, and looking off to the east where the sun was just rising above the broad shoulder of the "Giant," another mountain in the same range.

He hurried forward to speak to her, but she colored and did not seem pleased, or so he fancied, to see him. Indeed, she kept her head turned away, and her hand withdrawn in such a strange, stiff way that he was cut to the heart by it.

"I guess yo' was expectin' somebody else," he said, bitterly; but just as he drew himself up from the beech-tree against which he had been lounging, she turned impulsively around, with a flash of anger at his words.

He saw then the reason of her avoidance—a dark bruise discolored one cheek, and her hand was evidently hurt and bandaged with a white rag. He stepped forward.

"Pheelie, have ye hurt yo'self? How did yo' manage to do it, an' yo' so light-handed and quick?"

Pheelie laughed a short little laugh.

"I didn't hurt myself, Bill."

Bill Rider flushed a dark, deep red, and clenched his fist.

"Ef yo'll tell him as done it, I'll see what he can do with me."

Bill was dangerous when his blood was up, even when he was sober, and Pheelie in vain tried to coax him to sit down.

Finding all her efforts useless, she at last put her other hand very quietly on his arm.

"Bill, you done it yourself t'other night; you had grappled with the miller's boy, an' he is but a weakly sort of a creetur', so I got him out of your way. But you didn't mean it; you never knowed what you was doing, fust nor last."

Bill sat down helplessly, and dropped his head in his hands, overpowered with shame and rage at himself for having done this thing.

"There's many a woman been hurt worse many a time," she continued, in the same curiously soft voice.

He groaned. She hesitated a moment, then gently, but with force, drawing down his hands and holding one in her soft, tender palm, she said: "This is the one that hurt me, and this is how I feel about it," and she covered it with warm, close kisses from her warm lips.

Bill looked up helplessly, the tears filling his blue eyes and his whole face trembling with emotion.

But Pheelie's mood had changed. She rose to her full height, and put on her bonnet in a determined manner.

"This loiterin' here aint findin' my brindled cow that's strayed away," she observed, nonchalantly, and was off with a swift step that Bill would have found it hard to overtake.

He did not try. He sank back upon the ground, looking up into the blue heights, all aglow with light, his eyes still wet, but a look as if a hidden smile were striving through every lineament. It was at least five minutes before he moved, and the rapt look began to fade from his face.

Then he said aloud:

"The nex' revival that comes I reckon I'll jine the Church! I feel like 'twould be mighty easy jes' now."

That night Granny was sitting in Pheelie's cabin by a small fire of chips and brush. It was a mild night, but the fire had been made up for Granny, who was chilly and who was hovering over it, while she doubled the thread of two balls of white and black yarn into a mottled gray, as though the dancing flames might stir into some kind of vital warmth her wrinkled and shrunken figure. She was a bleary-eyed, long-lipped, and altogether repulsive presentment of the weakness and decay of old age.

Pheelie was passing swiftly back and forth, occupied with household work. Suddenly she paused near the old woman, and said, in an appealing, deprecating way, unlike her usual brusque manner:

"Granny, when you was a young girl—" She hesitated, and the old woman turned toward her, startled, with her mouth open, saying:

"Eh! eh! what's that?" in a croaking, hoarse tone.

Pheelie laughed in a way that was not mirthful to hear.

"I guess you never was one," she muttered; and then, looking down at the feeble, shaking old creature, she added, in a gentler tone:

"Never mind, Granny, it's nothing."

"Yo' fa'arly gin me turn with sech sudden ways," grumbled the old woman, fretfully.

Pheelie did not answer; she was standing by the door, looking at the towering form of Giant Mountain, looming up in the silvery, aerial moonlight.

Bill by no means got on so fast with Pheelie, or as smoothly, as his last meeting had led him to hope. Indeed, the girl was unusually hard to approach afterward, and was as fractious in her temper, and as vicious in her remarks, as if she had entertained the deepest hostility to him.

He managed to keep his temper, however, until Pheelie alluded to his quarrels with his brother, which she said were a scandal and a disgrace.

"An' what's Spot Rider to yo', Pheelie? 'Pears like I have got the right to inquire when yo' fling him in my face ez ef 'twas yo' consarn?"

A spot of vivid crimson blazed on Pheelie's cheek, but she vouchsafed no reply, and Bill left in great anger and discomfort of mind. He had not been gone long from the cabin when Spot appeared, lounging in with a proprietary way, which Pheelie resented by turning her back upon him without any greeting.

"Had company to-night, eh?" he observed, with an offensive smile.

"You ought to know," answered Pheelie. "A man that's always hangin' roun' an' listenin' usually finds out things without questions."

Spot smiled. "It's pretty close and warm here to-night. Guess I'll set this do' open. Pheelie, I think's 'bout time for yo' an' me to come to an understandin'."

Pheelie faced fiercely round upon him.

"What do yo' mean?" she demanded.

"Yo' don' seem in a very friendly humor to-night, my dear," said the man, an unpleasant smile flickering over his handsome face, and he approached her, she moving back as he came nearer, and keeping one hand behind her.

There was a table near with a knife upon it, but Spot's quick eye had detected the motive for her movement. He possessed himself of it with a spring, but before he could speak, a curious sound was heard, as if from the depths of the earth. The cooking utensils hung upon the walls swayed back and forth, and a long vibration shook the whole place with a sickening movement.

"It's a judgment! a jedgment!" cried Spot, in terror, and fled from the house.

Pheelie looked after him with scorn.

"Old Willets's been a good friend to me," she muttered. "Who'd a thought he'd been so skeared by a shake like that? Ef I was a villain I wouldn't be beaten that easy."

Nor would she, for a bull-dog tenacity of purpose was in her race and breeding. She did not know how to lose hold of a grudge or an affection.

The next event on Willets' Mountain, following close upon the earthquake, and adding another thrill of interest to its proceedings, was a revival at Hat Creek Church. The preacher was rude and illiterate, but he was deeply in earnest, and even his grotesque presentment of the judgment and hell pierced the human

souls around him with some feeling of an inner reality. Women, always keenly alive to the contagion of emotion, wept, and even sobbed aloud; men turned pale, and moved uneasily in their places; the most hardened felt something of the curious spiritual vibration which runs from one human consciousness when deeply stirred to another.

Pheelie was more shaken than it was her wont to be. She was unusually silent when Bill overtook her on the path homeward; her eyes had a look about them as of unshed tears. When at last Bill did arouse her to talk, she went back to the old subject of his reckless life.

Bill listened with some surprise, for Pheelie had assumed a more gentle tone of remonstrance.

"Yo' aint no church-member yo'self, Pheelie—didn't the preacher say somethin' t'other day 'bout a beam in yo' own eyes, when yo' was blamin' t'other folks 'bout their shortcomin's?"

He spoke lightly, but Pheelie listened with a touching look of humility in her wide, grave eyes.

"I guess that sayin' 'bout the mote an' the beam was meant fur blamin' an' accusin' folks you don' kear fur," she answered, simply. "Seems like yo'd do better to think about the angel that mout be in yo' friend, ef yo' really keared fur him, than in lookin' roun' fur yo' own chances."

"An angel that mout be—in *me*, Pheelie?" asked Bill, in boyish surprise. The thought of such a feeling on Pheelie's part brought the color to his face, flushing and brightening it into positive beauty. He drew a little nearer, and said in a lower tone:

"'Twould be a queer sort o' angel I'd make. But I reckon yo' could make an angel of me ef enbody could, Pheelie. I've thought serious 'bout jinin' the church since I knowed ye."

Pheelie drew herself back, and cried out in a sharp tone, keen with suppressed pain.

VOL. LV.—37.

"I aint worthy fur yo' to think on, Bill Rider; yo' aint got no call to say sech things about me."

She went off in haste, leaving him this bitter morsel of thought to feed upon at his leisure, and make of it what he could.

He would not accept the conclusions to which these words might naturally have led him, but the memory of them was bitter within his soul, especially when, once or twice, after visiting Pheelie's cabin—sometimes not to find anybody there but old Granny, shaking and muttering over her fire—he would, on his return home through the woods, catch sight of Spot, vanishing away like an evil shadow. Bill ground his teeth with rage. "Sneak," he muttered to himself. He fancied that Spot was spying his movements, and it gave him some comfort to reflect that this at least precluded any such relation as cordiality or confidence between Pheelie and himself.

One night, so harassed was he with this mental uneasiness, and so close and heavy was the air, that Bill could not sleep. The roof and narrow walls seemed to hang upon him and oppress him, and he got up at last and wandered out-of-doors just as Spot staggered in, dead drunk. He lay down on the short grass under the trees, and found it more endurable in the wide, empty spaces of the night.

He had been half asleep, but he was aroused by an unmistakable sensation, which one who has once felt never forgets—a sickening, dizzying vibration. A whizzing sound was heard in the whole air, but as if coming from far below, and there was a faint sulphurous odor.

Looking at the old house, which was perceptibly shaken, he saw with horror a fissure showing across the front wall, which was of stone.

He remembered Pheelie and the old and helpless woman. It would be better for them to be down the mountain than in that cabin built on the ledge that looked far down the ravine on one side.

He would take them into an open field, where there would be no danger from falling trees or walls.

He found Pheelie awake and ready to go. She had already wrapped up Granny, and between them they managed to get her down the path, grumbling over the unusual disturbance of her habits.

They had gotten very near the bottom of the mountain, close to an open pasture, where it would be safer if another shock came, when Bill remembered Spot's superstitious terrors.

"Spot'll be skeared enough when he wakes up," he said, laughing, "an' another shock'll shake down that old chimney about his ears."

Pheelie started and looked up, with a curious, questioning expression that flickered strangely across her face in the pallid light of the moon, that was now low upon the horizon. But she did not speak. If she had thought in one guilty imagination of Spot's possible death as an end to all embarrassment or misunderstanding in her future life, she had a bitter harvest to reap from the hidden past.

For Spot was an unusually handsome and graceful man, and Bill, very humble-minded in regard to himself, and conscious of his own defects, had never been able to rid himself of the lurking suspicion that Pheelie had once loved Spot, or even loved him still.

The thought recurred to him vividly with Pheelie's strange look.

"It's a natural thing fur a young gal," he thought to himself, with his head down. "I haint no cause to blame her. Spot allers had a kind of pleasant way that made women kear for him easy. En ef a man's in danger, why, a woman nat'rally forgets any kind of a grudge she's got agin him."

They were on the edge of the neglected pasture-field now, where the weeds grew knee-high. The light, feathery contents of some long seed-pods had burst open and flew as soft as thistledown—"the

ghosts of flowers that walk the air"—against their rough clothes. And as lightly and tenaciously clung the thought to his mind that Pheelie loved Spot and he was in danger.

"He's some account for that, ef she ever keared a solitary minute," he thought. "An' it's nat'ral—it's nat'ral." Then stopping at the bars, he said, as if he had suddenly remembered something: "Pheelie, you and Granny can jes' make yo'selves comfortable for half an hour, an' I'll be back agin. An' Pheelie, keep my coat, it'll be main in my way walkin'."

With this generous device for shielding Pheelie from the chill air, he started up the mountain again with rapid footsteps. For Spot was in real danger from the old chimney and the shaky wall in case of another shock, especially in his state of drunken stupefaction.

The light of morning was breaking into that first cold, gray twilight—light that seems in itself ghostly, and to have the power of evoking all kinds of dim and ghostly remembrances.

Bill began to think about his mother—she had been but a young woman at the time of her death—and how proud she had been of Spot.

"Another woman that keared for him," thought Bill. "Mebbe I haint jedged him jes fa'arly." But a mental twinge of disgust went through his mind.

He was glad to see the old house still standing, and to wake Spot up, and after many explanations get him on his feet and willing to leave. When he did at last understand he was completely sobered, although still bewildered by the strange fact that it was Bill who had awakened him.

It was, no doubt, from this perturbed condition of his faculties that it actually occurred to him to give Bill his gray mare—or sell her at a good bargain to him. But as he was now clearly over the threshold of the shaky house he concluded he would not be in a hurry.

"'Pears like things is kind o' shaky this mornin'," he said, affably, turning partly toward Bill, who was several steps behind.

At that moment another long and

awful tremor shook the earth, and a dull sound filled the air. There was a crash of falling wall and chimney, and Bill never crossed the threshold alive.

And Pheelie waited for him in vain.

*

"ONLY MOTHER."

"O friends! whose lives still keep their prime,
Whose bright example warms and cheers,
Ye teach us how to smile at time,
And set to music all his years!"

EVERYBODY was saying, "Had you heard that Mrs. Dean is losing her mind?" "So poor Mrs. Dean is getting queer and full of whims, they say!" "Bad, that, about old Mrs. Dean getting cranky-like!"

So the report went abroad all over the neighborhood, and the mischief was done, on the plan of that familiar saw, "A lie well stuck to is as good as the truth." Her three blooming girls went out in society as usual; not one of them stayed at home to be company for mother. When any one inquired of the state of their mother's health, they always replied, sympathetically: "Oh! she's not well; she stays at home week in and week out. Mother's got to be a real homebody, and you know she's getting old and she chills easy, and then I always thought she never was herself after Jack died at Andersonville. Young people can get over trouble, somehow, so much better than old folks, who have not so much to interest them. No; she's not like mother any more."

So "mother" stayed at home, half sick, and set the yeast for the morrow's great baking, churned after night "to save the girls," finished up the slighted ironings, darned the girls' stockings, and was a neglected, humble drudge for her selfish family.

She was the mother of ten children, and had married in her seventeenth year—a fresh, beautiful, innocent, susceptible

country girl, who knew no more of what a wedded life would in all probability bring to her than knows the holder of a lottery ticket of the uncertain result of it.

The Civil War had cruelly robbed her of two manly sons, and a lovely baby had died at the sweet age of two years in her early married life.

She was a little, nervous woman, and at this time was in her fiftieth year and "passing under the rod," going down into the stream that is the dividing line between womanhood and old age, the terrible climacteric period that is so little understood, so greatly underrated.

She was like a stranger in a strange land. She was alone. Her husband, a great, robust, noisy, hearty man, could not understand why mother acted queer, could not see why she did not bound out of bed in the early morning as she did in the good old days, and why she did not eat and laugh and talk like she used to. And they all wondered what made her cry so easily and lose her temper over every trifle and scold like she never did in the happy years gone by. Where had her patience gone? and why did she have notions and sit off alone and cry like a fretful child?

She could not explain why herself in a way that the family, all men and women, buoyant and happy, and finding life enjoyable, could understand her.

Oh! had a good physician taken her case to his sympathizing heart, either a good man or woman who knew the mysteries of this strangely fashioned life of ours, the problem had been solved and the sat-

isfying answer had been this: The terrible nervous strain endured by women at the climacteric period of life is one little understood or pitied enough. And it demands greater pity and tenderness than any other condition which feminine nature is called to endure. After a life of maternal martyrdom she craves affection, is filled with morbid fancies, doubts the love of her husband and children, and weeps in silence, often feeling that she must lay violent hands on herself and tear away the props of life.

Husband and children, not used to such moods, begin to grow cold and whisper, "Mother is insane." Woe betide the aching-hearted woman if her temper grows violent and her nature turns to fury instead of a rain of tears, if she reproaches and upbraids those about her. Not versed in a knowledge of psychological and physiological laws, they do not understand that the long years of strain upon the mother, the patient, child-bearing woman, is now showing its effects. Too often all are cross and irritable and impatient instead of pitiful, sympathetic, loving. Instead, they should wipe away the tears, give caresses, humor every whim, lavish little kindnesses, feeling that dear mother is the little baby now for awhile.

From her husband she should hear the old, lover-like tones that were hers in her girlhood, the same protestations that she is loved—that the worn-out woman is dearer tenfold than the blooming bride, because of her long-time patience and suffering and wifely loyalty and goodness.

Instead, how often are the maniac victims stung with taunts, laughed at, sneered at, joked rudely, quite set aside, and treated with no deference, no consideration, cheated, despised—"something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

This truth, simply and kindly made known to the husband and friends, would

bear the poor, alighted, distracted mother over the wild stream whose lashing waves she shrinks from in a fear that often merges into depressed spirits, low health, general debility, a wretched state of mind bordering on insanity, and then, too often, suicide.

Let us speak plainly, that we may not be misunderstood. The subject is one that merits thorough consideration. It has lain heavy on our hearts for years. Our sympathy for this class of dear women is akin to pain. Must they come up to the brink alone, gaze sorrowfully around them for a pitying friend, and then go down, either to a sorrowful death, or shall they be held tenderly, lovingly, understandingly, all the while encouraged and cheered by hopeful words?

It is so hard to say it, but it is true, that sometimes tired, impatient, unkind husbands, perhaps gross, and pleased with change, have obtained divorces that came from this condition of things, and gone off, intoxicated with joy, and married again. Well, laying aside all fine ladyism, we hope the devil will get every man of them, and give them their just deserts throughout eternity!

The old family physician made a tonic of roots and whisky, just adapted, he said, to the case of Mrs. Dean. She grew no better. The fussing and fixing of new clothes, and the rush after the latest fashion by the daughters, was a continual worry that harassed her into a petulant frame of mind, unhappy for herself and her family. She scolded, and the girls only laughed in her face. They knew that would hurt her and humiliate her in the greatest degree. She continued to grow worse. She could not sleep. She could not bear an unkind word. She would sit and cry softly like a 'bused little child, and she thought every one in the world was turned against her.

One time a neighbor, an ignorant soul, ventured to say that she thought this a case of hysterics—that her malady was

an old woman's whim that required severe treatment, and if she "were one of the family old Mrs. Dean would have to carry herself pretty straight."

At this, the feeble slave to the inevitable disease that held her captive soul and body broke out into a tirade of the bitterest invective, language she had never heard and never used, and the result was that the neighbor took the matter into the church of which both were members.

The trial was held. The church was crowded, and with never a word of apology from Mrs. Dean's family or physician, the name of the poor woman was ignominiously erased from the church book, where it had stood among the honored ones for thirty-five years. Women who had known her from her beautiful girlhood, all through her blameless life, voted with the majority. A committee of the officers of the church came in a body and informed her of the action taken. She sat in her chair, dazed, as though she did not hear correctly, when suddenly the full force and meaning came to her and she leaned forward, her chin fell on her breast, she threw out her pallid hands, powerless, and fainted. When she recovered the holy men had gone, and only the merest memory of their errand remained to her. It never was very plain—she could not recall it.

But there was nothing pleasant to break the monotony of her starving life, and none of her surroundings were any happier. She was a burden, and unloved, and finally her family and the neighbors and relatives, ignorant of the perilous condition in which she was held captive, knowing nothing of the laws of health and of life and its problems, and of the baptism of agony, almost unendurable while it lasts, said she must go to the asylum in the nearest city.

They pretended they were going to visit an old aunt whom she had always loved. She was pleased, and looked delighted as any little child, while the girls, with whispers and winks and nods,

turned the old alpaca top to the bottom, wrong side out, and front to the back part, made a little bit of drapery to puff out, put lace about the neck and sleeves, and darned an old rent that was made in the grave-yard when it caught on the riotous briers. New Lisle thread gloves were bought, and a silk handkerchief, and a veil for damp nights and mornings, and shoes, the like of which, soft and shiny, she had never owned in all her life. She was made very happy, and when she was seated in the soft carriage and carefully tucked in, she laughed in her joy like an over-delighted little girl.

"To think," she said, "that after all these long years I shall visit Aunt Jane Sanderson in the dear old home. I wonder if it has changed as much as I have!" And then the sweetest look, just like the dear mother she had been in the long, long ago, came over her face, and she turned to the three girls who were fixing her in, and said: "O children! how good you are to your poor sick mother; I don't deserve it; I, who have been so unkind to you all. There! there! come and kiss mamma good-bye, dears."

The last kiss she ever gave them in this world, and it stabbed each one of them—as it wisely should have done. The husband took up the lines, chirked to the horses, and the mother of whom they wearied—the crazy woman—the woman full of notions and whims—was gone for all time.

When the carriage stopped at the wide gateway before the asylum, and the husband said they would stop awhile at this beautiful home and rest, the woman caught her breath in a frightened way and objected. She was filled with alarm.

From the iron bars of an upper room a haggard face glared down, framed in by a mass of jet black hair and beard. Long, bony fingers, like talons, were thrust out between the iron bars, and a voice, whooping and shrill and broken, called out that old Queen Bess was at the gate with Sir

Walter Raleigh, and some of the courtiers must fly to meet them, and do them honor.

After reassuring his wife that the friends were expecting them, and would be disappointed if they did not call for a few minutes, the trembling creature, clinging to the arm of her husband, her fluttering breath coming and going in trembling and affright, accompanied him into the spacious parlor.

The attendant entered. She drew back, amazed at the strange faces. Suddenly the truth dawned upon her. All the old passion and fury that had become lulled to sleep awoke; her eyes flashed fire; every muscle in the frail body became as iron; her cries rang piteously through the chambers; she reached out her thin, white hands toward her betrayer, her keeper, but he was gone, and she was left alone among strangers.

Two years dragged their slow lengths along. Mrs. Dean was deemed hopelessly insane, and her husband had made a choice from among the daughters of Heth, a brisk pink and white widow, to take the place in his heart and home of "the crazy woman in the asylum." He was in a fair way of getting a divorce, when a dispatch came to him bringing intelligence of the death of his wife, and that her body would be sent home on the noon express the following day.

We chanced to be in the cemetery, transplanting some pinks, when the funeral procession arrived. The family and friends came in from the country, and took the coffin immediately from the depot. All the arrangements about the hastily dug grave had not been completed, and the people sat around in groups, waiting.

John Dean had a wide "scarf" on his black hat, and he wore gloves, and looked sanctimonious enough to fool any one not familiar with the true state of affairs. He kept plucking at the ends of the glove tips, and his hands idly wandered over each

other, and his eyes kept winking with a tremulous, hypocritical twitching of the fat, red lids. It was a trying time.

When the coffin was opened, and they looked upon the poor outcast whom they had slighted and wronged past all forgiveness in this world, then the wife and mother lying before them had her revenge. What she had suffered in mind was all written plainly as print in the wreck, the relic, that lay before them. She had died slowly, pined away, and her features bore witness that she had died in the sudden and full possession of her intellect. Death often, in pity, gives back for a few minutes the lost intellect. It is all that the stern monarch can possibly and kindly permit.

A full realization of her condition and surroundings, probably a sweeping retrospection of her whole life—its blight, its sorrow, its utter loneliness, its casting away cruelly, its pitiful desertion—all came to her with the coming of the angel whose errand was peace and release.

Her glaring, surprised, stony eyes were open, as if in utter amaze; they seemed to ask inquiry, and they appeared to see in every direction. The thin, brown lips were parted as if in anguish of soul, not bodily torment—a mad anguish that made a terrible impression on the beholder; the few remaining teeth stood out as if they would gnash and tear like a wild beast's teeth; the forehead was pallid and bruised, and cut and seamed, and the poor temples sunken and dark, and the scraggy hair, nearly white, hung in uneven slips, while the hands had not remained as they were placed in position, but they were little and talony, and the fingers spread as in surprise and horror.

It was a picture fit for the imagination of a Dante, and once seen, could never, never be forgotten. The smitten family felt the full retribution in all its woe and bitterness.

It was a dreadful scene; the dead woman's face the very personification of

horror and agony; the remorse that laid hold of the daughters with no modification, no justifying nor pity nor sympathy whatever; their cries over the mother were unavailing; no word of hers could ever reach them now; no deed of theirs ever harm or help her. It was too late. She had filled the pages of her destiny, and the book was closed on earth forever.

"There was no rest for her but dying, The lingering life could only anguish keep."

And then John Dean, in a masterly spirit of generosity and to show the neighbors how much they mourned "mother," had a monument erected over her grave at a cost that no man in all the vicinity would have taken into consideration and second thought at all. It was by all odds the "grandest monument this side of the city cemeteries." It told all about her virtues, her beauty, her goodness, and how desolate the home was without "our dear, sainted mother."

He really thought that this pompous thing showed great honor and respect, and won praise for his magnanimity. And then he married the pink and white widow, and rubbed his hands, and said he had "done the fair thing by Sarah Ellen."

One-third of the money that the "monument" cost, "the highest one in the graveyard by four feet," if spent in making happy the poor sick woman who was paying the penalty of her faithful and loyal wifehood, would have saved remorse for the sensitive members of the family, and a good wife and mother for the allotted years of her life—the life that went out in the darkness of despair.

A little money well expended in buying happiness is more wisely laid out than to hoard it for proud monuments, that too often stand up and tell lies.

May men and women who read this, brand the true story in their memories, and from their physicians, and from medical works, and from observance of the laws of life, gather information that they may be

able to steer clear of some of the shoals that wreck and mar forever by the ignorance of which they are victims.

In every neighborhood are some of those who suffer; some die, some linger for years, and come up out of the baptism of fire and take a new hold on life. Meet them tenderly, lovingly, and with the pity like God's pity—"even as a father pitieth his children."

Sometimes the physician is unfeeling, as in the case of one who lay half-sick and half-well for years and years, her husband doing all the work indoors.

Finally, the "smart" physician contrived a plot, and persuaded the sad-hearted husband to co-operate.

His wife, lying on the outside of the bed, saw him wash and shave and stand before the mirror and tie the nobbiest bow possible.

She made inquiry, but received no satisfactory answer. She insisted. "Well," he said, putting on a show of humiliation and shame, "the doctor says you cannot live long, and that I might as well cast about for one to take your place. I don't like to do it; and yet I am afraid some one else will speak to the Widow Wells before I do. You know I've been a faithful husband and had a hard time managing, and you must not think unkindly of me. The widow is sound and sweet tempered, and"—the poor woman sprang from the bed and fell at his feet and laid her white face upon them in abject supplication, beseeching him with tears and wails to bear with her yet a little longer. Oh! she would try to get well so hard; her love for him was so deep and true; would he not forgive her and let her try once more to be a helpful wife?

The tender-hearted husband in his attempt to comply with the ruse of the physician only pulled the walls and pillars of Gaza down upon his own head. She tried—she failed; and now, after a lapse of twenty years, she is still a feeble woman.

The divine fashioning of woman demands care and kindness.

One of the cruellest modes of treatment, however—four cases of which we are cognizant—is to get tired of the invalid, seek legal advice, for which an exorbitant fee is demanded, trump up some sort of scheme for riddance, get a divorce, and marry one young, bright, vivacious, healthy, and handsome.

Not many of those instances would bear investigation, of which we read daily, of women at the climacteric period of life committing suicide. The whole thing is so easily draped over pathetically in the newspapers with simply this one ordinary line, "no cause assigned, except ill health," "her mind was impaired by ill health." The records of eternity will show downright abuse, unkindness, taunts, threats, neglect, and shameful indifference on the part of husbands.

How many "bear the yoke and wear the name of wife," and give to his children all their youth and strength and beauty, bear toil and privation, and grow

old and tired before their time, filling the place of a servant, unloved, never rested, never petted, unappreciated! Is it any wonder when their feet come down to the river that marks the line that they falter?

In the period then that follows loyal wifehood and motherhood, when they pay the penalty of the toiling years in which the physical woman bore twice her burden without complaint, who is there to cuddle and love, and pet and pity, "mother" when every fibre in her body cries out over the strain of by-gone burdens borne?

No wonder the convenient cistern so often gathers her in and hushes up the cries of her stricken soul! It swings open the gate of Paradise, and her feet, tired and weary with the lonely journey, enter in.

"Alas! for heedless hearts and blinded sense!

With what faint welcome and what meagre fare,

What mean subjections and small recompense,
We entertain our angels unaware!"

PIPSEY POTTS.

MISS MARIA'S IMMOLATION.

MISS MARIA was in a terrible way. For two days this had been her way. Yesterday she had discharged her household servants because of her state of mind, and because they, using the privilege of old family-retainers, had insisted upon taking sides with her niece Marie Heath, whom Miss Maria had cared for ever since the girl's mother's death and the going of her father to China to do wonderful things with silk. Yes; these servants had positively taken sides with Marie against Miss Maria, and Miss Maria had promptly discharged them.

Now Miss Maria had never attempted menial service, and this morning she had prepared her own breakfast. The toast

was burned to a crisp, the eggs were remnants of the Stone Age, the tea a disgrace to the raspberry bush from which it had originally come, and with which the placid natives of Canton had wofully "done" her brother when they sold it to him. Eat such a breakfast?

"I'd die sooner," Miss Maria said, and sought sanctuary in her boudoir, and considered for the hundredth time her reasons for being in the terrible way.

"I know what will happen to me," Miss Maria, in the midst of her considering, burst forth. "Marie shall not see me go out for my meals, and thus own that I am conquered; so I shall die of slow starvation. I might as well be mortared up in

a wall, like Constance de Beverley, as to live in a house and have nothing to eat. Stay! I believe I threw a note to the postman yesterday, an advertisement for a cook, and addressed to the editor of a paper. I may be resuscitated after all, for a cook may answer the advertisement. I wonder if Marie will condescend to open the door when the bell rings."

She sighed and relapsed into thought. Her thought was of Marie and Tom Sinnickson, of course. The idea of Tom Sinnickson coming direct from Canton and Marie's father and laying claim to Marie as his prospective wife, simply because he and Marie had secretly promised each other when they were but knee-high to grasshoppers, and had kept on promising ever since. Miss Maria cared not that Marie's father fully approved of the match; he was only a man—moreover, he had told her in the beginning, before she would consent to take the child, that she should exercise the right of a mother and not be interfered with in anything concerning Marie. Then what business had he to interfere by approving of his clerk, Tom Sinnickson, as a husband for the child without first consulting his sister Maria, whom he must have known would disagree with him in the dear old way, and, in her well-known heroic frame of mind, accuse him of namby-pambyness. Surely he had not so far degenerated over in Canton as to forget that his sister Maria was built heroically—that she loved not the milk-and-waterishness of the latter part of the nineteenth century. For Miss Maria had been for years quite confident that had she been born in the Middle Ages she would have created a sensation; she knew that she would have been less weak than those fair dames who instituted jousts and make-believe hawking-parties; she knew that she would have wielded a rod of iron, and the heroes of old time would not have come down to the history of to-day with so many blemishes on their scutcheons for which their

sentiment about women might be held accountable. She should like to see the man who would be sentimental about her.

Her reading was of heroes; she had at her finger-ends the incidents in the lives of past warriors and self-sacrificers; she refused to recognize the heroism in philosophy and the sister sciences; she hated femininity, and she feared that thought had degenerated into weakness when it tried to prove unnecessary all the old methods of conquering, and replaced them with argumentary parliaments.

Sarah, the cook, bought steaks from a butcher who was a fac-simile of Richard Cœur de Lion—at least he had been that fac-simile until it was rumored that he whipped his wife; the neighborhood boasted of a policeman who forcibly reminded Miss Sarah of Alexander of Macedon, until she found him flirting with Jane, the parlor-maid, a susceptible girl.

No, Miss Maria was heroic from top to toe, and designed Marie for some stupendous fate in which marriage played a secondary part. And here was Tom Sinnickson, an ordinary, every-day man, who considered the pen mightier than the sword, threatening to wind up his affairs in China, establish a branch silk-house here, and settle down with Marie into a typical Darby and Joan existence.

Miss Maria turned Tom Sinnickson out of her presence, bidding him go back to Canton and her brother. Sarah, the cook, had sided with Tom, so Sarah was at once cashiered; Toby, the coachman, took Sarah's part, and received his walking-papers; James, the butler, proclaimed himself the bosom friend of Toby, and was dismissed; Jane, the parlor-maid, asserted that she was engaged to James, and was turned off on the spot. Thus Miss Maria had conquered, and Marie was in hysterics in the drawing-room, and Miss Maria held the fortress in the boudoir, never condescending to go down to the drawing-room and force her society upon

an ingrate who did not know what was good for her.

And yet Tom Sinnickson was not so prosaic an individual as Miss Maria made him out. When Toby and James and Sarah and Jane were told to vacate the premises, "Do nothing of the sort," said he; "go to the drawing-room." Here they found Marie in dejection and a bewilderingly becoming *negligé*.

"O Tom!" sobs she, as the quintette marched in.

"Marie," cried Tom, "let me arrange this matter."

"But how?" she queried.

"A woman always wants to know how," smiled he, in a superior manner, scarcely liking to tell her that he had no more idea than the man in the moon how he would get everybody out of the difficulty into which he had inadvertently brought them.

"It is my fault all this occurred," he went on, "and I shall take the responsibility. I'd better not come to America if I bring nothing but unhappiness in my train."

"O Tom!" sobbed Marie, worse than before, "you know you brought more than unhappiness with you."

"That remains to be seen," snapped he, and flung himself out of the house, leaving Marie in the drawing-room along with the discharged establishment, warning none of them to admit Miss Maria on any account whatever.

It is doubtful if the city held a more puzzled youth that night. In the morning, to get his brains into another sort of tangle, he purchased a newspaper.

"Eureka!" he cried, as he scanned it in the most desultory fashion. He saw a solution of the puzzle.

That same morning, a half-hour later, Marie, watching for him, uttered a cry when he came opposite the drawing-room window. His face was so radiant that it startled her.

James went cautiously to the hall-door

and admitted him. Tom came in all aglow. Marie and the women clustered around him.

"Has Miss Maria been here?" he demanded.

"No," answered Marie, "but we heard her go to the kitchen to get her breakfast, and we detected the odor of burned toast."

"Hem!" coughed Sarah, the cook.

"Marie," announced Tom, "I am going to please Miss Maria—I am going to be heroic."

"O Tom!" wailed Marie, "you are going back to China."

"Heroism may become acclimatized to America," rejoined he, and pulled a paper from his pocket. "Miss Maria has advertised for a cook."

"The idea!" sniffed Sarah, bridling.

"She has advertised for a cook," went on Tom. "She means never to capitulate."

"Neither will I," said Marie, with raised chin.

"Good!" ejaculated Tom. "The day of heroes may be over, but heroines live forever."

Just then Miss Maria overhead was comparing herself to Constance de Beverley, as has been already mentioned, and rocked her patent rocker so hard that Sarah was sure she heard a movement in the hall outside the drawing-room. Tom would have flown there.

"No, no," whispered Marie. "Aunt Maria, you know, thinks I am alone here. She has come down to speak to me."

She opened the door a crack, and peeped out.

"Strange!" she said; "James must have left the hall-door open when he admitted you, for somebody has put a bundle in the vestibule."

"A baby," suggested Jane, the susceptible.

James, asserting that he had double-locked the door, though he owned to shoving in the bolts softly, as they usually shook the house to the very

foundations when they were shoved in in the ordinary manly fashion, went to investigate. He came back with a large bundle.

"Twins!" thrillingly murmured Jane. Tom opened the bundle; in it were some odd-looking garments, a blue blouse with wide sleeves, a pair of loose linen trousers, a pair of clumsy, stumpy slippers, with soles an inch thick.

"Tom," asked Marie, with frightened eyes, "what do you make of it?"

"Perhaps a heroic adventure, perhaps a bit of foolery," said he. "Let the things alone, and come hear me read Miss Maria's advertisement for a cook."

"The idea!" sniffed Sarah, a second time.

Now Miss Maria in her boudoir thought and thought. She thought she heard the heavy hall-door open. She thought of Marie down there in the drawing-room all alone. She thought of Tom Sinnickson on his way back to Canton, and of Marie's father's wrath when he heard the tale the young man would tell him. She was very hungry herself, and she wondered if Marie's chocolate was as delicious as usual. Powers! she had forgotten that Sarah, the cook, was gone, and that nobody else ever frothed the chocolate! Ah! that *must* have been the hall-door opening; Marie would go out for an early drive, and stop somewhere for breakfast. Powers! Toby, the coachman, had been discharged! Surely the hall-door *had* opened; suppose somebody had slipped into the house, and nobody to protect Marie, who was proverbially unheroic! As for herself, she could brave a regiment of burglars, a whole platoon of sneak-thieves, and—

And there she shrieked. For the door of the boudoir was stealthily moved, and a sly, yellow face with glittering eyes confronted her.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "What do you want?"

The face was followed by a body garbed in a blue blouse with wide sleeves, loose linen trousers, clumsy, stumpy slippers, with soles an inch thick. A long plait of oakum eked out the hair on the creature's head.

"Who are you? What do you want?" cried Miss Maria again, and shrinking over to a corner. "How did you get in this house?"

"Through the front-gate," was the nasal answer. "John comee in, John bundle comee too. Melican woman want cookee; John come cookee."

Miss Maria remembered her advertisement; but to have it answered thus! Yet she must put a bold front on it, and, oh! if she had not discharged James, who always attended to the door.

"I think I prefer a woman cook," she said.

"John allee same like woman," coolly responded the Chinaman. "My cookee lice better than woman. John nice."

"You horrid thing, go away!" she burst out. "I don't want you nor anybody like you."

"Hi-yah!" cried the Celestial, "my no can no way. My come to cookee. My cookee steakee, eggs done top-side and bottom-side, and lice flitters."

Miss Maria grew dizzy. The man, pulling a bottle from the folds of his garments, advanced toward her.

"Melican woman sickee; dlink samshu same like Chinamans dlink."

He held the villainous bottle out.

"I am weak from want of sustenance. I shall be immolated," she gasped. "Leave the house, sir!"

"Dlink!" commanded the new cook. "Dlink!"

Miss Maria called to mind all that her brother had written to her from China, all that she had read, and she knew that samshu was the national intoxicating liquor. She called to mind the awful stories her brother had told her of the superstition, the slyness, the knavish pro-

clivities of the dwellers in the Flowery Kingdom, who would think little of poisoning an American woman and robbing her house. She dashed aside the bottle.

"Leave the house, you wretch!" she cried.

John went a little aside. From some part of his voluminous clothing he extricated a long, flat rope. With this in his hand he followed Miss Maria around the room. Her tongue was paralyzed; she could not utter a sound. Watching his opportunity, with a dexterous movement he flung the lasso over her head, and her arms were caught in the sliding noose and bound firmly to her sides. Then her tongue was loosened. Help!" she screamed, "Marie! Sarah! James! Toby!"—then knew that Marie alone was in the house in the drawing-room, where a cannon shot in the boudoir would scarcely be heard. "Oh! if Tom Sinnickson were only here; he knew the lemon-colored people," and she had heard that a foreigner understanding the Chinese characteristics was feared by the natives.

But the yellow fiend had the bottle in his hand again. "Melican woman sickee. John makee all lite. John makee sleep, wake no more."

She was held tight; she struggled; she sputtered and gurgled.

"And this is my vaunted heroism!" she managed to say aloud, as the burning liquid flowed between her lips. "And this in open day-light, in a fashionable street."

"Good!" grinned John. "My can makee well. My can send Melican woman to China town. My burnee Joss."

He took some strips of paper from somewhere about him, and squatting on the floor lighted them. He bowed his head reverently. A thin, blue smoke arose, increased in volume.

"Goodee-bye!" John said, cheerfully. "Allee same like funelal."

"Are you murdering me, you heathen!" faintly murmured Miss Maria, beginning

to feel light-headed. "O Marie! forgive me! Tom! Tom! Tom! save innocent Marie! I have brought this on myself, but save her. Tom! Tom! Tom!" her voice swelled into a shriek—and was not heard in the drawing-room.

The smoke from the Joss-paper increased in volume, filled the apartment; and in the midst of it was the yellow face and the glittering eyes.

"Go," said a voice that sounded far off to Miss Maria, "go to the Great Bear! Go to the Old Man of the South Pole—he who inhabits the Southern star; he who hangs his lantern on his veranda when he goes to bed and takes it in when he rises, the lantern you call the Star of the South; he who keeps the register of lives and can alter the date of death to suit his wishes. Pray him to postpone your death till you are less heroic than you now are."

The smoke gathered to a central point, became denser and denser, formed a figure with yellow face and glittering eyes that waved its hands as a mesmerist might wave his hands.

"Sleep!" said the voice—"sleep!" And then Miss Maria knew no more. Yet the unconsciousness lasted but the twinkling of an eye, when Miss Maria awoke and found that she was impeded in her movements. She looked at her gown; it was a tight affair constructed from pink and blue silk.

"Strange!" said she. But, stranger still, she was not in her boudoir.

Here was a street with queer, pointed houses set chokingly close together; here were people dressed as she was and vigorously fanning away the hottest atmosphere she had ever known. Something was in her hand; it was a shuttlecock.

A man with glittering eyes and yellow face approached her.

"My wife!" said he.

It did not seem out of the ordinary to throw the shuttlecock at him.

And then somehow she became cogni-

zant that she was in China, that she had been forcibly sent here in order to petition the Old Man of the South Pole.

A group formed around her, strolling musicians, beggars, jugglers, street coolies, chair-coolies, and jinrickahamen.

"My wife, throw the shuttlecock again," the yellow-faced man said mildly, at the same time replacing the thing in her hand. She threw it with increased energy. The man hit it with his queue and sent it back to her.

"Hi-yah!" shouted the crowd. The shuttlecock fell at her feet.

"The evil spirits are against her," said the yellow-faced man. "Bring the tom-toms to frighten them off."

Whereat there arose an excruciating noise of drums and high-pitched flutes.

"My wife, throw the shuttlecock."

Miss Maria picked it from the ground and let it drive at his head.

"Hi-yah!" shouted the crowd, as the yellow-faced man, hitting it with his queue, sent it back to her, and she made no attempt to strike it. The tom-toms and the flutes woke dismal wail.

"The evil spirits are against her; let mourning be worn as though she had been taken to the street of Blessed Repose!"

Then the people whipped out knots of bright-blue beads and stuck them in their shiny skull-caps and slowly walked before her, shaking their heads and murmuring, "How sad! how sad!" She made a dash for the skull-cap of him who had called her wife, and was restrained by fifty hands.

"The evil spirits oppose her more and more," said the yellow-faced man; "let the mourning be more profound."

People pasted over the fronts of their houses rectangular pieces of ragged-edged, sky-blue paper, flaked with gold, and some quickly set up small altars upon which they placed squat household idols surrounded by burning joss-sticks, hyacinths, water-lilies, cocoanuts, oranges, pine-apples, and roast pigs—all propitia-

tory for her sins, which debarred her from some great honor or other. The man who had called her wife slipped into a white sack-cloth coat, and the people howled and tooted. Miss Maria picked up the shuttlecock and let the yellow-faced man have it. He was unprepared for it, and it touched him in the eye. Immediately some clarionets made a din that drowned his cries of anger and pain. Yet his sufferings brought forth a strange procession—Buddhist priests, clad in bright scarlet and distributing joss-papers, a number of coolies, bearing what Miss Maria took to be the trunk of a tree, the awful musicians, and, finally, fifty or so palanquins, containing frantically screaming people robed in white. The yellow-faced man, holding one hand to his eye, approached Miss Maria.

"Wife," said he, "come! your coffin awaits you!"

"My coffin!" she cried; "my coffin! you animated jaundice!"

"The coolies carry it."

"That thing like the trunk of a tree?"

"The national coffin. Come to your grave!"

"My grave, you yellow fever?"

"Have you not molested *me*?"

"Call that molesting!" and she flew at him. But she was restrained once more, and borne along in the wake of the procession.

The yellow-faced man, at arm's length, handed her a coin.

"To pay your ferriage over the river of death," he said.

She grasped the coin and spun it at him. It touched the eye he did not hold. Again the clarionets struck up, as, holding both eyes, he writhed with pain.

Hustled, pushed, pinched, Miss Maria was hurried along to a plain, where numerous rough, square stones lay on the ground. The people scooped out a long hole; the trunk of the tree was opened, and there was placed in it a bowl of rice and some other eatables.

The yellow-faced man was led up to Miss Maria.

"My wife, will it please you to get into your coffin? You would have been buried dead for your first offense; your second transgression compels me to inter you alive."

She was about to demur in a physical way, when she was seized, her tight garments wrapped tighter around her, and she was carefully placed in the tree-trunk among the rice and eatables. Everybody took out a pipe and smoked, and Miss Maria lay there glaring at them.

The yellow-faced man drew a book from his sleeve.

"Guide my hand to her name," said he; "place the pen on her term of life. It is ended!" Then, turning to Miss Maria: "Wife, you failed to appreciate the honor conferred upon you. I am the Old Man of the South Pole; it was in my power to wrest the heroics from you, to extend your life until you were no longer heroic. But I find that your heroism consists in undue seizure of prerogative. Had you played the game of shuttlecock with me—by the way, we never use battledores here in the constellation of the Great Bear—had you then played the game with me and worsted me, you might have lived to become as prosaic and unheroic as your own niece. As it is—"

"As it is," Miss Maria calmly interrupted, "it appears to me that I have not, in that game with you, come off second best. If you doubt it, let me up, and I'll try again until I dissipate your doubts or become the weakest of my sex."

Without assistance, Miss Maria was on her feet, had picked up the shuttlecock somebody dropped and pitched it at the Old Man of the South Pole. Blind as he was, he batted it back with his queue. She returned it with the sole of her shoe—for she noticed a sharp prong in the thing, and she would not trust her hand as a battledoor. The shuttlecock took the Old Man of the South Pole in the knee, and

the musicians could barely hide his exclamations. He pitched it back to Miss Maria, who, using her shoe-sole, gave it to him on the nape of his neck, as he turned to receive it with his queue. Back it came to her, forth it went, back and forth, she always receiving it on her sole, but so touching the Old Man of the South Pole that she believed there was not a sound inch in him, while the tom-toms were broken, the flutes and clarionets splitting, and the people's voice with their "Hi-yahs!" gone hoarse.

Miss Maria became maddened, her shoe-soles were giving out, and the amount of dancing she executed in order to receive the shuttlecock was wearing on her. When she felt that she must give over, a blow from the shuttlecock caught her on the hand. She made a rush for the Old Man of the South Pole, and though fifty hands tried to restrain her, she caught him by the queue, which rolled out into a pig tail, and, endowed with super-human strength, she swung him around, scattering priests, musicians, coolies, mourners who had come to her funeral, cleared the ground, reducing the Old Man of the South Pole to the mere bunch of oakum she grasped in her hand.

"Merciful powers!" she ejaculated, "what have I done?"

There was a roaring, a ramping, a scrambling among the unwounded Celestials; a shadow fell athwart Miss Maria. She looked up. The Great Bear was swooping down upon her to revenge the annihilation of the Old Man of the South Pole.

"Eh! you coward!" cried Miss Maria, in an attitude. "Come on! I am not to be conquered by a bear, great or little. Come on! I hope I'm equal to a constellation. Come on!"

The shadow grew vast, the roaring became awful, there was a sense of suffocation, a crashing of the very ribs of the world, and the tortoise that holds the world up, and then—

"Miss Maria! Miss Maria!" She opened her eyes, trembling in every limb. She was in her own boudoir, in the arms of Tom Sinnickson. "Don't speak," he said. "Look there!" He pointed to a heap of smoldering paper in the middle of the floor. "The Chinaman must have found his way here and used some of his stupefying liquor and incense. I came in time—"

"To save me," she cried, throwing her arms around his neck, "from the Great Bear—I mean—I mean—O my hero! the days of chivalry are not over, though my heroics are—I left them in China, or—that is, I mean to say—O Tom! I am so frightened! And where is that awful Old Man—I mean that Chinese cook?"

"You will never be troubled by him again, Miss Maria, never."

"My hero!" and there were Toby and James, Sarah and Jane. Miss Maria burst into hysterical tears. "O dear people!" she wept, "you care for me, or you would not have come back to me, and—"

hereafter I hope to be a great coward. Where is Marie?—has that Chinaman murdered her? Bring her to me, Tom Sinnickson. And don't either of you ever leave me; and don't any one ever mention that Chinese cook to me, or I shall die, I know I shall. Oh! bring Marie to me, Tom Sinnickson, and I'll tell you all my awful vision of immolation. Go find Marie!"

Tom Sinnickson found Marie bending over the kitchen range, into which she had guiltily thrust a blue blouse with wide sleeves, a pair of loose linen trousers, and a pair of clumsy, stumpy slippers, with soles an inch thick.

"I have been heroic, I have pleased Miss Maria," he said. "And though the days of heroes are past, heroines live forever. Have you all the stain off your face? You looked like a veritable washee-washee, my darling," and kissed her. "Now come and hear the story of your aunt's immolation, my heroine," and bore her off to Miss Maria.

ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

SHYNESS.

NONE but those afflicted with this disease of shyness can rightfully understand the torture to which it dooms the victims of its mysterious pain. It is a disease, a pain, which takes all the sweetness out of life, all the joy out of pleasure, all the sunshine out of summer. It destroys the morality of self-respect, and blurs the clear line between truth and falsehood, reality and seeming. It annihilates the physical senses—making one deaf and dumb and blind for all the essential purposes of ears, tongue, and eyes—and reduces the mental powers to a condition not above that of a bit of protoplasmic jelly, just conscious of existence, no more.

Shyness is one of the things which, bred in the bone from the birth, comes out in the flesh for all the years that time may

last. Much intercourse with the world may pare away some of the larger excrescences and fine down some of the sharper edges; but it is always there—to be brought to the surface under every new or unusual condition. The shy girl who weeps into her handkerchief because she has to play, as she can—brilliantly, superbly—before folk at the breaking-up of the school, will be the shy maiden who says No from the very contradictiousness of her fear when every fibre of her being yearns to say Yes; the shy wife who lets a misunderstanding widen into a severance because she has not courage to question her husband and ask him Why? the shy women who offend her dearest friends and throws her visiting list into disorder, because she is too timid to explain and too much "muddled and mixed" to under-

stand how she appears to a world that only sees and hears and does not dissect nor penetrate. Even into quite old age this painful quality keeps its hold on the character; and that strange anomaly—a shy old woman, or haply a shy old man, for the disease is common to both sexes—shrinks from the rude touch of strength or the strangeness of novelty or the shame of self-revelation, like a school-girl whose nerves seem to lie on the outside of her skin.

Shyness takes all forms and puts on all disguises. Sometimes it masquerades itself as rollick and loudness; sometimes as bold indifference or saucy pertness—and the poor wretch who is trembling in all his limbs and whose sole wish is that the earth should open and swallow him up, like a second Korah, affects a jaunty swagger, which he hopes will deceive those who are watching him and convince them that he is really a fine, brisk, bold sort of creature, fit to hold his own against any odds and ready to give as much as he takes. In heart he is a moral coward and intellectual sensitive-plant. His shyness makes him easy to be "bluffed" by any bold braggart who is what he only appears to be—for these make-believes collapse if handled the right way, and their lion's skin is never quite large enough about the ears. Sometimes he carries this masquerading to the opposite extreme, and for very fear of himself becomes an assailant as rude and reckless as he is in reality sensitive and timid. No one would suspect the truth who had not already some kind of inkling of it. That loud-voiced boaster—that contradictory impertinent—that free-and-easy joker—that pert travesty of a pert *soubrette* or a still more pert *petit maitre*—that uncomfortable porcupine, all points and prickles, nervous?—ahy?—so nervous, so shy that he does not know what he is saying—that she is in a fog wherein she discerns no shape of men nor form of things? It seems impossible!—and yet it is only too true; and the sufferings undergone by the unhappy beings who, to hide what they are, make themselves appear what they are not, and so exchange a weakness for an offense, are of the most poignant description.

No day passes wherein these shy persons do not make for themselves needless

distress—wherein they do not plant stupidity to reap shamefacedness and regret. What tortures they suffer when, at night in the solitude of their own thoughts, they go back on the deeds of the day and calmness produces clearness! When they remember their ungainly gesture as they handed the cup or took the chair or shook hands across the table or came stumbling into the room—when their ears re-echo with those unlucky words, that horrible allusion to the well-known skeleton, which came out in a manner unawares and without meaning, or that phrase which was meant to be complimentary and was apparently impertinent instead—when they wish they had not done this, and lament that they did not do that, its direct opposite—grieve over the good things they might have said and just missed—groan over the foolish words they blurted out as if they had been stones catapulted by some fiendish power behind them—then what tortures without name or end they undergo for all the follies forced on them to commit by the baleful influence of shyness!

When these poor victims are house mistresses, and have given dinners or evenings, what sufferings their fevered souls endure both at the time and after! They feel that they are neglecting A., and yet they cannot find one word in all the waste of their brains wherewith to begin a conversation. They are conscious that they offended B. by opening fire on an unpleasant topic, which was all they could think of to say; that they slighted C. and insulted D. all from pure nervousness and want of self-possession. When the guest of the evening came in, they were not sufficiently cordial; or by very excess of shyness they were too cordial, and heaped where they should have skimmed. When they discovered that they had made a blunder, and introduced as strangers who would be glad to know each other, two people who had been friends and now were enemies, they did not glide swiftly over the broken ice, but from pure nervousness stopped and leant hard, widening the fracture and causing a bigger hole all round. When Mrs. Fourstars said she wondered how any one with a soul to be saved or a reputation to be lost could know Mrs. Highflyer, they did not answer back what they knew, that Mrs. Highflyer

was as good as gold in grain, and that all her faults were only follies. They were not intentionally dishonest nor disloyal in their reticence; they were only shy, unready, afraid. But it will be a matter of self-reproach with them for days and weeks to come; and *that* bird in their bosom will be more like a hawk than a dove. So will be their failing to tell Mrs. Highflyer herself that Mrs. Dasher was not a fit companion for her anyhow, and that to be seen about with her in public would be about the worst thing that inconsiderate little woman could do. It was all shyness. Mrs. Fourstars, in the first instance, and Mrs. Highflyer, in the second, were both so confident there was no room left for protest—at least, no room for a shy person who cannot shoulder her way in, and must have free space if she is to keep her footing at all. If she had had one grain more of courage and self-assertion—one grain less of shyness—she would have spoken out as she knew; but she dared not, so consumes herself with reproaches, and suffers tortures in consequence.

We ought to be very tender with naturally shy children. The agonies those little people have to go through they alone can understand. But those of us who have passed through the same ordeal can remember what we suffered in our day of small beginnings and unused experiences, and by ourselves we can judge for them. To be told to go and speak to a stranger—to be taken between his knees and kissed by a big dark man with a scrubby beard and a red nose—to be asked, when older, to repeat that bit of poetry which it is as much as the poor stammerer can do to say to its governess *in camerá*—to be made to play that sonata before a proficient—to be sent down to dinner with a spectacled stranger who has a reputation—to be taken out for a drive alone with a formidable old aunt who asks questions and finds faults—to be, in fact,

initiated from childhood upward in any of the necessary procedures of life—is to be simply tortured. And we ought never to forget that what to us is quite inoffensive as well as necessary, is to these shy neophytes in life's mysteries a trial of nerves and courage for which nature has made them utterly unfit. A hard-handed parent ignores all this faint and delicate tracery made by nature, and insists on uniformity with the rest of the young world. The doctrine of idiosyncrasy finds no favor in eyes which would treat all characters as Procrustes treated inches, or wash over every picture with the same tint. A shy, shrinking, nervous temperament is handled with the same careless strength of grasp as a bold and fearless one; and the result is much the same as if you put gauze to the purpose to which you would put cloth, or brushed a butterfly with the brush you used for a poodle. If it is foolish to pamper shyness it is cruel to coerce it. If we must suffer in all training, we need not suffer by excessive training nor by too rough beginnings. We have to deal with shyness as with physical delicacy, and to be tender and patient with its shortcomings. We should not force a weakly child to take the exercise only natural to a healthy, strong, and powerful one; nor should we force a shy child to moral exertion over-severe for its constitution. In this, as in everything in life, we have to be guided by common sense—which is just what partisans are never famous for; and between those who would indulge shy children in all their shrinking sensitiveness and so let them set permanently into this mold, and those who would brutally ignore all need for tenderness, and treat them as roughly as the bold and strong, the *via media* is the only good and rational plan. And being this, it is just the most difficult to hit and the rarest to find.

MOTHERS.

OUR NEIGHBORS' CHILDREN.

THERE is nothing so dear to a fond mother's heart as her own children. There is no such blindness as hers for their faults. She can quickly see the failings of other children; but love excuses the same acts in her own.

I believe that from no other one cause has so much trouble arisen between neighbors as from children. And while they are the direct perpetrators of the mischief, it is the blindness and inconsiderateness of the mothers which should be blamed for the trouble.

I can no more forcibly explain the point of this article, than to give my own experience with a family of children.

A few years ago we moved into a thickly settled, suburban neighborhood. There was a remarkable dearth of children in the place, there not being any in but one family near us. In point of number and size they corresponded with those in our own home. They had pleasant, respectable parents, lived in a pretty, well-kept home; but alas! for the neighborhood, the children were their own disciplinarians. It was their liberty to go and come at their pleasure. It was a theory of their mother's that children should not be hampered by strict government. That their native goodness would develop better in a free and undisciplined atmosphere. But strange to say, there was not a neighbor whose opinion agreed with hers on this point.

We had been there but a few days when those children and our own had become well acquainted. And in less than a month our home was daily—yes, semi-daily and tri-daily—besieged by some of those children, as though it was especially kept as a resort for them. They had no home duties, and when through with their breakfast, the time until school was usually spent on the street or at a neighbor's. When school was over, the time until dark was spent in the same way. Our children proving a strong attraction, our home became their rendezvous.

From their loose, free life, they had formed many rude, objectionable ways; and while I realized that their influence was harmful, there seemed to be no remedy without having trouble with the parents. Months passed on, and no tongue can tell the trials we endured from those children. We hardly had occasion to rejoice over their absence. They would put in an appearance at all unseasonable hours. And when we had company they were sure to spoil the pleasure with their odious presence. Had they been good and well-behaved, our feelings would have been different. But they were continually into mischief. They had never been taught to respect the rights of others, so they did not hesitate to do anything that afforded them sport. It would have taken the vigilance of a policeman to have kept track of their offenses.

On several occasions when my patience was entirely exhausted the children were sent home. I hoped this would prove effectual in keeping them away. But not so.

For two years our household endured this affliction. But the time came when forbearance was no longer a virtue, and I told their mother she must hereafter keep her children away. She seemed amazed, and was very indignant. I could not by any amount of reasoning make her believe that I had had any cause for annoyance, but rather a source of prolonged pleasure, since *her* children produced it.

The result was, trouble ensued. There was not only a wide breach between our families, but the ill-feeling extended to the children, and their ardent friendship ended in an equally ardent dislike.

Children are so full of faults, and so given to mischief, mothers should exercise a great deal of common sense and consideration in all things where they are concerned. Parents have no right to allow their children to run indiscriminately to neighbors; nor should they be permitted to comment on what they see or repeat what they hear while at their

houses. It is not only an injustice to the neighbor, but it forms in the child's mind what will develop into a mischievous, gossip spirit in later years. And, too, calumnious stories often originate from children's gossip. They tell of something they have seen or heard. Older tongues repeat it, giving it a significant meaning, until the child's thoughtless speech results in injury to some one's character.

Observation has taught me that constant companionship between neighbors' children does not always end happily. Nothing can be truer than that with children "familiarity breeds contempt." An occasional visit from a playmate will

give a child great pleasure. But a daily or semi-daily intercourse soon spoils the charm. They become so common in each other's eyes that there is not the same desire to please, and their play is often disturbed by inharmonious wrangling. And sometimes the differences extend farther than the childish heart; for where is the mother who does not feel an affront to her child, even though the offender is her little child's playmate?

There is no more good sense and reason needed in any of life's affairs than in a neighborhood where there are children, in order to maintain a friendly, harmonious spirit with both old and young.

N. B.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

A YOUNG CONVICT'S STORY.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

THROUGH the influence of a friend who is a prison warden in one of the Eastern States, I came in possession of the following confession, and I submit it to publication that it may furnish those youths who are on the "down grade" food for reflection:

"STATE PRISON, CELL No. 20.

"To-day is my birthday. I am eighteen years old. Only eighteen! and for three months I have been confined in this narrow, loathsome cell, with but a faint ray of light and not a breath of fresh air.

"Eighteen! It is the very age when a fellow shakes off the boy and puts on the man. If anything is to be accomplished in life, then it must commence earnestly at this time. But here I am at eighteen, commencing a term of five years in a prison cell. I am going back to tell the whole story, and if it happen to be printed it may cause some weak young fellow like myself to halt before it is too late.

"I was just ten years old the first time I ever stole. I remember it as well as though I did it this morning. I was standing in the front of a large grocery

store. The clerks were busy in the rear. Just before me stood a basket of luscious, purple grapes. How I wanted some! But I had no money. The temptation came quick and strong for me to take a bunch. And almost before I knew it I yielded and was standing with my back to the clerks eating them. I listened constantly for the approach of a step, but no one came.

"I had almost finished the bunch when I looked up, and a lady stood outside the door watching me. It startled me so the grapes fell from my hands, and I sneaked out and ran off out of sight. But oh! how mean I felt! I did not go home until the dinner hour forced me, and I felt as though they all knew what I had done. I couldn't meet my mother's eye. It is a wonder she didn't notice how I hung my head, how silent I was, and how quickly I left the table.

"I didn't go around town much for several days. I was in constant fear some one would say, 'You stole that bunch of grapes.'

"I will stop here and say I am not of a low family. My father is an honorable, highly respected man; my mother, a sweet, refined woman. My father was not rich, and he had so large a family to support he rarely spent any time with us. And my mother was so burdened with

care I guess she was glad to get us noisy boys out of the house, even if we were mixed up with other children on the street.

"One of the worst boys in town was Jeff Jones. He was three or four years older than me. He was a bold, daring boy, and into all the mischief that was going. Somehow he took a fancy to me, and his influence over me was very strong. He was a jolly playmate, and we were constantly together when we were out of school. But my parents didn't know it. Such sly, bad things as Jeff would do! and he seemed to have no conscience about it. It was his delight to steal. He would laugh over it as though it was a joke; and he ridiculed my backwardness so that I grew bolder, and did many an act that I would not have done but for his influence.

"One morning he and I stood at the door of a store watching a man who bought a box of fine candies. He stepped out and placed the package in a sleigh and went off. When he was out of sight Jeff said:

"Let's hook it."

"Oh! no," I said; "he'll catch you."

"I'll see to that," he said. "You just go round and get into old Gumby's cellar, and I'll be there in a minute."

"I went into the cellar, a dark, dirty place, where empty boxes were thrown. I had been there but a minute when Jeff came with the package. We stayed a long time eating candy, and then we went around in another direction to see if the sleigh was still there, but it was gone."

"I cannot tell of all the bad things I did alone as I grew older, or the many worse ones I joined Jeff in doing. But by yielding to temptation and to Jeff's influence I gradually grew bolder and harder in conscience. But try as hard as I might, I could not kill my conscience. And I can truly say I never did evil but a remonstrating spirit of good would fight within me. Had I but hearkened to it I would not be where I am to-day."

"How it was that the many bad acts I did from the age of twelve to sixteen were not found out I cannot tell. I know my parents had no suspicion I was so bad. Indeed the worse I became the better I deported myself at home, in order to deceive my parents. Deceit is a necessary

cloak to wrong doings. One sin leads to another.

"At the age of sixteen I left school, and my father procured a clerkship for me in a hardware store. My salary was small but I had the promise of an increase as I learned the business. I stayed for a year, and my employer re-engaged me for a second, increasing my wages. And I blush now to think how many a dollar I slipped into my pocket while I was there.

"All this while Jeff and I were as firm friends as ever. Our leisure time was spent in plotting and often executing mischief. Two or three months after my seventeenth birthday Jeff was discharged from his place of work and was unable to get another.

"One Sunday afternoon we were walking in the country, when he said: 'Joe, I'm tired of this thing of working for somebody else, and being kicked out whenever it suits anybody to do it. I'm just going to set up for myself, and I want you for a pard.'

"What is it?" I asked.

"Hooking," he answered: "I'm just as sharp as any of those fellows that make a business of it. You and I will work a whole month now for no more than we could get in a few minutes."

"I can't do that, Jeff," I said. "I've done many a mean trick, but I can't make a business of stealing."

"A man may become hardened to little crimes, but still shrink from great ones. But Jeff argued and argued. And one time he said: 'Now, I've just the spiciest plan for us. Just let us commence here so as to get a start, and then we'll strike way out West, and I tell you we'll lead a gay life.'

"This plan fascinated me, and Jeff saw it. He urged and pleaded. He drew the brightest pictures of the future, and finally I yielded. It was agreed that we should rob the first good chance that offered. A few mornings after, he told me he had found a chance, a small grocery store with an obscure back opening. Jeff had studied the place, and we forced an entrance at midnight and got forty dollars from the money drawer.

"The next theft, Jeff stole a small hand-satchel from an old lady who was asleep in the depot. It held twenty-five dollars,

and although I pocketed half, I was glad I didn't do the deed.

"One day Jeff said: 'Don't you believe we might make a "haul" at your store? They must have lots of money there sometimes.'

"Yes, they do,' I answered; 'but they have a big, strong safe to keep it in, too.'

"But the strangest circumstance occurred which opened a chance for me, and fascinated as I had become by this easy way of getting money, and my mind constantly on the gay future when we were once in the far West, I was so blind a fool as to think we could succeed in robbing the store, where a more experienced criminal than I would have hesitated.

"It was in the holidays. Business was very dull, and all the employees except the head clerk and myself had a leave of a few days. Late one afternoon the head clerk left the store on business. He had not been out long before a messenger hurriedly entered the store, and told the proprietor his wife had been seriously hurt while out riding. My employer was gone in a flash. I was alone in the store an hour waiting for the head clerk, when a boy brought a note from him, saying he had slipped on the ice, and was so hurt he could not walk, and had been carried home. He, of course, thought the proprietor was there to close the business for the day.

"The store was now in my charge. I went into the office. The books were open, and the door of the safe stood ajar. I opened it, and there lay a large roll of money. I took it up and counted it—just an even thousand. With my mind so constantly open to temptation, the thought came like a flash, if Jeff and I had that we would start for the West in a hurry. But I put the money back, and went to the front of the store. I don't think I should have taken the money had I stayed there alone, but Jeff came in at that moment; and when I told him how I was alone, and of the money, he was fairly wild for me to take it.

"We've never been caught yet, and I'm not afraid this time,' he said. 'There's a train that leaves in an hour, and by morning we'll be far out of their reach.'

"With his strong urging, a reckless,

evil spell came over me, and we went and got the money.

"We hurried to the depot, took the train, and had soon left the city. But we had not traveled more than three hours, when, after leaving a station, an officer clapped his hands on us, and said:

"I am after you fellows. They want you back at B——'

"My employer had returned to the store, and found it deserted and the money gone. Detectives were soon at work, and when the head clerk was found to be innocent, the theft fell to me. Some one at the depot gave the information that I took the west-bound train. And so our journey ended in a five years' stay in this horrid prison for both Jeff and myself.

"The bunch of grapes theft ended in the thousand dollar robbery, which has stamped my character with a convict's brand, disgraced my family, and broken my poor mother's heart.

"As I sit here with the hours dragging so slowly that each one seems like a day, suffering such remorse of conscience, and enduring such bodily misery, I can see what folly for boys to act as I have done. It doesn't pay. It brings no happiness, but shame and suffering are almost sure to be the ending." NELLIE BURNS.

HOW A KNIFE TOLD THE TRUTH.

"HELLO, Charlie!"

"Hello, Dan!"

"How are you gettin' along at school?"

"Oh! pretty well. Are you coming back any more?"

"No, not this term, I reckon. I jus' tell you I'm not goin' to *knuckle*. How you gettin' along in your fight for the prize?"

"Oh! sort o' slow," said Charlie, thrusting his hands into his pockets and moodily kicking a large stone which lay by the roadside. "I could get it easy enough if it wasn't for Joe Trent. I can keep up with him in all our classes, for he has to stay out one day every week to work; but I can't sit up like an owl and never do a thing against the rules like he can. If Mr. Loton didn't give a demerit for every little thing a fellow does, I might get ahead of Joe yet."

"I betcher I'd get ahead of him anyhow; I'd make *him* get a demerit."

"You couldn't do it; nobody can get him to do anything in school."

"Well, I'd play some trick and lay it onto him, or make it appear somehow that he did it."

Charlie's sense of honor was shocked by this suggestion, and he soon parted from Dan and walked on toward the schoolhouse. Dan Shover had been suspended from school for misconduct, with the understanding that he might return at any time by asking the teacher's pardon for the disrespect and disobedience he had shown him, and promising to behave better in the future; but, as he expressed it, he would not "knuckle," and so he remained out of school. It would have been far better for Charlie Rodney had he not stopped to hold a conversation with such a boy; for although he was at first shocked by Dan's words, the evil leaven soon began to work in his mind, and by evening he had resolved to resort to dishonorable means to disgrace Joe and secure the prize to himself, and had, unhappily, hit upon a plan whereby he thought his object might be accomplished.

The school had been lately supplied with new desks, much nicer than the old ones which they superseded had ever been, and Mr. Loton, the teacher, had given the boys a very emphatic injunction not to cut or deface them in any way, as their predecessors had suffered more from wantonly handled jack-knives than from legitimate use.

An hour after school was dismissed, Charlie stole back to the schoolhouse, carrying with him the keys to the doors at home. Finding that one of these would unlock the door, he went in and cut an unsightly notch in the edge of the desk occupied by Joe Trent, and also cut the letters J. T. on the side of the desk, thinking that when the mischief was discovered it would naturally be supposed that Joe had done it during school hours. He then went out, locked the door, and hurried home to pass the most unhappy evening he had ever spent in his life.

Mr. Loton was much grieved next day to find such evidence of wrong-doing on the part of Joe, who had endeared himself to him by his well-learned lessons and good behavior.

Joe was so surprised when he saw what had been done to his desk that he looked frightened and confused when Mr. Loton spoke to him about it, and one not acquainted with his character would have had no doubt of his guilt in the matter, notwithstanding his earnest denial.

When Mr. Loton coldly told him that if his guilt, of which there seemed to be but little doubt, should be fully established, he should be dealt with accordingly, poor Joe went to his seat, feeling almost as miserable as though he had committed some fault.

Mr. Loton did not refer to the matter again until evening, just before dismissing the school. Then he said:

"I want every boy present who has a knife to bring it here and lay it on my desk."

The boys came up rather reluctantly and laid down their knives, thinking that the teacher meant to take possession of them to prevent any further use of them on the desks. When they were all deposited on his desk he opened them and examined the blades very closely, then asked:

"Has any boy here loaned his knife to any one since yesterday morning?"

The question received a negative answer from each one of the respective owners of the knives, except Charlie Rodney, who hesitated, apprehending he knew not what.

"Charlie, have you loaned your knife to any one since yesterday morning?" asked Mr. Loton.

"No, sir," answered Charlie, trying to shake off his embarrassment and appear indifferent.

After an ominous pause, during which the boys looked at him in wonder and suspense, Mr. Loton held up one of the knives, saying: "I think this is the knife with which Joseph Trent's desk was cut. Whose is it?"

"Charlie Rodney's," answered several of the boys in chorus.

"I have observed," said the teacher, "and I desire you boys to do the same, that the notch in Joseph's desk was cut with a knife which was sharp, but had a piece broken out of the blade—just such a knife as I now hold in my hand."

He stepped to the wood-box, picked up a piece of kindling-wood, and cut a notch

in it which showed the same peculiarity as that in the desk.

All eyes were turned on Charlie, who dared not lift his burning face to meet the gaze of his teacher and schoolmates.

"Charlie," said Mr. Loton, "do you acknowledge having cut that desk?"

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, bursting into tears.

"I desire you to remain with me after school," said Mr. Loton; then he restored the knives to their owners and dismissed the pupils, several of whom said to Charlie on their way out:

"Now you are going to catch it."

But he did not "catch it" in the way they meant. Mr. Loton did not use the rod, but talked to him very seriously and very kindly, until he exhibited thorough penitence and said he never would be guilty again of anything so wicked and dishonorable. And he never was. The only punishment he received was that of being condemned to sit by the desk he had disfigured.

Industrious Joe won the prize, and he and Charlie are now honorable and respected men and firm friends to each other.

MATTIE E. SPERBECK.

HOME CIRCLE.

THE LITTLE OLD MOTHER.

I WAS traveling through one of the Western States on a cold, snowy morning two years ago. Owing to a breakage in a car-wheel during the night the train had been delayed three hours, thus necessitating the same delay in breakfast. This circumstance, together with the gloom without, had a most solemnizing effect on the passengers, for every face in the car rivaled the morning in melancholy.

My own hunger had been appeased by a luncheon from my satchel, and as just such a gray winter morning is one of the delights of my nature, my spirits were quite in their normal state. I was wishing that something would arouse the long faces around me, when the train stopped, and a tall, broad-shouldered, rough-looking man entered the car, bearing in his arms a burden almost as large as himself.

Instantly every face was alive with curiosity. The man carefully deposited his load on a seat close to the fire near where I was sitting. I don't think my curiosity ever became so ungovernable as at that instant. What could it be that he was handling so tenderly?

With the gentleness of a woman he unfasted the numerous wraps, and from out of the mysterious bundle came the face of a little, wrinkled old lady. For an instant the revelation was really comi-

cal, but an after knowledge of the circumstances gave me a different impression, and the tall Westerner was enshrined in my heart as one of the true heroes of life.

I quickly observed that the old lady was sick; and although the man, in his clumsy way, administered to her wants, I knew a woman's hand was needed in her care. On learning that for a day's travel our route was the same, I offered to assist in the care of the lady, who was the man's mother. They were both persons of simple, open natures, the man particularly being very frank and talkative.

It is strange what a bond sickness and attentions to the sick will create even between strangers. It was so with us, for our acquaintance grew very rapidly during the day, and the man, unheard by his mother, gave me the history of her long midwinter journey.

For many years he had resided in the far West. In the meantime his father had died; his mother, together with her means of four thousand dollars, had gone to the care of one of his brothers. The money had been legally transferred to the son on condition that he was to support and care for his mother during her life.

"You see," he said, "I've been out West many a year, and knowing mother was gettin' pretty old, I thought I would let up on work this winter and go to see her. I knew all about the arrangement

of John gettin' the property for caring for mother, so, of course, I expected to find her well fixed. Well, John does live in a nice house. There's a fine parlor and fashun'ble fixin's all round the house—except in mother's room. I hadn't been there but a short time before I could see that mother wasn't like herself, and that she was of very little importance in that home, only to wait on the children and tend the baby. Her room was the poorest little room in the house, with a small lot of old furniture.

"The children treated her with disrespect. She went around quietly, always busy with the burden of little work that was left for her to do. If I am a blunt man generally, I've got a mighty quick eye to see oppression, and I took in mother's whole situation without ever lettin' on that I saw anything. I thought about it night and day. It troubled me so to think of the dear, faithful, bright-natured mother of our boyhood coming to what she had—an unwelcome burden in her son's home. I knew if I left mother as she was I would never know another happy day.

"One morning there had been a family fracas, in which mother was involved. I had heard but little of the fuss, but thinking that she might be unhappy, I went to her room. She sat with the old Bible on her knee, while the tears flowed in streams down her face.

"What is the matter, mother? I asked.

"O William! she whispered, 'I am so miserable.'

"What is the cause, mother? aint you happy here in John's home?"

"No," she answered, 'I'm nothing here but an old servant. I'm always found fault with for my homely ways, and I'm made to feel all the time as though I am dependent.'

"But hasn't John got your money? I asked.

"Yes, every dollar, four thousand of them. That's how they got this house and furniture, but you see there aint much of it in my room. I've wished a thousand times that I had kept my money and lived where I would have been happier. John's wife and me aint suited to each other. All she lives fer is fashun, and she hasn't any charity fer my ways.

But you see, William, I was raised different from what folks are these days. I was old when I came here, jest ready to drop out of life, and I couldn't go and shape my ways all over jest to please her. Why, she scolds because I eats with my knife; she scolds because I don't talk proper, and because I want to wear my old-fashioned clothes. The other day a lady called who had such a pretty dress on—and I said to her, what a handsome frock that is. And what do you call that pretty thing in your hand? That was all I said. But Lor! you would have thought that I had committed murder if you had heard John's wife talk when the lady was gone. She said I didn't know how to act; that I was a regular old greenhorn, and she wished I was somewhere else with my countryfied ways. O William! if I could only have looked forward years ago when I was working so hard for my family and trying to lay up something for my old age!"

"Mother," I said; 'does John know this?'

"He knows some of it. But he's gone most of the time, and then his wife makes him believe that what she does is about right. They all think I'm weak and childish, and aint got no feelings.'

"While mother was talking I was planning, and when she got through, I says: 'Mother how would you like to go to Arizona and live with me and Mitty? We aint very stylish, but we've got a mighty happy little home out there.'

"Lor! William," she said; 'jest to think of leavin' old York State and going to Arizony. Why, I don't believe I'd live to git there. And, then, do you suppose Mitty would be willin' fer me to come?'

"You can just count on Mitty every time, mother. She's got the sensiblest, kindest heart that God ever blessed a woman with.'

"And so mother and I talked it over, and we just decided for her to come. Of course, I knew it was a great undertaking; didn't know but she would die on the way. But even if she should, my conscience will be clearer than to have left her as unhappy as she was."

That night our routes parted, I branching off on another road, while they continued their westward journey. By the hearty shake of the man's hand and the

affectionate parting of the old lady, one would have supposed us friends of long standing. Being much interested in my railroad patient, I gave the man my address, he promising to write when their destination was reached. In due time I received a letter, saying they had reached home, and although the little old mother was greatly exhausted on arriving, she was recuperating, and bid fair for a season of happy life yet.

Oh! these aged parents, whose life-work is over, just waiting for the messenger to call them from us forever! Only a few years since, when intellect was bright and physical powers full, how unselfishly they gave labor and strength for their children. Their hearts were filled with the same tender love and ambition for their boys and girls that those same boys and girls, now men and women, have for their little ones. And in just the same way that they would have their children treat them when age brings impaired faculties and weakness of body, should they remember the aged parents dependent on them.

B.

"ONLY JOHN"

HOW often the words were said, and how often John heard them!

It had always been so since he could remember. He was one of a large family of brothers and sisters; they were healthy, bright, and quick; he was weakly, slow, and dull.

Even in their childish games he was crowded out. "Only John! he can't play; he can't run; he can't swim or skate—only John!"

As he grew older it was the same. If he came in from school before the others, perhaps father or mother would look up, and with a glance of disappointment say: "It's only John; he can't do the errand." Or the bright face of one of his sisters would peep over the banisters at the sound of the hall-door, and then the words would drop down: "Oh! it's only you, is it? where's the rest?"

And when they were well grown up he felt his insignificance still more. He was very sensitive, but so meek and silent that no one understood him or detected the

hungry longing of his life to be appreciated.

His mother did not mean to be unkind—really, she felt very tenderly toward him—but John could see the looks of pride she bestowed on her other sons, who were tall and handsome, while he was slight and awkward and growing more and more round-shouldered; and sometimes even she would let fall the familiar words, "Only John!"

And yet he was the only one of her boys who never gave her any trouble. He never played truant; he did not quarrel; he never deceived her or stole raisins or cookies; he did not read lurid novels or smoke stealthy cigars; and yet—he was not the delight of her eyes!

In the merrymakings of the young people John felt wholly out of place—tolerated, but not desired; and this consciousness made him all the more awkward and shy. His sisters were not proud of his escort, and in his wildest dreams he did not think of offering such attention to any other girl, he shrank so from derision.

But one day, when John was nearly twenty, his place at the breakfast-table was vacant. He had slipped away suddenly, making a little trouble in dying as he had in living. His shrunken, misshapen form, instead of flitting shyly through the house, lay in the cold and darkened parlor, crowned with the solemn dignity of death, while his face bore the look of infinite content.

The entire household were shocked—stricken! "Our John! dear John!" they said to each other. If he could have heard those words while still among them, how he would have treasured them! But now his ears were sealed, while the family recounted his many virtues.

He was faithful. If all the rest went away and John was home, everything was safe and cared for. He was kind. No one so tender with a childish hurt or trouble—so gentle with the ponies. He was thoughtful; so quick to detect a look of weariness on the mother's face—to give her the easy-chair, a fan, or glass of water; and she had accepted all such little attentions as a matter of course. It was only John!

And the poor old grandmother—the only one who had really appreciated him

—she was nearly heartbroken. Who would think to read to her now, to help her find her spectacles and knitting needle, and listen to her oft-told stories with fresh interest?

And the boys. They realized now how unselfish had been the dead brother—how he had patiently pasted their kites, mended the fish-lines, and found their mislaid possessions. How generous he had been with his pocket-money—helping to buy skates and toys which he could never use and enjoy; and how meekly he had borne all their teasing.

Ah! yes, every one remembered his kindnesses now, but remembrance was mingled with keen remorse. How little he had received for it all!

But though unnoted and unappreciated among his own, there was One who understood—One who, in selecting jewels meet for His kingdom, found no one in that family circle who were yet worthy—only John!

LILLIAN GREY.

CHATTY'S NEW RUGS.

LITTLE did we think a few weeks ago, when we asked the question of our minister's wife, in the March number of ARTHUR, about how we would make up the old hose into rugs, that we would be able to answer our own question. We can. We can answer it satisfactorily. Two weeks ago we went into a poor woman's home to give her directions about making a little slip of a half-gray switch to braid in with our hair, and there sat her daughter making the loveliest rugs on a machine out of old yarn, like ours, that we had been saving so long.

We were delighted. The flowers and birds grew under the deft needle as it slipped in and out of the framed pattern before her, and in one day that girl would accomplish more than she would in a week with a rug-hook, tugging unwillingly through the burlap. This was a revelation. We had said that probably all patented contrivances were clap-traps and snares, and we had no faith in them. But that afternoon we sent a postal note of a dollar and a half to the man who invented and sells it—E. Ross & Co., Toledo, O.—and now we don't have them braided or knit or "woven," as we

had so smartly arranged before our pastor's wife. The old hose were raveled, washed in suds, and the white yarn was dyed blue, green, yellow, and orange. We had red in all shades already. All our old cashmere is waiting to make up, and we are having a jolly time.

I don't tell the girls, but I mean to have bare, cool, clean, sweet-smelling floors now in the coming summer—not a mite of dusty, fusty, musty carpet down at all; just gay, cozy, large, hospitable rugs, here and there.

I take back my words of condemnation of machinery before I have given a fair examination of it, especially of the Novelty rug machine. So, after all, it was not "fancy," and we are glad that we saved old wool hose and woolen dresses year after year.

"Moths get at 'em?" some one asks. No, no; we sack up all woolens and every toothsome article that moths like to dine upon, put them away in grain sacks or new muslin tied up and hung in a dark place.

This is the latest-learned, newest, and best thing we have to tell, and we are glad to give it.

CHATTY BROOKS.

AS ONWARD WE GO.

AS onward we go down the broad stream of Time, we are continually coming in contact with the innumerable crafts of our fellow-voyagers, and are oft reminded of the great truth, that "no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

There are daily opportunities of doing good or ill, of giving pleasure or pain, to others; of lightening the cares and trials of those around us by little kindnesses or cheery companionship, or making them miserable by an opposite course. If selfishness rules our hearts, or indifference to others and to things around us, we will lose half the happiness that may be gained out of life, besides neglecting many a duty to our neighbor.

For selfish souls cannot grow and expand, nor feel the blessedness of that rich intercommunion with others which more genial natures enjoy. But warm, generous hearts constantly receive an inflowing

of happiness from their intercourse with their fellow-beings and from the good which they do them.

There are those, whom we occasionally meet, who seem to carry about them an atmosphere of kindness and benevolence, which beams through their faces and manner—persons to whom we would instinctively turn for help in distress, or when in need of a friend, even though they were comparative strangers.

There are others, again, who, although pleasant and agreeable companions, seem to hold us just at such a distance that we fell intuitively they are not the ones to ask a favor from or trust in for sympathy.

There is no place where such traits of character show more plainly or are brought out more strongly than here, in this great city of invalids and resort for tired ones seeking rest and strength, such cordial welcome greets the new-comer, as a general rule; such interest is expressed in their various ailments, and hopes predicted for benefit or recovery.

People are so often dependent here upon strangers or mere acquaintances for care, sometimes for the closest attention and nursing in extremity of illness, and it is given in most cases with such readiness and real sympathy, that it has convinced me there is much more of that sweet charity in the world than some have tried to make me believe.

The kindness of the Eureka people is a proverb, and it is not only by the residents, but by those who visit here, that it is evinced. Nearly all being sufferers in some measure themselves, they can feel for others who suffer, and my heart has been really touched more than once by the cordial interest and sympathy shown toward me, as well as many others, by those whom we have met by chance, as it were. The tall, strong man is gentle and sympathetic as a woman; the gay and seemingly careless one is tender in touch and tone when in the presence of sorrow or pain. I have seen them bending over the sick-bed, doing all they could to alleviate the misery of the sufferer, or carefully assisting the steps of some weak one, or wheeling the chair of a helpless invalid, or taking numberless steps on errands of kindness for those who were unable to do for themselves.

And when—as has been the case a few

times—death has come into our midst, and taken some one who was far away from home, and nearly all of kindred, stranger hands have ministered in the last hours, and performed the last sad offices *almost* as tenderly, it seemed, as one's own loved ones could have done it. And I have thanked God that there were such hearts and hands in this world, where there is so much trouble and such need that we should stand by each other as onward we go.

Onward the winter has carried us, through bright or gloomy weather, and through its changes of bright days and lonely ones. And now spring airs blow over the earth once more, and the mountain-tops are growing green under their genial influence, and fairy wild-flowers are blooming, and blue-birds are singing, and even the stern old pines lift their heads in the sunlight and rejoice.

The streets are filled with throngs of visitors again, for the place is almost crowded now, and it is daily entertainment to watch them pass on their way to the great "Basin" spring.

Lizzie and Jessie are with me at last, to banish my loneliness and make it seem more like home. They are interested in all things around them in this strange place, and Jessie enjoys climbing over the hills, and riding horseback, with all the zest of a young, bright nature, while Lizzie and I take the more quiet walks which our strength will permit, among the nearer springs upon level ground.

The early spring brought other pleasant friends around my onward way, to cheer and brighten, giving me some even gay and merry hours, when all care was forgotten for awhile, "Laugh and grow strong" was the motto which our gay little coterie adopted, in the hope that such a course would be conducive to the health which each one was seeking.

But our life-barques only floated side by side for a little while, then were separated by fresh currents sweeping down to float them far apart. Perhaps they will never come within hailing distance again upon the ever-broadening stream, but each will surely remember the hours of free-hearted enjoyment spent here together, and they will be something to treasure forever in memory, with pleasurable emotions, as onward we go.

LICHEN.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

GRANDMA'S SHAMROCKS.

"**H**ERE, Grandma, here's a present, it
has come a distance, too;
'Tis a little pot of shamrocks, and it comes
addressed to you!
Yes, all the way from Ireland, and the
card here mentions more—
They were gathered at your birthplace on
the banks of Avonmore."

"From Ireland! do you tell me? O dar-
ling! is it true?
Acushla, let me feel them—and you say
'twas there they grew?
Why, I can scarce believe it; is it really
what you say?
From my birthplace in old Ireland! poor
Ireland far away."

"I'm old and stiff and feeble, and in dark-
ness, God be praised,
Yet, Kittie, how it stirs me, how my poor
old heart is raised,
To feel it here so near me, the soil that
gave me birth,
The very clay of Ireland, let me kiss the
holy earth."

"These blessed little shamrocks! I can't
see them, yet I know
They bring me back the eyesight of the
happy long ago,
And rushing through the darkness comes
the picture that I love,
The dear, green fields of Ireland and the
sunny sky above."

"I see, as once I saw them, when a girl
like you I stood
Amid the furze and heather—there's the
chapel, hill, and wood;
There's the abbey clad with ivy, and the
river's winding shore,
And the boys and girls all playing on the
banks of Avonmore."

"God bless the little shamrocks, then, for
calling back the scene,
The beauty of the sunshine, the bright-
ness of the green,
Through long, long years to see it, and to
see it all so plain,
Ah! child, I'm sure you're smiling, but
I'm feeling young again."

540

"And, though I'm truly thankful for the
blessing that God's hand
Has brought around me, Kittie, in this
great and happy land,
I can't forget the old home, 'midst the com-
forts of the new;
My heart is three parts buried where these
little shamrocks grew."
E. A. SUTTON, in *Northwestern Chronicle*.

THE WHITE DAYS OF WINTER.

THE white days of winter, darling,
When softly the snowflakes fall,
Till a royal garment of ermine
Folds tenderly over all.
Field and hillock and valley,
Hushed in the sweetest sleep,
For the snow comes down from our Father,
His loving charge to keep.

Under the snow-robe, darling,
There is wonderful brooding heat,
That is taking care of the daisies,
And saving the next year's wheat.
And we'd have no flowers, dearest,
When the spring's green days come back,
If the white days did not bring us
The feathery flakes in their tracks.

And the golden days, my darling,
The day of lily and rose,
And the scarlet days of the maple,
All follow the path of the snows;
For the year goes round, my darling,
With the sunbeam and the shower,
And our Father's watch is over
Its every passing hour.

The swift, white day, my darling,
When the sleigh bells' merry chime
Is echoing o'er the roadway,
Is the fun and frolic time.
But the still white eve, my dearest,
Is sweeter to you and me,
When we have the song and story,
And the prayer at the mother's knee.

Our little home, my darling,
Oh! whatever wind may blow,
The south with his quiver of sunbeams,
The north with its flakes of snow,
Our little home, my dearest,
Is under the dear Lord's care,
And we fear no ill nor sorrow,
Lovingly sheltered there.
MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in *Public Ledger*.

TEMPERANCE.

WHY SHE BECAME A CRUSADER.

"I HAVE a favor to ask of you, Ethel." The young wife looked up inquiringly, and her husband continued: "I wish you to hold yourself entirely aloof from the women who are making such violent demonstrations against the liquor dealers. I do not want my wife subjected to the low and coarse remarks which the very nature of the men whose antagonism they are provoking suggests. If I entered your presence with my breath reeking with the poison, or my example was such as to lead you to suppose that it might be productive of evil to our boy, you might think it your duty to do something to counteract it. But as long as you suffer nothing from this curse, I ask you to leave the matter where it justly belongs. It involves a battle with men whose very breath is pollution to the name of women, and who are as unscrupulous as snakes in their mode of warfare. I will shield you and our boy from all contact with the evil; let every man do the same for his family, and there will be no call for women to soil their garments in the gutter while lifting drunkards out of it. Will you acquiesce in my wishes in this matter?"

The young wife looked up to her husband with a trusting smile, and replied: "Your counsels are my guide, and your wishes are my law. I have sometimes felt as if it were a duty to help those whose only hope of arresting the downward course of husbands and sons was in slaying the demon who is dragging them down, but I have faith in your judgment and I will be guided by it."

"I know that your sympathies, and a knowledge of the real need of effort in this direction would impel you to identify yourself with the workers, but it is not women's place to march boldly forth to combat with this evil as it exists. It brings her in direct contact with an element as defiling as pitch and as debasing as sin, and *never*, if I can prevent it, shall my wife come within reach of the contaminating element found in the low drinking-saloons in every city."

"He who begins in the highest, sooner or later finds his way to the lowest," said Mrs. Hollister, reflectively; "but I will do nothing in opposition to your wishes."

"I thank you, Ethel; I knew that you would be willing to leave this work in the hands of men, where it justly belongs, and I will try to do my duty in the matter."

The husband departed, and Mrs. Hollister took her two-year-old Freddie in her arms, and thanked God for the husband who was her comfort and protection, and whose influence and example would be a strong barrier between their precious boy and the temptations which otherwise might beset him.

"Safe, *safe*, my darling," she said; "his protection will shield you, and the future holds none of those phantom terrors which haunt the slumbers of many a mother of a wayward son."

Theirs was a happy household. Mr. Hollister had exalted ideas of the sanctity and purity of home, and where there was real temperance work to be done he stood firmly between her and the class among whom it was necessary to labor. Mrs. Hollister was repeatedly solicited to unite with various organizations for the advancement of the cause of temperance, but, in accordance with her husband's wishes, she never ventured beyond the influence which her name might lend to the society, without actually taking a part in any aggressive movement.

Shielded from every care, happy in the society of her husband, and proud of her beautiful boy, Mrs. Hollister's life seemed to be all radiance and sunshine, until ten years had passed without a cloud to mar her happiness; then came a calamity that darkened and shadowed all her future days. A sudden illness resulted in the death of her husband. The terrible blow threatened her reason for a time, but for the sake of her boy she rallied at length, and seemed to live for the sole object of training him in such a way that he might attain the true and noble manhood of his father.

The child was her only solace, and she used to sit gazing lovingly upon his hand-

some face, studying the resemblance to the father which she could trace in his features, and thanking God that He had left so great a consolation in her overwhelming loss.

"I shall be proud and happy, my son," she used to say, "when I can see you occupying the honored position for which your father destined you, for then I shall feel, darkened as my life is, that I have not lived in vain."

But he was a bold and self-reliant boy, and there comes a time in the lives of most boys when they need the restraining influence of a father's authority.

His natural abilities were of a high order, justifying the mother's hopes of talented and honored manhood, and being a handsome and witty lad, he was a favorite with boys older than himself, and in spite of all the mother's vigilance and loving counsels, he drifted into company from which his father would have protected him had he been permitted to remain.

It was in vain that the mother plead with him to spend his evenings at home, and night after night, with an aching heart, she waited his coming.

He returned late one night, with the odor of wine upon his breath for the first time.

"My son! my son!" exclaimed the mother, "never did your father enter my presence with the odor of that vile poison upon his lips; if you are going to enter upon such a course, may God, in His infinite mercy, take me before I live to witness it."

"Don't be fanatical, mother," said the youth of fifteen years, seating himself with an air of superior wisdom. "I have only been out to a supper with other gentlemen of my age. Wine was served, of course; you know as well as I that it is a fashionable beverage among the 'elite,' and I have no sympathy with that radical and unreasonable set of people who can see a 'lurking demon in every glass.'"

"My son, there is danger in every glass. Oh! if I could but shield you from it until your judgment is sufficiently matured to regard this terrible evil in its true light!"

"Mother, you talk to me as if I were a child," replied the boy, haughtily.

"O my son!" said the mother, earnestly,

"better, a thousand times, is innocent childhood than a degraded manhood; you have no truer friend than your mother; why will you not listen to my counsels and give me the pleasure of your society instead of the long and anxious hours that I wait and watch for your coming?"

"Mother, I am no longer a child to submit to a woman's dictation. I must insist upon my *right* to choose my own company and use my own judgment in regard to the manner of spending my time," he replied, with an air of offended dignity, and retired to rest, leaving her in a state of anxiety and distress.

He had started at the top of the inclined plane leading down to destruction. Night after night he came home with flushed face and uncertain step, and the odor of strong drink and tobacco polluting his breath. At length she succeeded in tracing him to a fashionable saloon, where covert violations of the law are as common as the rising and setting of the sun.

Not knowing what else to do, she called upon the proprietor, and in a modest and lady-like manner, requested him to see that her son was not supplied with liquor upon his premises, and received an insolent and insulting reply. At that moment, an oath, such as had never before been uttered in her presence, fell upon her ear, and her son came reeling from a room in the rear of the building, in company with two more young men, equally under the influence of strong drink.

"Come home with me, my son," she said, bursting into tears, which she was unable to restrain at the humiliating sight.

"Madam," said the proprietor, sternly, "this is no place for you, and I command you to leave my premises."

"It is no place for you either, Freddie. Come with mother."

Crimsoning with as much of shame and mortification as his drunken state would allow, the youth affected not to know her, and she was obliged to leave without him. She reached her home in a state nearly allied to frenzy.

"I see clearly, now," she said, pacing the floor in her agony. "As long as my husband stood between me and the demon, I caught no glimpse of the pitfalls through which thousands were falling to ruin. The time has come when it is my duty to

place myself between my boy and the destroyer; if a hideous and loathsome reptile attacks my household, shall I stand helplessly by, and see my children devoured, rather than that my garments should be soiled in the combat? *Never!* Like a tigress roused in defense of her young, I will fight the destroyer with every means, with every power and energy concentrated in my being. What is moral suasion to snakes? Away with it! I will rally every wronged and suffering wife, every heart-broken and despairing mother, and we will fight the demon in his stronghold, with the powerful weapon of outraged justice and desperation."

In an incredibly short time, Mrs. Hollister was upon the street as the leader of the most desperate and determined band of crusaders that had ever assembled.

One by one, they, invaded the gilded

palaces of the demon, and at their departure each place looked as if it had been turned inside out by the irresistible fury of a hurricane.

"Madam, is this right? is it in accordance with the peaceable requirements of law and order?" asked a conservative friend of temperance of the determined leader of the band.

"If it is not," she replied, "I call upon you to invent a better and more effective plan, then go yourself and put it to a practical test, and if it accomplishes more for the cause of temperance, I, for one, am willing to adopt it; but henceforth, even after my own personal grievances have passed away, as long as God gives me health and strength to labor, I shall be an earnest and practical worker in the temperance cause."

ISADORE ROGERS.

HOUSEKEEPERS.

MILK AND BUTTER.

THERE are few departments in house-keeping on which so largely hinge the comfort of the family as the proper management of the milk and butter. To go to the root of the matter, we must start by managing the cows properly, and if we do this we will have a good supply of nice milk and butter, even if we are unable to obtain blooded stock, but have to content ourselves with the old-fashioned "scrub" cows. With proper feeding and attention, even these will richly repay us for our care.

As circumstances vary so widely (as well as tastes and dispositions), it is, of course, impossible to lay down a general rule as to the number of cows it is advisable to keep. There is one rule, however, we may safely lay down positively in regard to this point: Never keep more cows than you can feed abundantly and attend to carefully in every respect. If you do, they will prove a vexation and loss. Under ordinary circumstances I should say that two cows (or, at the outside, three) were sufficient for the needs of a family. Have good pasturage in summer, and feed them liberally in winter if you

hope for any valuable returns from them. It is scarcely worth while, I suppose, to advise that their shucks and fodder be cut up fine, as all farmers do this now. It is well to feed them in tubs in winter, putting scalded ship stuff or wheat bran on top their rough food. Pumpkins make the milk and butter rich and well flavored.

It is very important to secure a good milker—one who is cleanly, patient, and amiable, and who has acquired the "sleight-of-hand" which is needed about milking even more than mere strength. My reader may smile at my mentioning amiability among the traits desirable for a milker, but it is a literal fact that cross, impatient people who raise their voices angrily and abuse cows have a very bad effect on these animals, who sometimes refuse to let down their milk fully under such circumstances. Having secured a good milker, try to keep him (or her) permanently, as it injures cows very much to change the milker often. They will not let down their milk well unless they are familiar with the milker.

In warm weather the milking ought to be done as early in the morning as possible, and the cows carried back to their

pasture. If you are not provided with a dairy or spring-house, set your milk in the coolest place at your command, first separating all you will want during the day for cookery or table use from the milk intended for churning, as this ought never to be disturbed. If you have not ice to put your drinking milk on, you can make it delightfully cool by bottling it and putting it in a spring box. The coolness thus produced is much pleasanter and more healthful than the intense coldness produced by ice. Never put ice in sweet milk, as it melts and dilutes the milk. Buttermilk may be thus diluted without injuring its quality and flavor, but sweet milk cannot.

If you churn only once in twenty-four hours, and that in the morning, it is well to set the bucket of morning's milk in a tub or large dish-pan of water to prevent it from turning too much in advance of the night's milk which you wish to churn with it the following morning. The latter milk will not turn during the night unless you pour into it about a pint of morning's milk, so it is important to do this if you wish to arrange so as to have only one churning in twenty-four hours. But if you have sufficient milk to churn twice a day, it is better to leave your milk to turn naturally. In summer always churn in the cool of the day, either early in the morning or late in the evening. It injures the butter both in quantity and quality to churn it in the warm part of the day. It is a good plan to churn in a shady back porch, or, better still, under a big, shady tree. Churning brings so many flies into the house that it is undesirable to do it there when you can avoid it.

Extreme nicety and care are requisite about the vessels used for milking and churning. A copious amount of scalding water has to be employed on them, and they must be frequently sunned. It is well to have two sets of milk vessels to use alternately. An almost boundless amount of tinware is needed where you have milk in abundance.

The churning over, carefully separate every particle of butter from the buttermilk, and put it in a "piggin," as we call it in Virginia—that is, a little pail (generally of cedar-wood) with one spoke projecting high above the rest for you to hold the pail by. After carefully making the

butter with a cedar stick (or one of some other wood free from a disagreeable taste or scent), put it in a tin bucket and set this on ice or in a spring box or some cool place till late in the evening, and then take it out, work thoroughly over again, and make it up into a plate or plates. Be careful to shape it nicely, and if you will stamp it with a pretty print this adds much to its nice appearance. It is a good plan to make up several small plates of butter rather than one large one, as you can then place an unbroken print of butter on the table for each meal, and this looks much neater than a broken one. It is desirable, even for city housekeepers, to have a butter piggin, stick, and print, so as to nicely shape the butter they buy in the mass. It is so much prettier and more appetizing in this form than in a chunk.

Both milk and butter are such ready absorbents that housekeepers have to be very careful to put them in a place by themselves, or with articles devoid of a strong taste or scent. I know a young housekeeper whose butter for several weeks had such a singular taste that the members of the household could scarcely manage to eat it. She was very neat and particular about it, and was much worried and puzzled by its queer flavor. On consulting an old, experienced housekeeper, the latter said, "Let me look at it in your safe," and on doing so, she found lying close to the butter a couple of lemons, the flavor of which, though agreeable in itself, was very detrimental to the butter. It turned out that the young housekeeper had for several weeks been keeping lemons on the shelf with her butter, ignorant of the fact that the flavor of milk or butter is almost ruined by the proximity of any highly scented or flavored article, such as lemons, onions, pickle, ginger, etc.

Many housekeepers begin to lay up their winter butter in October, wrapping each roll in a piece of old tablecloth or sheet, and putting them in a firkin or stone jar, and pouring over them a clear, strong brine. Some housekeepers add a pound of white sugar to every gallon of brine. But unless you are making butter on a very large scale, it does not seem to me very desirable to put it up in brine. Simply pack it in a stone jar, and when

the jar is full, take it for your immediate table use, and commence filling another jar with the freshest of your butter. By using your jars of butter thus, in rotation, you can have a supply of at least moderately fresh butter always on hand, and it will be much nicer than butter put up in brine.

Milk and butter have, of course, to be managed differently in winter from the way they are managed in summer. In winter, the churning milk has to be kept in a warm place, though it is a bad plan to put it too close to the fire or stove, as this will make the butter white and frothy. You will facilitate the turning of the milk very much by pouring into it about a pint of buttermilk. It is better to churn about the middle of the day in winter, and in very cold weather it is better to let one thorough working of the butter suffice. It is easy to work it then when freshly taken out of the churn, but when it stiffens and hardens, as it will do a few hours later, it is very difficult to work it. I would therefore advise you, in very cold weather, to give your butter one thorough working immediately after it is taken up, and to make it into shapes then.

As milk is so much more abundant in spring and summer than at other times, a housekeeper had better pick those seasons to have her milk desserts, such as blanc mange, custard, ice-cream, etc. In Virginia, however, and other localities as warm, it is difficult to have pure ice-cream in very hot weather, unless one has a regular dairy to draw from. The cream is apt to sour before you can accumulate enough for a freezing. In view of this fact, it is well to mix cream and a rich boiled custard when you want ice-cream. If you are going to have ice-cream for dinner, sit in shallow pans or bowls all the milk of the night before. Skim off the cream in the morning, put it in a screw-top glass jar (or jars), and put it on ice till you are ready to use it. If insufficient for your purpose, make boiled custard of fresh morning's milk to add to the cream. Flavor with cinnamon or vanilla, sweeten to your taste, and put in eggs in the proportion of a dozen to a gallon of milk. Make it as early in the morning as you can get fresh milk, as it takes several hours for it to cool thor-

oughly. After it has boiled sufficiently, pour it into a tin bucket, and set this either on ice or in a tub or dish-pan of cool water. When it is thoroughly cool, mix the cream with it and freeze it, and it will be very nearly as delicious as pure ice-cream, and at the same time it will be lighter and more wholesome, and will not trench so seriously on the butter-making of the household.

M. W. EARLY.

ADVICE TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

THE warm, sunny days of spring will soon be at hand. Bright rays of sunshine coming in through open doors and windows will penetrate every nook and corner, until the industrious housewife, unable to endure the contrast between sunshine and the winter's dust that is fairly ground into her carpets and furniture, sends forth the fiat that the house from garret to cellar must be thoroughly cleaned.

Thorough system in house-cleaning must be learned by experience, and the young housekeeper who is wise will be on the lookout for means whereby she may find relief from the numerous aches and pains that are sure to be the result of a general tearing up of every apartment in the house at the same time.

During the first or second week in April every closet in the upper part of the house should be carefully examined. Half-worn dresses, skirts, etc., should be removed from the hooks. Use a stiff brush to remove dust, and if there are spots upon the clothing, dip a soft woolen cloth into warm, soapy water, containing a small quantity of ammonia, and rub the spots until they disappear, then hang in the sun for an hour or two.

Wash the shelves, sides, and floors of the closets with clean, soapy water. Do not use paper for filling cracks in the wall, as vermin are likely to settle in the folds—particularly if the house is old. Every housekeeper knows to her sorrow how rapidly these pests multiply, and the question: "What shall I do to get rid of them?" comes from every quarter. Fill the cracks with putty, then with a small-sized paintbrush give the walls and woodwork a coating of spirits of turpentine, the fumes of which will destroy the small

eggs of the insect, thus removing all liability to further annoyance.

In many households the cellar does not receive attention until every nook and corner of the house has been made familiar with broom and brush. This is a mistake, and a grave one. It is usually the middle or latter part of May before the busy housewife finds time to examine her cellar, and by that time she is so tired and worn out that in many cases the work is postponed until she can gather strength to do it properly. To all such we would say—let the cellar be cleaned *immediately* after you have arranged your closets. If not obliged to do the work yourself, superintend it, and see that no part is neglected. Mix equal parts of charcoal and plaster of Paris, and sprinkle under porches and along the walls of the cellar. The bin in which vegetables have been kept during the winter will probably send out a bad odor. Take two separate pails, fill them with water, pour a pint of the liquor of chloride of zinc into one bucket, and into the other pail put about one pound of chloride of lime. Saturate the ground thoroughly with the mixtures. The odor will be destroyed immediately.

Many cellars, especially those under houses built upon "made ground," are damp and unhealthy. Charcoal scattered here and there will counteract all bad effects. Every cellar should be whitewashed at least twice in a season. A small quantity of copperas added to the lime is an excellent disinfectant, and carries *sure death* to vermin.

Neglected cellars in which decayed vegetables and stagnant water are permitted to remain are plague spots that are liable to spread death and desolation throughout the household of the careless, easy-going wife who has adopted the words, "time enough," for her motto. Scarlet fever, typhoid, diphtheria, and many other diseases have been traced to a badly ventilated, foul-smelling cellar.

In many houses the dining-room and kitchen are kept in a state of disorder during the entire period of house-cleaning. Meals are prepared out of materials that are unpalatable as well as unwholesome, and are served at such irregular intervals that Tom, Dick, or Harry feel an uncontrollable impulse to engage a room at the cheerless boarding-house

"around the corner." Of the two evils, they are satisfied that hash and soggy vegetables will prove the least.

With proper management, the periodical disarrangement of the household machinery will be so slight that Tom will fail to see what is going on, Dick will come and go with his accustomed serenity, and Harry will be strengthened in his belief that "there is no place like home."

If obliged to do your own work, devote at least an hour to your kitchen and dining-room. After the dishes are washed and the floors swept, spread a clean cloth upon the table and arrange it for the noon meal, so that even though you remain upstairs until almost the last minute, you will have ample time to broil a steak, prepare coffee, and remove from the oven the nicely baked potatoes. A plate of baked apples and a pitcher of milk will answer for dessert.

As the season advances, take time by the forelock and gather together all woollen articles of clothing, blankets, shawls, furs, etc. Garments that are very much soiled should be ripped apart and cleaned with a preparation composed of equal parts of strong ammonia, water, ether, and alcohol. If the garment has been soiled with grease, pass a piece of blotting-paper under the spot; moisten a sponge first with water, then with the mixture, and rub briskly. Every particle of grease will be absorbed by the sponge and blotter. All clothing that is to be packed away should be well brushed or beaten and hung in the open air for an hour or two.

Houses heated by furnaces contain numerous hiding-places for that dread of all careful housekeepers—the "silver moth." As soon as the weather will permit us to keep doors and windows open, the silver moth takes wing. Many persons suppose, when they see the moth flying about, that it is searching for material to feed upon, and a wild chase after the insect immediately ensues, but the mischief is already done; they have deposited their eggs, and it needs but time and relaxed vigilance to bring about wide-spread destruction, for if once permitted to gain the upper hand their depredations cannot be remedied.

The sides of the floors around the carpet should be washed with strong suds, in which a spoonful of borax has been dissolved. When dry, sprinkle tobacco leaves along the edge and tack the carpet. In

this way the eggs will be destroyed, which is the only means whereby the insect can be annihilated. Sprinkle a few drops of spirits of turpentine in the drawers, trunks, and boxes in which woolen clothing is to be packed. The odor is so strong that should a stray moth or bug chance to be secreted within they will die instantly.

No household should be without a bottle of turpentine; it is not only an excellent destroyer of vermin, but if mixed with oil is unexcelled as a liniment for sore throat and rheumatic inflammation.

A word about the much-neglected kitchen sink. Many persons seem to forget that the waste-pipe gets clogged with grease, and are amazed when water can no longer find an outlet. At least once a month a strong solution of lye-water should be poured into the sink; it cleanses the pipe and prevents bad odors from forcing their way into the house. Renew the dishcloth frequently; do not follow the example of the Irishwoman, who boasted that, "Sure an' the wan dish-rag 'll do me till there's nary a bit av it left at all, at all." M. A. THURSTON.

RECIPE FOR COOKING HAM.

THERE are many who would like to follow the old habit of eating ham in the spring of the year, but unfortunately it does not agree with them, for they haven't the strong digestion their grandparents had, and cannot eat it prepared in the old-fashioned way. Ham fried in its fat, as our grandmothers cooked it, and ham stewed with a brown gravy are two different dishes, and to eat a moderate amount of the latter I do not

believe will inconvenience any one, unless they are, indeed, sadly dyspeptic.

To prepare it in this way, select a good piece of ham, for no skill in cooking can make an appetizing dish from a tough, strong piece of meat. Cut the slice about a half an inch thick, trim it nicely, and if it needs to be freshened place it over the fire in cold water and turn off the water when it has become hot. Again, pour on water to the depth of the meat, and with the fryingpan covered, allow the ham to boil slowly for half an hour, or until the water is all boiled out. Brown it nicely on both sides, and this part of the process should be done as quickly as possible, being careful not to scorch it.

Without removing the cover, pour off the fat and pour in hot water enough to make sufficient gravy, which will be of a rich brown color and a very nice flavor. Remove the ham to a hot platter, pour over it the gravy, and it is ready for the table.

FARMER'S FRUIT LOAF.

SOAK three cupfuls of dried apples over night in cold water, enough to swell them; chop them in the morning, and put them on the fire with three cups of molasses; stew until almost soft; add a cupful of raisins (seedless, if possible), and stew a few moments; when cold, add three cupfuls of flour, one cupful of butter, three eggs, and a teaspoonful of soda; bake in a steady oven. This will make two good-sized panfuls of splendid cake; the apples will cook like citron and taste deliciously. Raisins may be omitted; also spices to taste may be added.

This is not a dear, but a delicious cake.

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

TO THE FANCY-WORKERS.

LINES FOR A DARNING BAG.

WHILE making one of those darning or mending bags, so much used recently, for a birthday gift, a few lines that I read long ago about a tired mother who sang:

"Heigh-ho! measure and sew,
How I do wish that garments would grow!" etc.,

kept singing themselves over in my mind, and mingling with my thoughts on the pleasures (?) of darning, till, almost unconsciously, I found myself singing:

"Heigh-ho! a hole in the toe,
How I do wish that stockings would grow;
A cotton-sock vine or a stocking tree,
What a refreshing sight 'twould be!"

I quickly noted the lines down, thinking I would write them in a large, bold

hand on the outside pocket, and work them over with fine white or gold-colored silk in outline stitch; but, as I am one of the "weak ones," whose eyes are not to be depended upon, I found it impossible to take the fine stitches regularly; so the bag—large enough to hold the unmended socks of the week, with its outside pocket for yarn and thread, and inside, its flannel leaves for needles, its scissor straps, and little thimble pocket, had to be completed without them.

But not feeling quite satisfied, just before sending it away, I wrote on paper—to fold and put in the thimble pocket—the following lines:

"Heigh-ho! a hole in the toe!
How I do wish that stockings would grow!
A cotton-sock vine or a stocking tree,
What a refreshing sight 'twould be!

"Heigh-ho! so singing low,
Your loving friend made me, and told me to
go,
Brimful of love, away to see you,
To cheer you, and help you your darning to
do;
So give me your socks,
Your needles and yarn—
Then see how I'll help when
You darn, darn, darn.

"Heigh-ho! wishing, you know,
Never will mend the heel or the toe;
But when here you find thimble, scissors,
and yarn,
You'll say 'tis a pleasure to darn, darn, darn;
You'll sing, as you work
With needle and yarn,
'Tis nothing but pleasure
To darn, darn, darn."

Having been assured since that they were highly prized, and should always have a place in the little inner pocket, I thought some of the readers of this HOME MAGAZINE might like them for the same purpose.

So, perhaps, some tired mother or busy grandma will be cheered to find her birthday has been lovingly remembered, when she receives one of these useful companions for mending day, and will be pleased when she is surprised by the little slip, tucked away out of sight in the pocket.

I can almost see her now, as she laughingly shakes her head, exclaiming:

"Nothing but pleasure to darn, darn, darn!"
while she carefully folds and returns it to

its place, with a tender thought for the giver.

These bags are often made of nice, rich material, and used for general mending and patchwork, as well as for darning. They may be hung almost anywhere, and are quite ornamental. As a present for a busy housekeeper nothing of the same value can be more acceptable or useful.

I have made one of mixed gray cotton goods, with Turkey red for pockets, cord, etc., and another of pieces of a linen duster instead of the gray, and they are both very pretty. Had I been able, I should have put the words of the first stanza on the outside pocket with embroidery cotton. Having no rings, I wound wire several times round something of suitable size, slipped it off, worked it over firmly with red yarn in buttonhole stitch, and had a ring much prettier than a plain brass one. The cord and straps I made of a long inch-wide strip of Turkey red, folded and stitched. I will give directions for making one, as they may be of use to some who have never seen them.

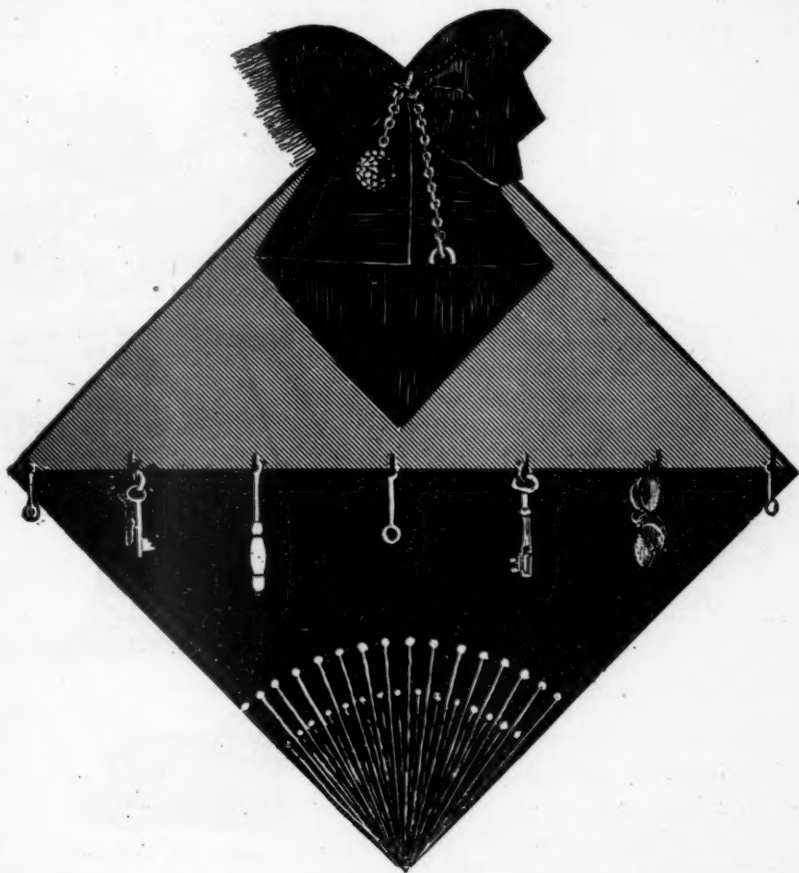
Cut two pieces of pasteboard, each six inches wide and seven inches long, and another six inches wide and four inches long, and round one end of each. Cover both sides of each piece with the material. Put flannel leaves for needles across the upper part of one large piece, and over them lay the small covered piece, and tack the upper straight edges together.

Make three little straps, and fasten one end of each, an inch or more apart under the leaves, and draw them straight down and fasten them to the foundation; these are for scissors. Make a little pocket (four inches wide and two and a half inches deep, when it is all done) like the outside one, and sew it on the lower part of the piece, so that it will cover the ends of the straps; this is for the thimble.

Take a piece of the material sixteen inches wide and a yard and a quarter long, hem the ends, gather the sides, and sew one side around the curved edge of this piece, and the other around the plain piece. See that the needle leaves are inside the bag. Gather it again lengthwise four and one-half inches from the edge of the plain piece, draw it up, and sew it to the seam inside, so that it will form a puffed ruffle round the curved edge on the outside.

Cut a piece fifteen inches wide and ten deep, put an inch-wide hem across the upper edge, with a run in it for elastic cord, so that a little ruffle will be left standing, round the lower corners, turn in the edge, and gather the ends and rounded side, and sew it to the outside of plain piece to hold yarn.

WATCH-POCKET AND KEY-BOARD.—For this convenient little affair you will need a thin piece of wood, six inches square. Cover it on one side with any pretty pieces of plush or satin you may have on hand, arranging them as the taste suggests. The rays in the point are worked with different shades of silk that



WATCH-POCKET AND KEY-BOARD.

Fasten a ring to each upper corner of sides, and one in the centre of each end of long strip; run in cord a yard and a quarter long, and fasten the ends together. Hang it up by the two loops that extend across the upper straight edges of the sides of the bag when it is closed.

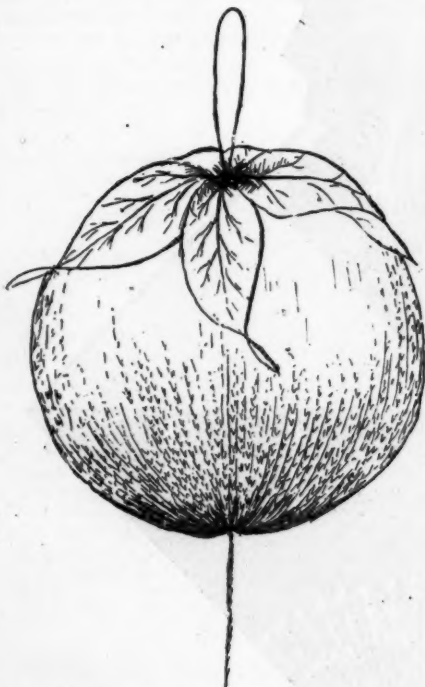
FRANCES H. P.

blend nicely; a French knot finishes the end. Six brass hooks are screwed across the centre of the board. The little watch-pocket is made of a piece of ribbon the color of the lower half; it is fastened on with a hook to suspend the watch on. A brass ring is screwed on the upper corner to hang the board by. Muslin is pasted on the back to conceal all raw edges.

COVER FOR A BALL OF CORD.—The most useful of all home-made gifts is the covered ball of cord. The newest and most novel covering is made to represent an orange. As the resemblance lies mostly in the color, it cannot be conceived by the illustration. Select a ball of yellow cord if you can secure it at your druggist's; if not, light blue will answer. The cover is knitted out of bright yellow

a narrow satin ribbon if one cares to add twenty cents expense.

BOW WITH ROSETTES FOR WEARING IN THE HAIR.—The loops and ends of this bow of pale lilac satin ribbon are two and three-quarter inches wide, intermixed with rosettes of very narrow purl-edged ribbon the same color. Wire stalks from two to two and three-quarter inches long, twisted over tightly with ribbon, fasten the rosettes on the bow.



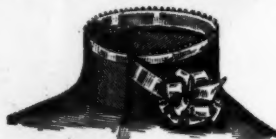
COVER FOR A BALL OF CORD.

silk; set up twenty-eight stitches on rather coarse, steel knitting-needles, and knit a strip, plain garter stitch, long enough to fit snugly around the ball. Draw the cord out from the centre of the ball, and shir the cover together around the top and bottom of the ball. The lower shir can be easily replaced when necessary to cut it to put a fresh ball in. A loop of green silk is fastened on the top to hang it up by. Five orange leaves are cut out of green felt, veined with a lighter shade of silk, and sewed around the top. A small pair of scissors may be attached on



ROSETTE FOR THE HAIR.

ROSETTE.



RIBBON BAND WITH ROSETTE.



ROSETTE FOR SLEEVE.

RIBBON BAND WITH ROSETTE FOR STANDING COLLAR AND SLEEVES.—The latest novelty in such bands is here shown, with a rosette to be worn in front or at the side, composed of salmon-colored corded ribbon with purl edge three-eighths inch wide, put on a small round of stiff net, and arranged in close rows of loops three-quarter inch long. A brooch pin is sewn on to the end of the stiff foundation to fasten on the rosette.

"HOME" PUZZLES.

ALL communications relative to this page should be addressed to the "*Puzzle*
Editor HOME MAGAZINE," Box 913, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 27.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The miser lives and works for *this*;
Possession is his dream of bliss.
 2. The water-lily's *seed cap* holds
Promise of fragrance in its folds.
 3. Impatiently we wait to hear
The prima-donna's *song*, so clear.
 4. *He who foretells* a life of ease
Is master of the art "to please."
 5. Our every word, our every *thought*,
With good or ill intent is fraught.
- Fair **LAST** is queen of lovely flowers;
She holds high court in **ENTIRE** bowers.

"TRANZA."

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 28.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A small animal of the weasel family,
inhabiting both India and Africa.
 2. Destitute of contents.
 3. An allowance
made to certain military officers.
 4. To
inscribe.
 5. Lacerates.
- A. M. S.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 29.

RHOMBOID.

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o o o o o
  o o o o o
    o o o o o
      o o o o o
        o o o o o

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Across: A magic spell; a theatre in ancient Greece; a man famous in Scriptural history; a very pure gold coin; to take pains.

Down: A consonant; an interjection; a girl's name; to learn by observation; relating to duty; a feminine name; a point; a common abbreviation; a consonant.

"BROWNIE"

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 30.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Transpose a bird into an insect.
2. An insect into something that grows on a tree.
3. Something that grows on a tree into a bird.
4. A bird into a fish.
5. A fish into an instructor.

MARGARET A. DAVIS.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 31.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In captain, not in crew;
In person, not in you;
In paper, not in book;
In river, not in brook;
In sentence, not in word;
Please find a singing bird.
"PHUNNY PHEELLOW."

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 32.

SYNCPATIONS.

1. Syncopate a small fish, and leave a lake.
2. Pertaining to punishment, and leave a loud sound.
3. A reward of merit, and leave a repast.
4. An idle fancy, and leave a weight.
5. A low style of comedy, and leave a confidence.
6. Precipitance, and leave strong aversion.
7. A pointed weapon, and leave to dispute.
8. To extenuate, and leave small animals.

The syncopated words are all of equal length, and the letters taken from them, rightly arranged, give a writer of delightful tales, whose name has become a household word.

ROSE MADDER.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 33.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Ten tree maps. 2. Ten Oric poets.
3. Ten lyre pines. 4. Ten idle pairs. 5.
Ten tarry plans. 6. Ten paid sives.
"A. NEMO."

SOLVERS.

February "Home Puzzles" were solved by Sara, Myrtle C. Murdock, E. M. Montgomery, Tranza, M. A. P., Brownie, H. D. Adams, Little Nell, L. Mo., Blanche Davis, Johnny, Amy Peabody, and J. L. V.

PRIZE WINNERS.

No. 5.—"Tranza," Canton, Ill.
No. 8.—"Brownie," Portland, Me.
First (and only) complete list.—
Brownie," Portland, Me.
Second best list.—Sara, Etna, Licking Co., Ohio.

TO OUR PUZZLERS.

For the first complete list of answers to this month's "Home" Puzzles, we offer *Winning His Way*, by Charles Carleton Coffin.

For the next best list, first received, we will send a scrap-book.

For the best assortment of original puzzles, received before June 1st, we offer two dollars in cash.

For the best versified charade or riddle, ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for one year to any address.

CHIT-CHAT.

Tranza.—You will find your very acceptable acrostic in this issue.

M. A. P.—Not quite correct, as you have doubtless discovered before this. Better luck next time.

Brownie.—Thanks for contributions. With your complete list you have taken more than your share of prizes, as No. 8 proved a stumbling-block in the way of most of our puzzlers.

Sara.—Thank you for your good wishes, but the success of our puzzle department depends in a great measure on our puzzlers themselves, you know.

Puzzlers All.—It is universally conceded that it is the wide-awake, quick-witted person who finds most pleasure in the propounding and solving of puzzles.

The idea is rather a flattering one to us who are already prepared for a valiant attack on May's "Home" puzzles, isn't it? And there's just one hint we want to give: If you don't get out more than one answer, send it in—on a postal, if you prefer. Don't wait for next month, thinking to get more—we never shall strike up an acquaintanceship in that way. Come now and come again, and let's have a big list of solvers every month.

ANSWERS TO MARCH "HOME" PUZZLES.

No. 10.

1. Whale-hale-ale.
2. Spring-prig-rig.
3. Nopal-opal-pal.
4. Grape-rape-ape.
5. Strap-trap-rap.

No. 12.

Fandango.

No. 11.

C H E V E R I L
A A I A
I N M M
C O N D E N S E E
H E M L
E R E L
T O R A
W S M U G G L E R
E O E E
R R N N
T E N E M E N T

No. 13.

MorA
AtoP
Roar
CadI
Hull

No. 14.

- | | |
|------------|--------------|
| 1. L O T E | 2. G R A T E |
| O L E A | R A V E N |
| T E A R | A V E R T |
| E A R N | T E R S E |
| | E N T E R |

No. 15.

A B A C U S
B U R I N
A R I D
C I D
U N
S

No. 16.

"Ten Nights in a Bar-room."

No. 17.

P--ALE--ALARM--PLATEAU
--ERECT--MAT--U.

FASHION NOTES.

SPRING has well set in, and most people are ready with their new costumes; but for the few tardy ones I will give hints of some of the latest Paris fashions.

Gray is the color of the season, and is of many tints—some of the materials in a gray and white mixture are charming. With a tailor-made gown, waistcoats look very well made of whipcord corduroy, either white, stone, or drab, buttoned from the neck to the waist. Gowns are nearly always made of two materials, a plain and a fancy, either striped or figured; the plain sometimes forms the back of the gown, and the figured the front, or the order may be reversed. The Scotch tweeds in tiny lines and woven checks in two shades of gray, brown, and drab, also checks formed by red, white, and blue threads on grounds of old red or blue, make very neat and stylish gowns, and are very much favored by Frenchwomen. A dress made of two materials, with the front different to the back, is always draped so as to appear as if the garment of one fabric is worn over one of another. The panels here and there on the skirt represent glimpses of the underdress between slashes in the upper.

A useful everyday dress has a skirt of gray and white check; over this is a skirt of plain cashmere, caught up sufficiently high to show side plaits to the waist formed in the petticoat; a draped bodice with the sleeves and upper part of the plastron made of the skirt material, the bodice is fastened on each side of the plastron, which is only seen at the top, by passementerie plaques terminating in pendants or grelots.

Many spring toilettes are made with clinging skirts without drapery, much embroidered and trimmed at the foot, and they are worn with wide crêpe sashes fringed at the ends. The upper part of back draperies are draped in puffs and loops, and always different on the two sides. Very rich materials, such as silks, satins, brocades, are arranged in graceful folds slightly raised, the train hanging in long, sweeping lines. Polonaises are worn

made of velvet and gros grain silk. A toilette with the left side of the front from top to bottom of velvet has the rest of the gown made of faille. The velvet front crosses the other front, both bodice and skirt; the fronts are plain, and cut skirt and bodice in one piece, like a princesse dress, but at the back the polonaise is plaited at the waist. The bodice is open above, where it crosses, and is filled in with a plaited fichu, also crossed, made of soft silk or crêpe de chine, of a light shade. This style of fichu is to take the place of the bright-colored plastrons of cloth that have been worn through the winter. Flat white lace or a narrow ruching of tulle may be set in the neck of the fichu. Bodices should always be trimmed so as to cover the front fastenings. A very pretty way of doing this is to arrange a series of folds down the centre, commencing at the throat and ending in a point at the waist, or the bodice fastening at one side under a revers of drapery and having a centre seam fitting to the figure. When a bodice is fastened so as to leave the front a fitting seam, it may be laced at the back, fastened in front on the cross, or at one side, under one arm or along the shoulder seam; this latter method is quite a new introduction, and has a good effect with low bodices.

A charming new silk is called "Fleur de Soie;" it resembles Lyons silk, but is finer in texture and more supple. Faille française is worn in combination with striped silks. A novelty in trimming consists in omitting the hem at the edge of a silk overskirt and raveling the edge for an inch and a half to form a light fringe. Skirts of dresses are also trimmed with fringes a yard wide arranged across the entire front as a tablier or else forming panels on one side or on both. There are fine jet strands attached to a small band at the top and falling close together, yet separate their entire length.

Passementerie is very much used as a trimming. There are girdles of passementerie made in silk and beads, finished at the lower edge with a row of small gre-

lots; cuffs for the sleeves; a collar and epaulettes are made to match. A very pretty bodice trimming consists of a collar to which are attached a number of tabs, the one at the middle of the front longer than the rest, and all ending in gretot tassels. This is arranged flat on a high bodice, with the tabs spreading outward from the collar like the sticks of an open fan; it is made in silk and jet.

A pretty, simple costume may be composed of a plaited skirt of plain navy-blue cashmere, over which is draped a long tunic of cashmere to match, traversed by narrow crosslines of white, while in each of the squares so formed are a dozen or so of red spots, all woven. The bodice is made in the blouse form of the latter material, with tucks run back and front, a crimson velvet collar, and sash-ends of the same hue sewn in at the side seams and knotted over the slightly full front. Costumes are also made entirely of figured materials. A costume of light tan-colored woolen, traversed by crosslines of scarlet (so as to be cut up in inch-wide squares) has a tailor-made jacket of the same, double-breasted, and fastened with two rows of buttons and knotted cords of the two colors; the skirt, entirely of the checked material, being arranged with plain panels on one side, down the edge of which a similar double row of buttons with cord loops is sewn.

The new veilings, thickly strewn with white specks, are also used for the entire dress, as well as shepherd's plaids, other small checks and mixtures, which are never chosen as the materials of very smart toilettes.

Some of the most elegant of the woolen costumes are cut in very simple undraped forms, their distinctive points being the richness and beauty of the embroidery, braiding, or passementerie with which they are ornamented. White cloth gowns are to be worn here this spring, but very richly braided round the bottoms of the skirt and on the back and front of the bodice. For this purpose, braid of one, two, or many shades and colors is used, and the rainbow appearance thus obtained is very effective—prettier, perhaps, on color than on white, however. Heliotrope may be braided

with two shades of the same color, two of beige, and a little gold; willow, apple, or water-green with moss-green, brown, beige, yellow, and perhaps orange; cream-color with old pink, maroon, and blue, etc.

Several colors are often introduced into embroidery with or without the addition of beads. A moss-green toilette has a faille skirt trimmed round the bottom, with a wide band of velvet embroidered with blue and crimson; upon the front is placed a breadth of the velvet, beneath the sides of which are sewn five breadths of silk, caught up apron fashion at the back beneath a loose pouf; the long pointed bodice has a velvet yoke embroidered to match the skirt, and embroidered cuffs to the long sleeves.

It seems rather early at present to talk of lawn-tennis gowns, but there are already many charming patterns shown in soft, wool materials and delicate shades of crêpe de chine, they are draped, so as not to seem to divide into upper or lower skirts, and front breadths, but to show no edges as though it were tacked round the hem, turned upward, and then caught down here and there where the folds fall naturally. The soft, striped flannels for tennis are most comfortably made, with blouse waists, kilted skirts, and apron drapery. The kilt has no foundation skirt, so that it may be very light, its plaits being held by two or three sets of tapes. The short apron has the stripes taken crosswise, and in the back is the butterfly wing drapery made of two breadths caught up high in the middle and made to form two points like wings. The blouse is like the sailor blouse worn by children, with a runner in the hem, and drooping below the waist. A straight band is set down the front between two plaits, sewn on one side, and buttoned under the plait opposite. The sleeves are full, gathered into a straight cuff, a high, narrow, turned-over collar, and a deep, wide collar, broad and square-cornered behind, with the fronts ending in points, and pushed through a strap like a sailor-knotted scarf. An outside jacket to be worn with this has loose fronts fastened only at the throat, tight-fitting back, square side pockets, turned-over collar.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NATURAL LAW IN THE BUSINESS WORLD. By Henry Wood. Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers. The light of Natural Law is applied to the live, social, and economic topics which are now attracting so much attention. It aims to expose the abuses and evils which masquerade under the banner of Labor, and the bad results of class prejudice and antagonism. Labor combinations, and their effect on the laborer; socialistic tendencies, excess of economic and railroad legislation, the distribution of wealth, principles governing corporations and railroads, and also many other prominent issues, are fully and thoroughly examined, in their connection with unvarying natural laws and principles. It is shown clearly that the business world is permeated by Natural Law, and that success in any department can only be gained by conformity to it. The opposing combinations, unions, corners, unwarranted legislation, sentimental and socialistic ideas, and everything else of an artificial nature, are shown to be mischievous, destructive, and on a false basis.

This volume fills a space not before occupied by any other work, and critics, to whom the book has been submitted, predict for it a remarkable demand.

Every one who has read Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, and many more, will be interested in seeing a corresponding application of natural and fixed principles to the economic and business world in which we live.

In cloth, 222 pages, 75 cents. Sold by all booksellers or sent, post-paid, by the publishers, Lee & Shepard, Boston, on receipt of the price.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF IRELAND. By George Makepeace Towle, author of *Young People's History of England*. Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, \$1.50.

WARMAN'S SCHOOL-ROOM FRIEND: Practical Suggestions on Reading, Reciting, and Impersonating (not a treatise on elocution). By Professor E. B. Warman, A. M., teacher of Oratory and Physical Training, Presbyterian Theological Sem-

nary, Chicago. Chicago: W. H. Harrison, Jr., Publishing Co., publishers, 257 State Street. Price, 75 cents.

THE MONARCH OF DREAMS. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers. Cloth, 50 cents.

THE THRONE OF GRACE; OR, A CALL TO PRAYER. By M. Rhodes, D. D., author of *Expository Lectures on Philip- pians, Life Thoughts for Young Men, Life Thoughts for Young Women, Recognition in Heaven, Vital Questions*, etc., etc., with portrait of the author. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society, publishers. Cloth, plain edges, \$1.00; cloth, gilt edges, \$1.25.

FOES OF HER HOUSEHOLD. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of *Floyd Grandon's Honor, In Trust, The Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe*, etc., etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

THE SCIENCE OF PRONUNCIATION. By Professor E. B. Warman, A. M., of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Chicago, who is, without question, one of the leading orthoepists of America. This treatise goes more thoroughly into the details of articulation, enunciation, and pronunciation than any work published. The book contains an appendix of over five thousand words that are apt to be mispronounced, giving the correct pronunciation of each word and the authority for the same. The author has given many years of earnest study and research to this subject, and has prepared a work that will commend itself to every one. Chicago: W. H. Harrison, Jr., Publishing Co., publishers.

HOW SHALL MY CHILD BE TAUGHT?—Practical Pedagogy, or the Science of Teaching Illustrated. By Louisa Parsons Hopkins, teacher of Normal Methods in the Swain Free School, New Bedford, author of *Hand-book of the Earth, Natural History Plays, Psychology in Education, Motherhood, Breath of the Field and Shore*. Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

VERY IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.—In a letter written by Philip Gilbert Hamerton occurs the following strange story: "Here is something new. A rich French Count, Count de Chardonet, who lives at Gergy, on the banks of the Saône, near Châlons, has recently perfected a most wonderful discovery. He replaces the silk-worm by a machine, which digests certain common substances and afterward gives off *real silk* in great quantity, sixty threads at once. The silk so produced can be treated in all respects for manufacture exactly like worm-silk, from which it is indistinguishable. It can be manufactured into velvet, etc. The food of the machine includes rags of different kinds, old newspapers, and even sawdust. The digested solution is forced by hydraulic pressure into a tube, out of which it issues by a number of invisible orifices in India-rubber nozzles, and thence, after passing through water, it is wound off upon a reel. I have examined specimens which have all the gloss and all the strength of worm-silk. My wife says it is not an imitation of silk at all, but real silk produced in a new manner. A peculiar advantage is that it can be dyed while in a liquid state *before* it becomes a thread."

A CARRIER-PIGEON'S TRAVELS.—The *New York Tribune*, March 29th, contains this: W. O. Lewis, of the Ship News office, yesterday received a letter from L. R. Fairchild, of Philadelphia, identifying the carrier-pigeon No. 23, recently picked up at sea by the schooner James A. Borland. The bird is the granddaughter of old Garfield, the first bird known to have flown six hundred and fifty miles in this country. She was stolen, with ten others, on February 8th, but came home eight days after. She was liberated at Hartford, N. J., in a severe wind-storm on March 8th, and probably was blown out to sea.

A MAGNIFICENT table-service of the finest Dresden china is said to have been ordered by Emperor William as a present to Queen Victoria on the occasion of her approaching Jubilee. It consists of two hundred and eighty-eight large and one hundred and twenty small plates, together with seventy-two dishes of every size, be-

sides tureens, sauce, and fruit dishes. On each plate are painted five medallions, partly representing allegorical events during the reign of the Queen or portraits of the celebrities of her time. The largest fruit-dish is surmounted by a statuette of the Queen, surrounded by relief portraits—white on gilt ground—of the members of the royal family of England.

BUILDING FOR EARTHQUAKES.—A curious paper was read by Professor Milne at a meeting of the Seismological Society of Tokio, reporting results obtained from a seismic survey of the ground in the immediate neighborhood of his house, with the view to discover, if possible, the best method of constructing houses or buildings capable of resisting earthquakes, so as to sustain the least damage in themselves. Three different ways appear to have been suggested, by which it was thought probable that the buildings would escape the effects of the motion produced by the earthquake wave. The first was to make a careful seismic survey of the ground, and after that to select a spot where there would be relatively but little motion—though how this desirable result was to be obtained we are not informed. The second plan was to build in a deep pit, the walls not touching the sides of the pit; but by what means this was to save the house, it is difficult to see, as, if an earthquake passed over the place, the pit itself as well as the house would necessarily be affected. A third method is still proposed, and that is, where the ground is soft, a light, one-storied house should be constructed of either wood or iron, which should be rested on a layer of cast-iron shot—an idea, possibly, to allow the house to move over the shot from right to left or backward and forward, and so escape being overthrown. But still a very heavy earthwave would upheave, not the house and its foundation only, but the whole space of the earth round about it; and if that was so, the house, shot, pit, and all must surely be overthrown in a heap together. The theory, however, is both curious and interesting, and may be well worth the consideration of the scientific world, in spite of the difficulties which appear to surround the question.



BABY'S SONG.—Page 580.